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These battling hordes who crashed into our midst
with frenzied war-cries,
cutting their way through deserts and over mountains,
they are all, one and all, become a pulse of my being,
none is far away,
in my blood throbs the echo of their diverse music.
O celestial music, fierce and terrible,
let thy notes sound louder and louder,
the walls that divide shall crumble
and they who stand aloof in the arrogance of isolation
they too shall come and crowd together—
on the shore of this vast sea of humanity
that is India.

In this land did once resound a hymn unceasing
to the one, the primal source and wonder of creation,
the music of many hearts mingling in that one harmony,
and minds, disciplined and dedicated, had poured
their diverse offerings into one sacrificial flame,
and to their chant had awakened
a Mind magnificent, all embracing, all absorbing.
Break open the door to the vision of the sacred flame,
of the spirit's unceasing endeavour—
for we must gather again with bowed heads
on the shore of this vast sea of humanity
that is India.

Behold the sacred fire with its blood-red flame of sorrow
ours is the sorrow and in its flame we must burn within—
so has Fate decreed.
Welcome pain, welcome anguish that makes us one again,
freed of fear, freed of the load of shame!
This agony unbearable shall end
in the spirit's rebirth, vast and boundless,
the night has run its course and the Mother awakes

Three Years From Now

Jawaharlal Nehru

Three years from now we shall celebrate the centenary of the birth of Rabindranath Tagore. I wonder how the young men and women of today think of him, what picture do they have of this great son of India who moulded the thinking and action of the generations that preceded them. I belong to a passing generation who had the high privilege of living through that period when the many-sided light of Tagore illumined our minds and our lives. What was he? — dreamer and poet, singer and artist and musician, playwright and actor, novelist and essayist, educationist and humanist, nationalist and internationalist, philosopher and man of action. Even this brief record of the many-sidedness of his life gives a poor picture of what he was. We have the magic of his words and songs with us and one of these songs has become our beautiful National Anthem, the *Jana Gana Mana*. Succeeding generations will derive inspiration from what he wrote and from the story of his life. They will think of him as one in line with the ancient sages of this land who have come to us from time to time to rejuvenate us and pull us out of our narrow ruts of thought and action. But will they remember his message and act up to his teaching?

For he was, above all, a teacher and a liberator, ever trying to free our minds and our social structure from the shackles that bound them. Intensely Indian, drawing sustenance from the soil and thought and the long past of India, he was truly a world citizen and his nationalism fitted in with the widest internationalism. In him we see the integration of thought and action. In Santiniketan we see his ideas gradually taking shape, leading to the establishment of Visva-Bharati. Near Santiniketan also, Sriniketan became the embodiment of the deep urge he had to face—the fundamental problem of India. Like Gandhiji, he went back to the village, which was the basic fact of life in India. There he tried to experiment with his social policies so as to help the village folk to build a new social order.

Maulana Azad as a Man of Letters

Khwaja Ahmad Faruqi

The death of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad is much more than the passing away of a great individual; it marks the end of an epoch. Even in his life he had become something of a legend, a stately symbol of a noble era fast vanishing. To study his life is to gain an insight into the sources which have brought about the present resurgence of India and of the East in general.

His role in the achievement of Indian independence is known to all, but his great contribution as a man of letters is not so well known outside the range of the Urdu-reading public. He adorned a splendid period of Urdu literature and has left no literary descendants; he did not mark a stage in the development of Urdu literature; he stood alone.

Azad's was an unusual personality. He was extremely precocious in the best sense of the word. He started his paper 'Lisan-us Sidq' (The Voice of Truth) at the age of sixteen. When he met the great poet Maulana Hali in 1904, the latter would not believe that a stripling of fifteen or sixteen could edit a paper so ably. The same year he met Maulana Shibli who took him to be the son of the famous Abul Kalam Azad! At the annual meeting of the Anjuman-i-Himayate Islam (Society for the Defence of Islam) in 1904, when the young editor of 'Lisan-us Sidq' was asked to read a paper on 'The Rational Basis of Religion,' everybody thought he was deputising for the aged and scholarly Azad! Scholarship generally comes with age but to Azad it came at sixteen.

Maulana Azad was conscious of his uniqueness, of his standing alone:

> In religion, in literature, in politics, in the highways of thought, in whichever direction I had to go, I had to go alone. On no road could I travel with the caravans of the age.
>
> *Alas I went forth alone into the deserts of Love!*

were basking like sheep in the sunshine of British patronage. Azad aroused them from slumber: his prose represents the fighting spirit of the age. His sentences are arrayed majestically like a well-disciplined army; his words have the music of a military march. They had the effect of kindling afresh the flame of independence and awakening a passion for truth and candid expression. Through his bold writings in 'Al-Hilal' which soon reached the highest circulation figure, he was able to contribute to the growth of a new, self-reliant spirit among the Indian Muslims, placing them alongside the nationalist forces and providing them with an emotional basis for their participation in the Freedom Movement by finding a new meaning in Islam. He was eminently suited to the task, for he had a firm hold on the past, the present and the future; he was both an Indian and a Muslim, conscious of the great values of the past, keenly aware of contemporary needs, and eager to meet the demands of the new India that was to emerge. He succeeded in evolving a pattern of co-operative living in equality and partnership in the nationalist struggle and in creating a strong urge for Indian emancipation.

This was no mean task. The Indo-Muslim community was in a critical stage of transition. In a renascent India it was faced with many perplexities and responsibilities as the impoverished heir of a rich tradition. It had to prove itself creative and to evolve a sense of compatibility—to learn the art of living and fighting in collaboration with the rest of nationalist India. It had to integrate its role with that of others in the larger complex of diversity and to play its part in bringing about a synthesis within Indian culture. Azad brought the transcendent truths of his faith to bear appropriately on modern conditions and fought admirably against anti-nationalist trends. This he did through 'Al-Hilal' and 'Al-Balagh' (The Message, 1915) by a high level of devoted creativity and dynamism. The majority of the Muslim intelligentsia, feudal and stagnant, were hand in glove with the imperialist forces. Azad by his vehemence, his slashing criticism and by a style which exemplified all the best qualities of

> 'This evening. I am a very poor man. I came on foot from Qandahar to Quetta. There I met some merchants who belonged to my country. They gave me a job and sent me to Agra. From there I have come on foot.'
> 'I am sorry that you have had so much trouble. Why did you do it?'
> 'Because I wanted you to explain to me some passages in the *Holy Quran*. I have read every line of 'Al-Hilal' and 'Al-Balagh.'
> This man stayed several days and then returned suddenly without coming to see me before he left, because he was afraid that I would give him money for the expenses of his return journey, and he did not want to be a burden to me. I am certain that he must have made a great part of the return journey too on foot. I cannot remember his name and I do not know whether he is still living. If my memory had not failed me, I would have dedicated this book to him by name.

Azad's commentary on the opening chapter, 'Sura Al-Fatiha,' is superb, and this opening chapter represents the essence of the *Quran*. Azad has laid special emphasis on the fact that we are all the creation of the One God, 'who cherishes us and sustains us all,' and that the realisation of this fact 'can conquer all man-made differences.' God is one and His beneficence is universal. Therefore whosoever believes in Him and prays to Him will be above every sect, race and community and will belong to one Humanity. 'No matter what the country and what the age, all the prophets sent by God taught the same universal truth for the welfare of mankind.'

His firm belief in Hindu-Muslim unity emanated from this religious conviction. He forcefully expressed this belief in a speech to a special session of the Indian National Congress in 1923:

> If an angel were to descend from the clouds today and settle on Delhi's Qutab Minar and proclaim that India can win Swaraj (Self-rule) within two hours provided that India

> Florentine martyr of truth, the inventor Galileo.... When I ponder on the great and significant history of the convicts' dock and find that the honour of standing in that place belongs to me today, my soul becomes steeped in thankfulness and praise to God.

The letters of Azad as represented by *Ghubare Khatir* and *Karavane Khayal* (The Caravan of Thought), both published in 1946, have the same spiritual fire as 'Al-Hilal' and 'Al-Balagh' but their style is different. His letters are as beautiful as the colours on the wing of a butterfly, unsurpassed in exquisite delicacy of phrasing and flawless artistry. Here every sentence has blossomed into a flower. They have a warm and engaging touch. They are a sort of poetry in prose—an enchanted island of delight and repose in prison-life. (Azad spent one-seventh of his life in prison). He spun out his letters like a silkworm and nourished them with poetic ideas or autobiographical touches or philosophical abstractions; and they are most wonderfully executed. Here transient moods and moments are exchanged into something at once beautiful and permanent. Judged as a whole these letters are the most decisively individual and the most sublimely personal creation in Urdu literary art.

A story is told of Degas, the famous painter (and a casual sonnet writer), who once complained to his friend Mallarmé, 'I cannot understand it; my poems won't come out, and yet I am full of excellent ideas.' 'My dear Degas,' was Mallarmé's reply, 'poetry is not written with ideas, it is written with words.' Azad too wrote with words (and in this case it was prose in poetic style)—words palpitating with numerous elusive meanings and shades. His letters are like a rainbow—it is impossible to dissect them. Nevertheless we are entranced by their inexplicable charm—an intangible loveliness more enduring than the suffering he experienced in Ahmednagar Jail.

The letters of Azad show just enough of the man to reveal his intellectual activity. It is not only in their style and feeling that

Vallathol

V. K. Narayana Menon

Of late Kerala has produced many distinguished sons—statesmen, scholars, civil servants, ambassadors, ministers. But no one understood her joys and her sorrows, her hopes and her aspirations, her past, her present and her future as did Vallathol Narayana Menon, *Mahakavi*, the most illustrious poet of Kerala, who passed away on 13th March 1958. His voice rang true and clear, and it could be heard beyond the frontiers of Kerala and even beyond national barriers, clear and unmistakable, a voice mingling with the song of the world, in praise of God and for the love of man.

Greatness, particularly in the field of creative activity, is a difficult, undefinable word. There are those who have defied men and their ways, forced their will on their unchanging minds, transforming them. There are others who have stood apart and sung the songs of the people in happiness and in sorrow, and passed on. Vallathol was different. He was a true son of the soil. His voice was the voice of the people, a voice welling up from the immemorial past, but as new and contemporary as our newest aspirations. Seldom has a poet so completely identified himself with the destiny of his people. Vallathol is a household word in Kerala, not merely in the homes of scholars and littérateurs, students and lovers of poetry, but everywhere that Malayalam is heard or spoken. A rickshawala would refuse a fare from him on the impulse of a moment; a poor peasant would bring him a gift of vegetables or fruits, not because they could afford such luxuries nor because he was powerful and influential and strode the land like a colossus, but merely because of the love they bore him.

Vallathol was born in 1879 in a little village in the Ponnani taluk of Malabar. Vallathol, the name by which he has come to be known everywhere, is the name of the *tarawad* (the family) he came from. His mother, Kuttipparu Amma, was an enlightened

result of a malady, lost his hearing, an affliction that he carried somewhat lightly. It led to one of his most poignant poems, 'Badhiravilapam,' the Cry of the Deaf. A significant poem of the period is 'Aniruddhan,' a deeply-felt love poem full of social and political overtones. Then there is the magnificent poem on Gandhiji, 'My Master.' There exists no finer or more moving portrait of the Mahatma. The bulk of Vallathol's many lyrics have been collected in the seven volumes of *Sahitya Manjari.** The range of his sympathies was immense, considering that he spoke or read no language but Malayalam and Sanskrit, and that all his travels were undertaken fairly late in life. There is the challenging poem, '*Magdalana Mariyam*, Mary of Magdala, which deals with a touching incident from the New Testament. He has searched into the Islamic tradition, gone into Buddhist and Jain stories. He has translated Hala's *Sapta Sati* from Prakrit. All these are in the nature of a search for a wide humanity, for the unity that underlies the human spirit everywhere.

Late in life Vallathol travelled widely—in Northern India, in Malaya, in Burma, to the Soviet Union, to China. Some of the tours were undertaken to raise funds for the 'Kerala Kalamandalam,' the School of Dance that he founded and directed till his last days. Kathakali was one of his consuming passions. To save the great art from extinction, to encourage young dancers to take it up as an honourable profession, to give it pride of place among India's many dance forms—these were his ideals. He was a connoisseur and critic who understood all the art and most of the science of this exacting dance form. Kalamandalam today is a standing monument to his enthusiasm and to the many sacrifices he made so that Kathakali may live and prosper.

With the passing away of Vallathol, another era in the story of Malayalam poetry comes to an end. He was one of a trinity of which Kumaran Asan and Ullur Parameswara Iyer were the other two. They represented the first modern phase of

*A selection of Vallathol's poems has been made and translated into Hindi under the auspices of the Sahitya Akademi and will soon be published.—*Ed.*

Her sin-affrighted soul. To Jesus now,
All other refuge gone, she fainting turned.
"Come, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden
And I will give you rest." What other words,
Who else but He could sanctuary provide,
For her who bore a mountain-load of sin? . . . .

Thus purified
Into the house she stepped, the longed-for haven.
Then Simon's face, as she appeared, grew black.
A strumpet, only fit to be showered with stones,
Coolly to violate his exalted hearth?
Yet, as if held within some powerful bond,
The man's tongue stirred not in unseemly speech.
Alas, beneath the pomp of false noblesse
What gulfs of darkness lie! . . . .

And Simon watched—the righteous one, so swift
To cry abhorrence at mere hint of wrong—
Watched while a wanton woman with her tears
Bathed the two holy feet he'd left unlaved.
Then saw how meekly with her silken tress
She dried them from the sweet flood of her tears,
And then most soft caressed them with her lips
Setting on each a yielding coral seal.
Woman, most hallowed glows thy face! Today
Thy kiss is well-bestowed! . . . .

Seeing the host's disdain, the gentle Lord,
Friend of the outcast, gave a brief sweet smile
Outrivalling the moonbeam's milky hue.
Then those around in gaping wonder saw
The Lord bathed in a fallen woman's love.
And soon the fragrance of that holy act
Rose to the furthest stars.

in the past. With India's coming on the periphery of the industrial civilization and the consequent increase in mobility, communicational needs increased considerably and prose was developed to meet these new needs. The essay (*nibandha* or *prabandha*) was the most popular form for a long time. As late as 1874, Chipalunkar chose to call his monthly 'Nibandhamala.'

But prose came to be employed very soon for avowedly artistic purposes. Western art forms were borrowed and the novel was naturally the most popular one. Fiction of all sorts was written, wild romances, exciting time-killers, detective stories, etc. But there were also serious attempts at writing historical novels, social novels and socio-philosophical or epic novels. By the sixties of the last century Bankim Chandra had successfully planted the novel form in the Indian soil. In my own language, Gujarati, *Karan Ghelo*, a historical novel, destined to become a classic, appeared as early as 1866, and the first part of *Saraswatichandra*, the masterpiece of modern Gujarati, appeared in 1887, when Gujarati prose was as old or as young as its writer himself. In Marathi the novels of Hari Narayan Apte came out by about the same period.

The first plays that were written were after the Western model. A Shakespeare Katha-samaj was founded in Bombay and Parsi theatrical companies staged plays both in Gujarati and Hindustani. The Marathi stage developed a predilection in favour of music. But on the whole, if any language, apart from Bengali, was successful in building up a robust stage tradition, it was Marathi. The plays of the great Marathi poet, Gadkari, are, like those of D. L. Roy, good literature as well.

When we look at all the poetry that came to be written by about the middle of the nineteenth century, it evokes a staggering sense of novelty: there are new metres, new shapes, new themes. The only recognisable old form is the *pada*—the song. The

fiery genius, Subramania Bharati, during the first quarter of the present century to burst into a full-throated song.

POST-RENAISSANCE PERIOD

When one thinks of the growth of modern Indian literature, the whole literary phenomenon appears to be divided into two distinct stages. The first stage—that of the renaissance—comes to an end roughly by about 1930-35. I have described it as the period of harvesting. The second one could be best described, perhaps, as the period of groping. It is the post-1930-35 period that shows, in glaring contrast to the Renaissance period, the signs of modernism, namely, the tendency to divorce itself from the so-called realism and achieve a sort of 'innerness,' a zealous quest for the appropriate form and technique and in particular its search for the right word, the genuinely poetic language.

In the post-1930 period, we find the Indian writer groping for a spiritual content, groping above all for the right forms. During the preceding period, all factors conspired, as it were, to great literary achievement. The Western art forms came as a windfall to a newly awakened people and matched with the increasing expressional needs of the writers. By 1930, all the Western art forms had been fruitfully employed—almost to the exhaution point. In the field of poetry, the epic of the foreign as well as the indigenous type, narrative verse, and the lyric in all its variety—ode, ballad, song, elegy, epigram, dramatic lyric, monologue and sonnet—had been tried. On the stage were presented, apart from rehashes fromSha kespeare, Molière and others, Puranic plays, historical plays, lyrical plays, social comedies, farces, burlesques and even some sort of tragedies. Biography, autobiography, the sketch, the portrait, diaries, journals and travelogues were written with quite a good measure of success. The short story was comparatively a late arrival, but the genre was exploited in all its known varieties. There were stories of plot, incident, character, atmosphere and psychology. By the time the Renaissance forces are exhausted, we find that many of the characteristic art forms and techniques that had

compulsions made realism turn literature into a branch of social sciences. Of late the preoccupation with social consciousness has had a sterilizing effect on creative writing till at last realism was found outmoded. However, I must add here that the realistic vein has been exploited by our novelists with quite a good measure of success during the past decade or so. I am referring to the recent crop of regional novels in most of our languages.

The researches of Freud had already exposed the limitations of realism by pointing out that man's nature was like an iceberg, of which only a small part was visible on the surface. The invisible part, the part which was submerged, namely, the subconscious, was equally if not more important. The knowledge of the submerged nature was bound to modify our account of the visible part as well. The external reality was not the whole truth. The writer must get at what Rimbaud called 'the inner reality.'

The known literary forms, realistic and naturalistic fiction for example, were not adequate to meet this new demand of presenting the inner reality. The short story with its well-trimmed plot, having a beginning, a middle and an end, was found to be too limited and cocksure a form. Think also of the post-1930 poets, whose keen sensibility made them experience the full impact of world forces. They felt the frustrations and the uncertain destiny of man and shared the anxiety of the atomic age. Even if the current lyrical forms had not been rendered inefficacious by too much use, formal lyricism did not go well with the new mood. The manner of the folk-song was successfully exploited by the Renaissance poets; now unfortunately it could hardly be employed for purposes other than those of parodying. The tapping of the medieval mystic vein had enriched our lyrical treasures; now almost all such attempts jar. The conscientious contemporary writer is faced with the great task of discovering a literary form which would perfectly coincide with his artistic need.

with any approximation to the stately rhythms of Milton's grand manner. But some languages like Bengali and Kannada have amply succeeded. Srikanthia's *Ashwatthaman*, cast in the shape of a Greek tragedy, is a *tour de force*, mostly in verse.

As our expressional needs increased on our first coming under the Western influence, some of our languages seemed to have taken recourse to Sanskrit metres. But they gave them up sooner or later, except for Malayalam and Gujarati. The latter developed a blank verse by writing run-on verse in some of the Sanskrit metres. The Sanskrit metres could not hold their own, perhaps because the modern Indian languages, developed as they were in the medieval period, could not accommodate the Sanskritic pronunciations in their speech-structure.

The quest for the free verse is fraught with great difficulties. A sort of impassioned prose, having a primitive chant akin to the Whitmanic rhythm was used by a great Gujarati poet, Nanalal, since 1899, with a fair measure of success, but all attempts at imitating him have till now ended in puerile affectation. In our days the prose-poem is an established genre. But free verse is not just prose. In the main it is some sort of verse, may be in a variety of metres, and is at perfect liberty to use tags of prose, in a metrical line or even by themselves intermittently. Much of the so-called free verse in our languages will, on examination, fall into some metrical form or other. It is given to a very few artists, gifted with an exquisite ear, to employ the free verse which has the ring of inevitability about it. Free verse aims at being free to form the necessary rhythmic pattern by new combinations. Many a time the poet has to manipulate silences and suggest what we do not consciously know and what we fear to say, and he must be able to draw upon all resources at his command.

If rhythm is the bow, word is the arrow. The creative writer is called upon to replenish and integrate the language. He

is how change in languages takes place as part of the general cultural flux. Such changes register the change that has taken place in the speakers. But it might perhaps be helpful to be conscious of this phenomenon. Panini listed more than two thousand verbs, even though literary Sanskrit used only a fraction thereof. Perhaps Marathi is the only Indian language which uses the largest number of verbs. Hindi, which has emerged as a literary language from *Khari Boli* (due to just an accident) during the modern period, faces the problem of tapping all the resources at hand, perhaps more than any other language. Would it not be far better for it to draw upon the verbal images from the sister dialects of the vast 'Hindi'-area and build up its communicational capacity rather than draw profusely from Sanskrit? The verbal images, borrowed from Sanskrit, fail to establish sound communicational links and reduce the speakers to using a language as if it were already a dead language. As far as Hindi is concerned, dramatic works having characters drawn from the various dialect-speaking areas and novels like *Maila Anchal** would, I think, contribute a lot to the enriching of the language.

The expressional needs of a gradually industrialising society are bound to undergo a change. The modern speaker experiences a sort of emotional blankness with respect to certain aspects of the traditional life of the community and this accounts for his not using the verbal images connected with those aspects. Eventually, those verbal images will get out of use and wither away.

This takes us to the consideration of the larger question of the importance and role of tradition. Alberto Moravia touched this point in his address at the P.E.N. Congress in Japan last September. He said, 'the cultural and literary influence of this process (of the industrial revolution) has had both a positive and negative side. Industrially much is achieved under European auspices, but the indigeneous culture arrives in the effort of

*A Hindi novel by Phaniswara Nath 'Renu,' Rajkamal Prakashan; Delhi, 1954.

A CONTINENTAL OUTLOOK

Criticism would render great service in connection with such problems. We have book-reviewing done in dailies, weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies. But on the whole, it is, to say the least, far from satisfactory. The reviewer, not used to spending money on books, seems equally unwilling to spend any time either. It is not often that one comes across criticism which shows evidence of good literary taste and rises to the level of literature. We need criticism which is neither reactionary nor doctrinaire. Above all, we need to cultivate a non-provincial, continental outlook, among our critics. They are not to assess the worth of a literary work from the point of view of their own language only but in the perspective of the larger entity called the Indian Literature. C. M. Bowra, an Oxford Professor, surveys a whole literary epoch in *The Heritage of Symbolism* and discusses Valéry, Blok, Rilke and other European poets. We need the presence amongst us of men of letters who have the necessary equipment—the minimum being an intimate knowledge of several languages—and who have developed the necessary critical tools to discuss and evaluate Indian Literature as it manifests itself in a variety of languages. The importance of this can hardly be over-emphasized. T. S. Eliot says in his recent book, *On Poetry and Poets*, '......if the time comes when the term 'European Literature' ceases to have any meaning, then the literature of each of our nations and languages will wither away and perish also.'

If some of the work of Rabindranath, Sarat Chandra and Premchand belongs to the vast body of world literature, it is primarily because it succeeded in catching the ear of India because it has about it the authentic stamp of Indian literature. Let me close by expressing a fervent hope that the present age of groping will lead to a second harvest, that it will mature into an era of fulfilment and contribute to the building up of an Indian literature as a vital limb of world literature.

struggle between the Church and the State, the feud between the King and the Parliament, the conflict between the Colonies and the Home Countries, the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution and a series of epoch-making movements in philosophy and science and art and literature. It is these achievements which made the Europeans West-conscious and at the same time conscious of their modernity. Thus western civilisation and modern civilisation came to be regarded as synonymous, so that the West became a direction in Time as well as in Space. For all that was progressive or advanced mankind had to look westwards.

During the early years of the nineteenth century far-sighted Indians led by Ram Mohun Roy realised that their country had been isolated not only in space but also in time. To bring India in line with the Modern Age they decided upon a western education and to link her with the rest of the world they defied the social ban on sea voyage. These two events had great importance in the history of our culture in the nineteenth century. A spirit of humanism entered our thought and found expression in our literature. Simultaneously Bengali and other languages entered upon their modern period, which was also their humanist period. They were no longer tied to theology, mythology and scholasticism. No gods and goddesses descended from the skies and played a part in human situations. The world revealed by western seers was an intensely human world of individuals striving against odds without a supernatural being suddenly appearing and warding off tragedy. Yet this had been the climate of our literature in the past and, for that matter, of the medieval literature of the western countries as well. This change of climate was not so much a western phenomenon as a modern orientation. Poets, led by the great Michael Madhusudan Datta, began to pour new wine into old bottles and it soon became clear that what inspired them was not only the Renaissance spirit of humanism but also the French Revolutionary spirit of Liberty and Equality.

and religious services were conducted often by non-Brahmins and sometimes by women. The monopoly of Sanskrit and the hereditary priesthood was broken, along with the monopoly of the masculine sex. No wonder that there was a Counter-Reformation headed by priests and ascetics. There was at the same time a set-back to our Renaissance for which a friend of mine has coined the term, Counter-Renaissance. The liberal humanist climate which had appeared after so many centuries was about to vanish before scarcely completing a century. The past was too much with us.

The climate that set in was one of tension between the West and the East. Since the West stood for the Modern it was in effect a tension between the modern and the medieval. Much of it was due to the discoveries made by German scholars about the Indo-Aryan culture of the ancient period. These lent fresh validity to medieval customs and practices. Some of our educated men would have willingly reverted to the burning of widows and *kulinism* (polygamy) but for the presence of western norms of conduct. The British themselves were in a reactionary mood after 1857. And much of the tension was also due to the discovery made by progressive Indians themselves that there was on the part of the foreign rulers a new determination to hold on to India by backing up every retrogressive element. It was no longer an enlightened regime of modern westerners, exploiters though they were. It was a pro-communal, pro-conservative. pro-medieval set-up. And much of the tension was further due to the systematic destruction of the handicrafts without which our agricultural economy ceased to be viable and our villages liveable. Poverty increased and social security decreased. Finally, much of the tension could be traced to western education itself. It raised high hopes which it could not fulfil. The passion for Liberty and Equality which it generated knocked its head in vain against a stone wall. The Europeans were opposed to any measure of Liberty and Equality for Indians. Frustrated and disillusioned our passionate patriots turned pastwards. They sought to revive the past glory of India and the dying arts and

bringing with them their own contribution. In the song which has since become our National Anthem the idea is further developed. Equality of status is given to the East and the West. Both stand beside the throne of India's Lord of Destiny and weave a garland of love. Shortly after this Tagore went abroad, translated some of his poems, received the Nobel Prize for literature and achieved world fame. This event was a fitting reply to Kipling's ballad: 'O East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.'

Great was therefore Tagore's surprise and shock when a few years later Gandhi launched his Non-co-operation Movement—a movement which featured the boycott of western education. Those who loved and looked to both found it hard to reconcile their respective positions. Tagore was definitely all-inclusive. Like his Anandamayi he accepted Gora without giving up his ancestral faith. But he had imperceptibly moved towards the Modern Age from his Swadeshi period, like many other civilisation men of India. It was a sign of growth. On the other hand Gandhi drew a line of distinction between western civilisation and modern civilisation. In his eyes western civilisation was just as good as eastern civilisation, provided each kept to its own territory. But modern civilisation was in his view a wrong turn taken by the West and should be righted in the interest of the West itself. In no case should it be extended to the East. He wished India to keep clear of the modernised West. His was the position of a moral man in an immoral world, a world projected by a materialist-militarist-imperialist philosophy of life. It was very nearly the position of Tolstoy. But since he was also the political leader of nationalist India it often became difficult to distinguish whether he was at odds with an immoral world or an alien world or a modern world. It might be that he was himself confused. In any case he attacked the underlying philosophical assumptions of the modern West in order to weaken its political and economic stranglehold on the Indian masses.

and word-combinations like Ahimsa, Satyagraha and Sarvodaya are not the same as the traditional or the original meanings. The forms are old but the contents are new. In order to have a correct appreciation of these contents one has to study Tolstoy, Thoreau and Ruskin rather than ancient Indian masters. This process of pouring new wine into old bottles has its dangers. New reality cannot be grasped in terms of words which represent an old reality. We have to face up to new reality. The leaders may be thoroughly acquained with the contents of Ahimsa, Satyagraha and Sarvodaya through a close study of the new masters from the West but their followers in their ignorance are apt to take them amiss and move in a world of unreality. Then the slightest touch of reality shatters their day-dreams.

Moreover, during the past century and a half we have knowingly or unknowingly adopted and adapted countless new values from the West but we have not taken the trouble to inquire into their origin and development and concomitant factors. We should go deeply into the values associated with Democracy and Socialism, for instance, before building up a democratic and socialist order. Old foundations have to be re-examined and, if necessary, replaced. With the same old mental constructions lying below the surface how can our brave new plans have a fair chance of success?

We still need the West and shall continue to do so mainly for a deep knowledge of the spiritual basis of modernism. Modernism is not all Matter. This was a misconception of the older generation of our thinkers, and was due to their anxiety to disprove the superiority of the West. There is nothing inherently western about modernism because it does not derive from space but time. We should consider it on merits. The modern man may be an agnostic or an atheist but he is not necessarily an unspiritual materialist. He is quite capable of laying down his life in experimenting with deadly microbes or exploring outer space in order to know the truth and make it

one may unhesitatingly protest. If, on the other hand, it is to beautify or enrich or strengthen India or to fill up important gaps in her culture one should not reject everything as alien. Even aliens are welcomed and naturalised as citizens. What is western today may be Indianised tomorrow as has so often happened in our history. Not the westernisation of India but the Indianisation of many things western is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. The rejuvenation of India cannot be complete without typically western contributions in ideas, values, ways of living, attitudes and racial genes. We are sick and tired of playing the role of an ancient people on the cosmic stage. We want to be a new people with a future that will be greater than the past. The next generation will not be morbidly conscious of what is western and what is eastern but take both as we have taken football, cricket and hockey along with the traditional sports of our country such as polo. A day will come when our people will rise above East-West consciousness.

Does this mean that India will cease to be herself? Certainly not. She has been defined and re-defined throughout the ages. She has outgrown all these definitions like Nature herself. In the future definitions of India nothing that is of permanent value will be lost and all that is of permanent value will be gathered from all over the world. Conversely, nothing that is not of eternal value will be sacrosanct only because it has lasted ten thousand years. The spirit of India is ever new like that of Nature herself. Like Nature again she will reject what is merely old and revel in new experiments. This being her true self she will continue to be herself.

The famous portrait of him by Mignard, preserved at Chantilly, does not show the face of a typical comedian; it is touched by pensiveness and the eyes are full of wonder and wistfulness. His life too was saddened and troubled by the malice and intrigues of rival playwrights, by struggles and illness, and perhaps even by unhappiness, temporary at all events, in marriage. Thus, in one of his most famous comedies, *Le Misanthrope*, he creates almost a tragedy.

But in his normal expression and dominant effect he is gay and high-spirited, full of verve and fun, and not infrequently even farcical. He is certainly not shy of the most wildly improbable, as things go in the workaday world in human situations. He has an immense range of humour and it is through this that he achieves that depth and grandeur which made Boileau, the classicist critic, say to Louis XIV, to the surprise of the King, that Molière was the greatest writer of his reign. The French Academy, which never received him, atoned for its neglect by placing Molière's bust in its hall of meeting and inscribing underneath:

> Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la notre. (His glory lacks nothing; ours lacked him).

Molière's comedies have a long line of descent behind them, for the genre goes back ultimately to the Attic comedy of manners as practised by Menander and comes down to modern times through the Latin dramatists, Plautus and Terence. Their immediate ancestors were the Italian 'Commedia dell'arte' and its French and Spanish derivatives. But Molière, though not afraid even of burlesque, brought a new humanity and naturalness to the old comedy of manners. As La Fontaine puts it:

> Nous avons changé de méthode,
> Jodelet n'est plus à la mode
> Et maintenant il ne faut pas
> Quitter la nature d'un pas.*

*We have changed our ways; Jodelet is no longer in fashion. And now we do not need to depart from Nature a step.

learnt that Soliman Agha was only the bearer of a letter from the Sultan and a person of no very great importance, he was very angry and would have nothing further to do with him. But the harm had been done and the French people had laughed.

It was to remove the effect of this incident, and to liquidate it, so to say, in chansons, that Louis asked Molière to write his Turkish burlesque. Molière did it with gusto. The Turquerie in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* is not only spectacular, it is also boisterous. The mummery and pantomime goes to the length of horseplay in the bastinadoing of poor Jourdain. Loius XIV was not, however, wholly pleased with the play, because there seemed to be a suggestion of his own chagrin in the masquerade and imposition practised on Jourdain. Whether Molière actually had any such intention is not known.

But one thing he certainly did. To the *opera bouffe* of Turkish mummery he added a wholly different comic theme, the ridiculousness of a tradesman trying to acquire the accomplishments, graces and ways of a nobleman. (It should be kept in mind that the word 'bourgeois' in the title of the play does not mean a bourgeois in the contemporary Marxian sense, nor does the word 'gentilhomme' mean a mere gentleman of our days. To put it in the Indian parlance, *Bania* for *bourgeois* and *Rais* for *gentilhomme* would come very near the meaning in Molière's usage.)

In those days, when social distinctions and social stratification were much more rigid than at present, the good bourgeois' ambition was not only egregious snobbery, it was much more laughable. Naturally, through this weakness, he fell a prey to a crowd of adventurers—musicians, dancers, fencing masters, tailors and other hangers-on of the nobility and even a philosopher, a count, and a marchioness. In respect of his daughter, the bourgeois' ambition threatened tragedy, because he would not allow her to marry the young man she loved since he was not noble. The whole situation was however saved by the

tively after those of others. It must not be forgotten that in the class-conscious society of olden days the so-called lower classes understood and defended their proper dignity with the same firmness as did the so-called upper classes. As Proust writes even about the middle-class: 'In those days people took what was almost a Hindu view of society, which they held to consist of sharply defined castes, so that everyone at his birth found himself called to that station in life which his parents had already occupied.' Thus if he makes the crypto-snob Legrandin unwilling to give to a middle-class family letters of introduction to his aristocratic acquaintances in Normandy, he also adds that the family in no circumstances would have dreamt of making use of them.

It was indeed very much akin—this feeling of class dignity—to the sentiment expressed in the famous Sanskrit saying which says that death in one's own dharma (nature) is preferable to the horror of going over to the dharma of others. Some such idea was in the mind of Molière.

Le Tartuffe is perhaps the most famous comedy in French literature, and certainly it is one of the most successful. From the first it drew widespread attention and particularly on account of the controversy which it gave rise to after the private performance of its first three acts before young Louis XIV on 12 May 1664. Without questioning Molière's motives the King thought that his satire of hypocrisy might give offence to religoius sentiment and forbade its public performance. It was an influential section of the French clergy, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Paris, who attacked the book as blasphemous.

Molière protested strongly against this misrepresentation and tried to get the ban lifted. He sent a number of memorials to the King and published a long letter explaining the nature of the play and his intentions. He even appealed to the Papal Legate in France, Cardinal Chigi, and secured the favourable opinion of some of the French prelates. In the meanwhile, the

Le Tartuffe is the story of the first successes and final discomfiture of an adventurer who imposes on people and exploits them by a pretence of devotion and saintliness. This was a living theme in seventeenth century France, as it is in India even today, because this century is a great age of French religious sentiment, beginning with St. François de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul and ending with Madame Guyon, with Pascal and the Jansenists of the Port-Royal in-between. It is also the century of Bossuet and Fenelon. The immense prestige and respect which religion enjoyed then made it easy and relatively safe for impostors to exploit it, and there were a large number of them abroad. As Molière put it in the preface to the first printed edition of the play:

> Here is a comedy over which a good deal of noise has been made and which has been long persecuted; the people whom it represents have shown clearly that they have more power in France than all those whom till now I have put on the stage. The Marquises, the Précieuses, the cuckolds and the doctors have gently suffered me to represent them and have even pretended to be amused with the rest of the world by the pictures that have been drawn of them; but the hypocrites have not appreciated joking, they were at once scared and they have found it strange that I have had the boldness to make fun of their grimaces and the inclination to run down a vocation with which so many honest persons get mixed up.
>
> It is a crime which they cannot forgive in me and they have all armed themselves against my comedy with a terrifying fury. They have taken care not to attack it from the side on which they have been wounded; they are too clever for that and they know how to behave only too well to lay bare their inmost heart.
>
> Following their admirable custom, they have covered their own interest with the cause of God; and *Le Tartuffe*, in their view, is a piece that offends piety. From beginning to end it is full of abominations and there is nothing to be found in it which does not deserve the fire.

and it may become different from age to age. Our age which scoffs at didacticism in respect of personal conduct is one of the most awfully and unhumorously didactic in social behaviour. All our moral sensibility is now concentrated on social injustice and we have very little inclination to face and solve those problems of personal morals which remain as live and urgent today as they ever were.

Although the contemporary preoccupation with social morality has brought about an immense and enviable redress of wrong and suffering, it cannot be said that it has not involved the payment of a price. The modern emphasis on social justice has prompted those who have suffered from it or denounced it to shift the blame to other classes; it has made us prone to distribute right and wrong between two opposed orders of society and to make one class all martyrs and the other all villains. It has thus fostered class conflicts and hatreds unparalleled in any former age. The stress on personal morality, on the other hand, teaches man to look for evil within himself and develops charity. With the social conscience developed far beyond its previous sensitiveness, we can well afford to restore to personal morality some of its one-time importance in literature.

But in drawing attention to the moral element in Molière's art, an element which he never forgot, it is not necessary to represent him as a preacher, even as a preacher of the rank of Ecclesiastes or for that matter of La Rochefoucauld. He was equally great as an artist and his works, even so professedly didactic a work as *Le Tartuffe*, must be regarded primarily as a work of literary art, although neither it nor any other comedy of Molière was written as an exercise in art for art's sake. This conception of art as a self-sufficient activity of the human mind, standing in irreconcilable antithesis to other human interests, is very modern and it would not have been intelligible to any great artist of former times, Aeschylus or Sophocles, Dante or Michelangelo, Shakespeare or Molière. They would have considered the distinction artificial and if anything it has

This is the authentic ring of high and serious comedy, which in this particular instance depicts a world where a woman does not risk the sword, the noose or the sack at the slightest suspicion of infidelity.

Dorine is one of Molières most famous characters, but she is not simply a *soubrette* of comedy. She is a very real figure of the seventeenth century, a French peasant woman working in a city, and bringing to the complexities of urban life a whiff of the keen air of the fields. The freedom with which she speaks to her master and the members of his family reflects the intimacy which existed between master and servant in olden times. Even in that age of rigid class structure of society human beings were less divided by the differences of vocation and environment than they are now.

Another incidental theme of *Le Tartuffe* must also be mentioned. It is Molière's plea for a girl's right to marry the man she loves and his implied condemnation of marriages arranged by parents. In this too Molière makes Dorine his mouthpiece. When Orgon declares that he is going to marry his daughter to Tartuffe and Mariane's will is paralysed by her habit of obedience to parental authority, it is Dorine who urges rebellion:

Lui dire qu'un coeur n'aime point par au trui;
Que vous vous marriez pour vous, non pas pour lui;
Qu'étant celle pour qui se fait toute l'affaire,
C'est à vous, non lui, que à le mari doit plaire,
Et que, si son Tartuffe est pour lui si charmant,
Il le peut épouser sans nul empêchement.*

In this one almost hears one of Ibsen's heroines speaking, but without any acerbity.

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*DORINE. At least you can open your mouth. Tell him that a heart can't love at the bidding of another; that you marry to please yourself, and not him; and it's a matter that concerns you, and you alone. And if he's so much in love with his Tartuffe, he can marry him himself, and good luck to him. (Free rendering by Miles Malleson.)

Greek Drama*

H. D. F. Kitto

Greek drama was the creation of one city, Athens. There were three separate forms of drama: tragedy, the satyr-drama (of which little remains), and comedy. What they had in common was that each of them was performed, in Athens, only at one time of the year, the annual festivals of Dionysus, and that each combined actors and a chorus: the actors spoke in dramatic verse, the chorus sang in lyric verse and accompanied their singing with dancing. The differences between them were that tragedy took its material from traditional myth—only rarely from recent history—and was notably serious; the satyr-drama also took its material from myth, but handled it lightly, even farcically; comedy on the other hand invented its own plots, and took its material from contemporary political or social or intellectual life, and was a hilarious blend of fantasy, burlesque, sophisticated criticism of current life in the city, and cheerful indecency.

The origin of tragedy is obscure and not very important; it is probably a mistake to derive it from any single source, such as a specific Dionysiac rite. It seems clear that the earliest 'tragedy' was a dramatic choral performance with a histrionic part grafted into it. The choral part may have been influenced by the dithyramb, which was a hymn performed by fifty dancers in honour of the nature god Dionysus; but there were other such choral performances unconnected with Dionysus; and at no stage in its development does tragedy seem especially to have chosen Dionysiac subjects. The fact that tragedy was made part of a festival of Dionysus does not prove that it had grown out of the

*Among the foreign classics selected by the Sahitya Akademi for translation into all major languages of India are the four Greek plays ; *Agamemnon* by Aeschylus, *Antigone* by Sophocles, *Medea* by Euripides and *The Frogs* by Aristophanes. We are grateful to Prof. Kitto for this excellent introduction written for us through the kind courtesy of the British Council. The Introduction will be translated into Indian languages and published with the translated texts of the plays.—*Ed.*

performance, just as its large dancing-floor was the focus of the vast theatre. Although tragedy nearly always took its subject from myth, the poets used the greatest liberty in altering the details of the myth to suit their purpose, just as the comic poets, for their purposes, could turn myth into ridicule.

Though the festival was dedicated to a god, and though gods often participated, visibly or not, in the action of a play, the occasion was not 'religious', if by the word 'religious' we imply a conscious act of worship and adoration in an atmosphere of holiness. For obviously, a comedy like *The Frogs* is not religious in this sense. On the other hand, tragedy was not secular like most modern drama; it did not deal simply with the problems and conflicts of individuals, even though these might be an important element in the play; nor did it deal with merely social or political problems; even in the *Antigone* much more is at stake than the conflict between private conscience and a King's law. It is 'religious' in as much as its background is not contemporary social or political life, but human existence itself, with its unchanging laws and limitations; and the real function of the gods in the plays is to represent dramatically these laws and limitations against which the tragic characters, like Creon, struggle in vain.

The *Agamemnon* is not an independent play but the first part of the Orestes-trilogy. In it Aeschylus deals with the problem of crime and punishment, a problem which, as he sees it, is governed by two immutable laws: that in one way or another, when wrong has been done, there will be a strong reaction against it—an attempt to restore the balance; and that ...olence 'hybris', provokes more violence, and must end in ... *amemnon* presents a whole series of offences, ... punished by direct and violent retaliation; and ...iolent retaliation is shared by men and gods ... 'Paris' crime, Agamemnon prepares for war; ...he plan of Zeus, father of the gods. But ...e prospective bloodshed, demands a sacrifice

festival of Dio... chao... each this alike. To and this t Artemi... oreign langu... We ar... us t... be tra... of th...

recoils on him: his son and his wife destroy themselves, and Creon is left among the ruins that he has caused. The claims of ordinary humanity are greater than those of any statecraft, and it is wisdom to respect them.

As for the *Medea*, it is natural to take it as a powerful character-study of a passionate woman racked first by love then by hatred. It is much more than this. The day was coming when this vast Athenian audience would go to the vast theatre expecting no more than aesthetic and intellectual enjoyment, but it had not come yet. In fact, if we treat the play as character-study only, it does not make sense, because the intervention of the Sun-god with his magic chariot then becomes no more than an artificial contrivance for ending the play. Euripides' drama too contains gods, and often they behave irrationally and cruelly. When Sophocles makes his chorus sing about Aphrodite, how powerful she is, he is looking forward to the end of his play: Haemon, driven mad by his father's treatment of Antigone and of himself, first tries to kill Creon; that is the goddess Aphrodite showing her power. Aphrodite is powerful too in the *Medea*, and other such gods in other plays by Euripides. What he means is that the nature of Man is, or should be, a blend of contrary instincts—love and purity, passion and reason. When the balance is even, all may be well; when, as in the *Medea*, the passions overpower reason, disaster follows. Here it is a public more than a personal disaster; Medea indeed suffers, but it is the children, the innocent bride and her father, who are killed.

discussion or speculation about this and that. Naturally, dramatic and poetic style were modified accordingly: the intensity of feeling and thought which raised poetry to such heights in Aeschylus and Sophocles has disappeared; elegance, clarity and smoothness are now cultivated.

All this is part of the background of *The Frogs*, one of Aristophanes' most brilliant comedies. It was produced in 405, the year after the deaths of Euripides and Sophocles. The action of the play must be left to explain itself. It is very typical of Old Comedy in its high spirits and unlimited fancy; also in its undercurrent of seriousness, for it is impossible not to feel that the poet is gravely concerned for Athens, and would welcome a return to the ideals of the past, now unfashionable. The comic treatment of the gods is also typical: Heracles, the great legendary hero, who in his lifetime had performed great exploits, including a descent into Hades, is scarcely a dignified figure here; and most remarkable is the treatment of Dionysus, the god in whose honour this very play was being performed—with his Priest sitting in the seat of honour; for Dionysus is represented as a thoroughly stupid theatre-goer, so stupid that he is an enthusiast for Euripides. Finally, there is the literary criticism in the burlesque Trial-scene, so shrewd and, on the whole, so impartial. The fact that so much detailed criticism of tragedy could form so important a part of a popular comedy shows what an intelligent audience these Athenian poets had.

The later history of Greek drama may be dealt with quickly. Soon, every Greek city had its theatre; but as regards tragedy, Aristophanes' judgment proved correct: it became more and more lifeless, and theatres came to depend more and more on revivals of the classics, with Euripides the favourite. Comedy on the other hand remained vigorous, though its character changed: the political element disappeared; it became quieter—a comedy of private life. The 'new' comedy of Menander is hardly comic at all—rather an elegant drama, full of delicate character-drawing and wise or witty comments on life, based

Tagore the Playwright *

M. U. Malkani

The poetry of Rabindranath Tagore, which brought him the Nobel Prize in 1913 and put India on the map of modern world literature, is acknowledged to be of a high order, and his novels and short stories too attain a degree of perfection. But his plays are not so well known outside Bengali, nor are they the perfect works of drama they might be expected to be, although the greatness of their subject-matter is indisputable, as I shall show in this estimate of his dramatic writings.

It must be borne in mind that the art of drama differs from other branches of literature in this: that, unlike poetry and fiction, it is not complete in itself but is a composite art dependent on the art of the theatre for its fullest expression. A play is not only meant to be read in the study, but is intended to be performed on the stage; and therefore a play should be well-made from the point of view of stage-craft—in which respect Tagore's plays, to my mind, are mainly deficient.

One who has produced Tagore's plays on the stage must have found them particularly wanting in the principles of Time and Place. For instance, in *Sacrifice* and *The Waterfall*, the same scene goes on for an hour or two, during which characters keep coming in and going out, with or without reason, when the actual action of the scene is supposed to have taken a few days or more. To obviate this confusion, such long scenes have generally to be split up into two or three short ones in order to indicate the passage of time. Again, in some plays like *Chitra* and *Sanyasi*, Tagore introduces such a succession of short scenes that the curtain has to be lowered or the stage darkened every few minutes:

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*We are glad to publish this article by a distinguished Sindhi writer and critic, not because it throws any new light on Tagore's drama (in fact, some of the interpretations are inadequate) but because it is interesting to know what an intelligent critic, who has read Tagore's plays only in English, thinks of them.—*Ed.*

Malini, the fourth in the volume is a fairly effective play against Brahminism and the caste-system in Hindu society. Malini is a fine low-caste heroine, less shadowy and more tangible than Ila and Aparna, persecuted by Brahmins and torn between the love of two heroes of different castes, the high and the low.

The special quality of these plays is Tagore's impartiality in arguing the case on both sides of the problems—as strongly for caste-system and animal sacrifice as against—in the manner of Galsworthy.

CLASSICAL PLAYS

The second phase in Tagore's dramatic output consists of plays adapted from various episodes in the *Mahabharata*—that store-house of Indian legend—from many of which Tagore derived universal interpretations.

Chitra is his first full-length play—the most lyrical and romantic, and the most widely performed at home as well as abroad. It contains love-scenes so charged with passion and sensuous imagery that some early critics condemned the play as obscene. It represents the conflict between the ideal of celibacy and conjugal love. Arjuna, the *Mahabharata* hero, is under the vow of celibacy, and the fair Chitra is hunting in the forest in male attire, in the manner of Shakespeare's Rosalind. When the two meet, all bonds are broken and love takes its own course.

Then, there are five classical sketches contained in the volume, *The Fugitive and Other Poems*, of which many readers are unaware. The most powerful of these little plays is *Ama and Vinayaka* which reads almost like a modern problem play. It deals with the daring theme of Hindu-Muslim unity by marriage. Ama, a Hindu girl, loves a brave Muslim youth, and owing to her parents' opposition elopes with him. But they are soon caught, and the father kills the lover. The character contrast between the ultimately relenting father and the bigoted mother is very striking. *Karna and Kunti* is a forceful dialogue between Kunti, the mother

makes a festival of song and dance, and was the poet's favourite. He had played the blind poet Baul himself, while his nephew Abanindranath, the painter, and other family members and students had acted in it, when it was originally performed at Santiniketan.

Red Oleanders is another allegorical play, in which the free spirit of man, symbolised in the person of a young girl, is pitted against the ruthless power of the machine age. Though never staged in English, it has been very successfully staged in Bengali in recent years.

The *Post Office* is Tagore's most perfect and most dramatic as well as most successful full-length play, written at the height of his creative powers—about the same time as *Gitanjali*.* The allegorical story of Amal, the sickly boy, longing for liberation from the prison-bars of his room in which his fond but foolish uncle has confined him, and ultimately finding freedom from bondage in death, is suggestive of the emancipation of the human spirit from earthly fetters. The character of the wise Gaeffer (grandfather) —which used to be superbly played by Tagore himself—reminds one of a similar character with the same name in Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*. I wonder by what vagary of criticism Edward Thompson, the poet's biographer in English, says of this straight, well-constructed play that 'its texture is filmy and of the very stuff of dreams,' and styles it as 'a hopeless mush and welter of sentimentalism,' saved from failure by the simplicity and naturalness of its language.

Finally, I must say that in spite of technical defects in many of Tagore's plays, their excellence lies in the poetic flights of his imagination and the depth of their philosophic content. Whether his plays represent the present age or the times of the *Mahabharata* the truths of life they convey are applicable to all times and all climes—their appeal is universal.

**Gitanjali* (Bengali) was published in 1910, and *Dak Ghar* (Post Office) in 1912.—*Ed.*

the divine essence, the ineffable bliss of serenity, the poise of peace. Vedanta calls this inner essence of enlightenment and bliss, *ananda* and art, *rasa.* Man is beset with his mundane distractions and preoccupations which form an encrustation obscuring the inner light; art breaks these walls in which the spirit is imprisoned and sets it free to shine in its own innate nature, which is of the form of unsublated reality, unobjectivised consciousness and unalloyed bliss.

The object of Drama, according to Indian aesthetics, is thus not to add to man's confusion by posing fresh problems but to help him transcend the turmoil and attain composure. Accordingly, the ideal of the Indian dramatist shifts from a mere character-study to the evocation of a *rasa.* *Rasa* is a key-word of Indian culture; from taste to supreme beatitude, it conveys a world of significance. The concept of *rasa* has three phases: first, it refers to the emotional states figuring in the themes of plays; second, it is the aesthetic response in the attuned heart of the spectator, and finally it is that same second state becoming one of complete absorption when inner spirit is 'dis-covered.' Whatever the particular emotion underlying a play or a part of it, be it love, anger or pathos, when it strikes a corresponding chord in the spectator's heart and the latter becomes full with the emotion roused, it gives rise to a state of 'relish' or 'delectation' (*asvada*) or a repose of the heart (*visranti*) in which the emotion that occasioned this state of the heart loses its name and there is just a blissful condition; the 'enjoyer', if he may be so called, does not 'enjoy' it, as he would a normal mundane event of happiness like the access of a fortune; there is no worldly reference in it and the ascendence to this state of aesthetic relish is therefore called non-worldly or sublime (*alaukika*). This condition of aesthetic delectation is the realisation of beauty and it is therefore a transcendent value. One thus goes out of the theatre with an impression of quiet harmony rather than with a disturbed mind. When T. S. Eliot therefore says that the ultimate function of art is 'to bring us to a condition of serenity, stillness and reconciliation,' he is voicing the Indian view.

but there is no 'tragedy' in Sanskrit in the Western sense of the term. The Indian attitude to life, of which drama is born, considers life as but one act in a long series through which man is gradually evolving towards perfection: death is not the end, nor evil: realisation and happiness are the real end. The higher purpose of Sanskrit drama is no doubt the realisation of the aesthetic bliss of *rasa*; but this does not preclude the subordinate purpose of promoting in the spectator the moral consciousness. The brief dictum declares that a *Ramayana* play, for instance, should inculcate the lesson that one should emulate the hero, Rama, not the villain, Ravana. The spectacle of virtue defeated and evil triumphant, which frustrates the soul and makes it callous, should never be held up. Nor should the last curtain fall on corpses and the audience depart from the hall as from a cemetery.

It is the example of a heroic character overcoming evil, of character triumphing over degradation, that Sanskrit drama sets as the most befitting theme for this art. The ancient Indian theatre was no doubt rich in varieties of drama—social plays, monologues, farces, operatic and dance compositions—but among all this, the pride of place was given to the heroic type of drama, the *Nataka*, in which an exemplary epic hero and his exploits in the defence of a righteous cause against its opposing demoniac forces are portrayed: in short, imitation of divinity is the highest dramatic activity. The theory speaks of four types of heroes, the Sublime, the Impetuous, the Gallant and the Quiet, who figure in the different types of Sanskrit drama; of these the first who is to be featured in the heroic type of play described above, the *Nataka*, is the most exalted type; he is indeed the ideal human character held up as the model.

Along with these epic themes of heroism are the stories of great loves in which also the same heroic characters figure; and in the portrayal of that love, too, Sanskrit drama, as exemplified by the practice of poets like Kalidasa, has its own ideals and standards of refinement and canons of portrayal. Of the two phases of love, union and separation, Sanskrit drama prefers to dwell more

> *author should either make one of the characters express this pity in such a way as to infect everyone,* or he should describe the girl's feeling correctly. But he cannot, or will not, do this and chooses another way, more complicated in stage-management but easier for the author. He makes the girl die on the stage and still further to increase the psychological effect on the spectators, he extinguishes the lights in the theatre, leaving the audience in the dark....*But there is nothing aestheic in such excitement, for there is no infecting of man by man*....(Italics ours).

This ideal of refinement extends to the technique of stage production and action. The Indian stage does not aim at impossible realism, but wisely explores the possibilities of expressing the idea through symbolism and convention. Elaborate scenic effects and stage paraphernalia which fill the stage-storeroom now were dispensed with. Several years ago it was reported in Indian papers that the Sanskrit play, *Sakuntala,* was produced at Melbourn and for the opening scene of the play introducing the hero going in hunt, a most resplendent golden-hued chariot was actually put on the stage. Bharata never envisaged anything like this. However resplendent the vehicle and however large the stage, the skill of stage-engineers cannot duplicate Nature or avoid the sense of illusion on which all stage-effect is based. At the Paris Opera a huge metal vault goes up and down providing a natural sky for the scenes, and an actual boat sails in! But is the spectacular effect of much artistic value from the point of view of drama as a piece of effective acting or subtle portrayal of fine feelings? However, Bharata thought otherwise and attached little value to such spectacular effects, trusting more the imaginative technique to interpret the theme on his stage.

The emphasis here is, as elsewhere in the Indian approach, on oneself, on the intrinsic rather than the external, the spiritual as against the material and mechanical. A park or a hill was imagined as a part of the blank stage and it was to be understood that as a character came round, he or she had come to a certain

out, there are several obstacles to the spectator becoming responsive and one of the effective aids to prepare his heart is the preliminary music; music was thus employed not only for its initial value, but all through the drama; both song and instrumental background were effectively harnessed to set off the emotional situation. There were songs to usher in characters, to take them out, to bring on a new situation or to reinforce one. As characters walked or engaged themselves in some action, there was the accompaniment of instruments to underline their gait and make the action and dialogue an inevitable blossoming forth from the stream of melody and rhythm.

Sanskrit poets were never bothered with controversies about prose dramas and poetic dramas; in fact, when considering the question of literary appeal, the Sanskrit aesthetics make no artificial division into prose or poetry. Sanskrit drama is in a mixed style, prose and verse alternating, the latter appearing like the upsurges of the former whenever a higher pointedness is reached in dialogue or feeling. The text tends to be highly lyrical. When I was a student, a well-known Indian playwright-*cum*-actor who went about as one of the apostles of Indian art renascence, used to make in his lectures a stock-joke about the old type Indian actor singing and dying! But if a sensible modern or Western actor can die in blank or rhymed verse or even in a rhetorical prose declamation, how is the Indian dying in song less realistic?

In all this, the Indian, in fact the whole Far-East and South-East Asian theatre, was very different from the new realistic theatre of the West, under whose impact, the old indigenous technique has all but disappeared; however, there are still forms of the indigenous theatre still surviving in parts of India, which when collated with Greater Indian theatre may yet help to salvage materials necessary for the reconstruction of our own native stage traditions and techniques.

people. But the artists did not take it lying down. When the voice of the actor was stifled on the stage, it rose on the platform. Lakshyadhar, Jyoti Prasad, Bisnu Rava, Braja Sarma and others joined the soldiers of rebellion to fight war, colonialism and tyranny. They made rebellion their theme, society their stage and people their actors. Jyoti Prasad's *Labhita* is no ordinary drama; it is Forty-two personified. The romantic in them became revolutionary and in Jyoti Prasad's career the apotheosis came in a flash. In his post-war writing, however, the original impulse seems to have flagged. Being a national dramatist, he denounced partyism in literature.

Till the 1942 rebellion, the Assamese drama had served the cultural needs of the petit bourgeosie. The *dramatis personae* of the serious social plays were always from this class, the other classes being occasionally favoured with crumbs. The deeds and exploits of the patriotic kings and nobles of the past were the common themes of their dramas. The post-rebellion mood of the audience, though at first immensely responsive to the patriotic dramas like *Pyoli Phookan* and *Maniram Dewan*, gradually changed to favour plays depicting social realism and the subtle working of human psychology. The dramatic efforts of the period were mainly concentrated on experimental writing to the neglect of the technical aspects of stage-production which remained unorganised. In the meantime the radio drama entered the field and what young dramatic talent was there was diverted from stage-plays proper to radio-acting. A flare for one-act plays, radio dramas, musical interludes stood in the way of emergence of the realistic trend in drama that had made itself felt in such plays as *Magribar Ajan by* Sarada Bardalai, *Nimila Anka* by Lakshya Chaudhury, *Taxi-driver* by Durgeswar Barthakur, *Urukha Panja* by Arun Sharma, *Ranga Police* by Ramesh Sarma, *Matir Maram* by A. Barthakur and *Chor* by Basanta Saikia, to mention only a few.

The IPTA movement has failed to make headway in Assam

where in sight. No one knows what the future will bring.

Birendra Kumar Bhattacharya

BENGALI DRAMA

The history of Bengali drama can be conveniently divided into three periods—early, middle and modern. From 1852, the year in which the first Bengali drama appeared, to the establishment of the first Bengali public stage in 1872 is the early period. During this time Bengali drama developed under the patronage of only a few amateur stages. Translations from English and Sanskrit, imitations and experiments were the characteristics of this period, though original talents like those of Ramnarayan Tarkaratna, Michael Madhusudan Dutta and Dinabandhu Mitra were not lacking.

The middle period begins from the date of the establishment of the first public stage in Calcutta in 1872 and extends upto the commencement of the Swadeshi Movement in the first decade of our century. During this time the public stage of Calcutta exercised considerable influence on the development of Bengali drama. Representative dramatists of this period, like Girish Chandra Ghose, Amrita Lal Bose, Rajkrisna Ray and Amarendra Dutt were all professional actors or connected in some way with one or other public theatre of Calcutta.

The beginning of the modern period of Bengali drama dates from the Swadeshi Movement, the patriotic upheaval in the first decade of the present century provoked by the partition of Bengal by Lord Curzon in 1905. Girish Chandra Ghose who had hitherto devoted himself to mythological themes, rarely diverting to topical and social problems, immediately turned his attention to political subjects and wrote within a short period three powerful dramas, entitled *Sirajuddaulla*, *Mir Kasim* and *Chhatrapati*

concern with social injustice and of Sigmund Freud in their analysis of character of men and women.

Some of the best human dramas of Rabindranath Tagore were products of the last two decades of the nineteenth century. But a new chapter in his career as a dramatist opened with the present century. The entire first quarter was covered by his allegorical and symbolic dramas, though apparently mystic in purpose, yet not divorced from human interest. Tagore did not pursue the traditional course of development of the Bengali drama, nor did he have any successors in the line, which was uniquely his own. If we follow the course of Rabindranath's plays, we may feel that after him the Bengali drama has fallen in quality. But this is not, however, true.

The course of the Bengali drama has undergone a remarkable change in ideas and technique during the post-Rabindra period. Even the dramas of Dwijendralal and Kshirodprasad who were highly popular dramatists during the time of Rabindranath are now out of date and have little appeal today. It is not so much a question of deterioration as of a change of outlook. It is nothing but the transformation of traditional continuity which is inevitable in the face of new situations in the social background.

The latest Bengali dramas deal with the clash between individual and social interests and the complicated economic problems of the uprooted society. The main interest of the recent Bengali dramas is confined to urban life with its new and pressing problems. The new dramatists are no longer interested in the undisturbed life of the villages, far away from the madding crowd. With the progress of industrial life at the cost of the agricultural, social and economic structure of village-life has crumbled and so the Bengali drama today reflects the pulsations of city-life with its various problems. Drama is no longer a means of giving us recreation and refreshment but provides serious fare for our cultural and intellectual refinement.

varied problems of present-day life, both individual and domestic.

In recent times, Mahendra Gupta is one of those who have earned popularity by writing historical dramas. Like Sachindranath he is also associated with the professional stage of Calcutta. His *Tipu Sultan* and *Maharaj Nanda Kumar* are inspired by lofty ideas of patriotism as well as a resentful attitude towards foreign oppression.

Bidhayak Bhattacharyya is well known for his social dramas based on urban life. The urban society, it is true, has not yet been able to take a definite shape in Bengal. No wonder, therefore, the social problems dealt with in his dramas are not articulate and lack in the requisite depth. Thus his *Matir Ghar* is only an expression of the isolated problems of an aristocratic family—it fails to reflect the general position of the urban society as a whole. His *Megha-Mukti* also makes a pointed reference to the same truth. In his more recent dramas he has dived deeper into the economic problems of the middle class urban life with accurate analysis and keen observation.

Pramathnath Bisi has confined his creation only to social dramas. But instead of revealing deeper and more serious social problems, he merely points out the ills and contradictions of our life with sharp and sensitive satire. He is the most ruthless critic of our modern life and his method of criticism of human character may be conveniently called Shavian.

Tarasankar Bandyopadhyaya,* Saradindu Bandyopadhyaya and Manoj Basu who have earned wide reputation as novelists have also written some plays, but though these plays have not excelled their fame as novelists, they successfully analyse the various aspects of the socio-economic problems of the life of

*Tarasankar Bandyopadhyaya is the leading novelist of Bengal today. He has also written several dramas, of which *Dui Purush* is the best-known. —*Ed.*

ment of West Bengal should prove a source of encouragement for the people interested in the improvement of the Bengali Stage.

Asutosh Bhattacharyya

GUJARATI DRAMA

Gujarati drama was born in the latter half of the nineteenth century, as a result of three forces or incentives: a growing reaction against the traditional *Bhavai*; the rise of the modern stage; and the study of Sanskrit and English drama. *Bhavai* was the indigenous folk-play which had catered for the unsophisticated masses for more than four centuries. A fusion of poetry, story and drama in literary form, it afforded, in performance, ample scope for dance, music and histrionic ability.

The rise of the Gujarati stage was contemporaneous with that of the Marathi stage and the construction of theatres in Bombay after the model of the theatre of the West. The enterprising Parsis were the pioneers. Acquaintance with the Sanskrit and the English (specially Shakespearean) drama which was a result of the University education provided two different dramatic types as models. There was a good amount of dramatic activity both on the stage and in literature in the last four decades of the nineteenth century. The stage, with its mythological, historical and social plays gained immense popularity; but the contribution to literature was very little. The plays of Ranchhodbhai who is called 'the father of Gujarati drama' have now only a historical importance. *Veermati* and *Bhat-nu Bhopalun* of Navalram and *Pratap Natak* of Ganpatram are tolerably good. *Kanta*, by Manilal Dwivedi, shaped after the Sanskrit drama, is the only play of the period that possesses sufficient literary merit.

more active in the 'thirties and after. Chandravadan Mehta is 'at it' even today. Munshi has to his credit some delightful social farces and serious mythological plays. In his serious plays he has tried to recapture the spirit of the Vedic age and of the Aryan exploits. Chandravadan has attempted all types of drama: farces, melodrama, radio-plays, etc. Gifted with histrionic talent and a stage-sense, he has been a pioneer of the amateur stage in Gujarat. The professional stage with its sub-plots full of irrelevant 'comics' (as they were called) and songs which had neither music nor poetry, soon created an aversion to it among the élite. It was the price it had to pay for its refusal to grow and move with the changing times and tastes. This resulted in the humble beginning of the amateur stage in the 'twenties, which became more active in the 'thirites and after. It was the amateur stage which by performing the plays of Munshi and Chandravadan bridged the gulf between the stage and the literary drama.

The professional stage received a great set-back with the advent of the 'talkies' and speedily began to dwindle after 1930. Since then, it has been a hard struggle for it to exist. This, however, did not come in the way of the development of the drama as such. The output of drama, in fact, increased considerably in the 'thirties. *Agagadi*, a tragedy by Chandravadan Mehta, with a poor locomotive fireman as the hero and *Sapna Bhara* by Umashankar Joshi, a collection of admirable one-act plays, were the two outstanding works marked by realism. They use colloquialisms of the rural dialect, which brought Gujarati drama still nearer to life. It was the natural outcome of the humanism and social awareness generated by the spiritual dynamism of Mahatma Gandhi. Krishnalal Shridharani made a promising debut with his *Vadlo*, *Mor-nan Indan* and *Padmini* wherein he tried to follow the footsteps of masters like Tagore, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. Besides, there were many young playwrights like Indulal Gandhi, Govindbhai Amin and Jayanti Dalal who contributed their mite. The younger writers worked mostly on one-act plays.

and the radio-play is also availed of by some writers. A number of radio-plays, song-plays and dance-plays, too, have been written to satisfy the demand of broadcasting and the new stage. The dialogue-poems in *Pracheena* by Umashankar Joshi bring out the potentialities of verse drama or poetic drama.

In this review I have not referred to to the translations and adaptations which have been published and also produced on the amateur stage in plenty. It is a fact that Gujarati drama, now a hundred years old, has not kept pace with other branches of creative literature, like the novel and the short story, which started their career later. Perhaps every other Indian literature has the same tale to tell.

Anantrai Raval

HINDI DRAMA

The growth of modern Hindi dramatic literature is closely linked with the development of modern Hindi language and literature. Bhartendu Harishchandra was one of the founders of modern Hindi prose and his dramas along with his essays were an important medium of developing the written language. Being a good actor himself, he brought the stage in close contact with the people. He translated or adapted plays from Sanskrit, Bengali and English, and wrote original plays on social, political, mythological and historical themes. He introduced a copious amount of poetic stuff in them but he expressed himself best in his satirical and realistic comedies. The last four decades of the nineteenth century in Hindi literature are noted for the writers' love of fun and humour, sharp political and social awareness and a raciness of style. Bhartendu Harishchandra successfully opposed both the vulgarized stage-play of the Parsi theatre-companies and the imitation of English dramas. His plays show a fine blending of the folk-stage and elements from classical Sanskrit drama.

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this joy has nothing to do with unrestrained hedonism. Like Kalidasa, he believed the material world to be the palpable image of Lord Shiva.

This intellectual outlook is closely allied to his patriotism. The result is that he does not create a world of fantastic illusions in his dramas as many romantic poets have done here and abroad. His great dramas, *Ajatashatru*, *Skandagupta*, *Chandragupta*, etc., take their themes from those periods of Indian history which were marked by political and social turmoil, civil strife and external aggression. Such conflicts had a topical significance. In *Skandagupta*, the poet Kalidasa as Matrigupta, challenges and fights the Huns who have attacked the country. 'It is my duty to sacrifice my life for the defenceless,' he says and turning to the Hun soldiers, he draws his sword with these words, 'Cowards! How dare you oppress the women-folk?' The anti-imperialist sentiments of Prasad are finely blended with his anti-feudal humanism. Along with writers like Premchand and 'Nirala', he fought for a just place for women in Indian society. Women play an important part, both for good and evil, in his dramas. It is a woman, Vijaya, who teaches even the great Kalidasa his duty in a time of crisis: 'This is not the time for astonishment or sorrow. Poet Laureate! Enough of erotic sentimentalism, fanciful music and the endless songs of love! For once, sing the song of awakening so that the people, convinced of their mortality, may rise for the service of immortal Bharata!'

Beautiful songs and lyrics are strewn all over in Prasad's dramas. Besides, his prose has a rich poetic quality about it. His dramas stand midway between the romantic poetic drama and the realistic problem play. He is a master of characterization and dramatic conflict; it is not because of these that his dramas lack stage-worthiness. His poetic imagery, philosophical thought and Sanskritized diction have prevented his plays from being popular on the stage. Nevertheless, more than once, his plays have been staged successfully. The content of his dramas is not opposed to but closely allied to the realism of Premchand. Prasad's

successful dramas, specially one-act plays, with a rare combination of literary merit and a sense of stage-craft. On the whole, the modern Hindi playwright is deeply conscious of the fact that the play is meant primarily for the stage. The Prithvi Theatre of Prithviraj Kapoor is an important venture and might well contribute to the development of a national stage for Hindi dramas.

So far, plays have been staged mostly by amateurs. The IPTA is no exception to this. This has one advantage. The realistic trend has been strengthened, though, fortunately, the intellectual debate is absent from the Hindi counterpart of the English problem-play. Along with Ibsen and Shaw, Gorky and Chekhov are other formative influences. There is also the living folk-tradition of ballets, tableaus, *nautankis*, *Ramlila*, etc. This too has influenced some of our writers. Satirical plays full of fun and laughter are very much in demand. Important social functions of students, workers and peasants are considered incomplete without a play. There are uninhibited experiments going on from poetic drama to farce. Dance and song, the old concomitants of the play since the days of Bharata's *Natya Sastra*, are still very much there. If we cannot boast of a national stage, we have nevertheless a popular dramatic movement.

The disadvantage is revealed in the unequal quality of acting as well as of plays. This is largely owing to the colonial legacy of an economically backward people. The cinema and the radio are also keen competitors and some of the talented actors of the Hindi stage have been forced to seek their means of livelihood in the filmworld. It is not possible for a dramatist or an actor to live on the income from the theatre. This is the greatest obstacle in the path of the full flowering of our dramatic literature. This can be overcome, at least partly, with State-help. The three other and main requisites for the development of drama are

translation of classical plays from other languages. Under the patronage of Chamaraja Wodeyar, scholars like Karibasappa Sastri, Ayya Sastri, D. N. Mulabagal and Gururayacharya brought out translations of almost every known Sanskrit play, of Bhasa, Sudraka, Kalidasa, Visakhadatta, Bhavabhuti, Bhattanarayana and Kshemeswara. Karibasappa Sastri, the most celebrated of them, was hailed as the 'Abhinava Kalidasa' because of his rendering of *Sakuntala* into Kannada.

The North Karnataka stage, however, drew plays from the Marathi dramatic literature. Gururao K. Mamadapur, Mudavidu Krishna Rao, Wamanrao Master and Garud Sadasivarao rendered major Marathi plays into Kannada. Most of the well-known Telugu plays also, particularly of Veereshalingam Pantulu, were translated by Nanjanagudu Srikanthasastri. A large number of plays in English, mostly of Shakespeare, were rendered into Kannada by a host of literary men led by Gundo Krishna Churamuri and Kerur Vasudevacharya in North Karnataka and C. Subba Rao, A. Anand Rao and M. L. Srikantha Gowda in Mysore. In later years, a few Bengali plays, like *Tapobala* of G. C. Ghosh, *Krishnakumari* of Michael Madhusudan Dutt, *Shajahan* of D. L. Roy, were also translated into Kannada by C. K. Venkataramiah, M. N. Kamat and B. Puttuswamiah.

To say that early dramatic literature in Kannada came from other languages is not to undervalue the original contributions of Santakavi, Srinivasa Kavi (Venkannacharya Agalagatti), Veerappa Sastri, Rajakavi Srinivasa Iyengar and others. By 1921, Bellave Narahari Sastri had, in the words of E. P. Rice, become 'one of the most prolific dramatic authors.' Narayana Rao Huilgol and Garud had written even social plays for the stage and Kandgal Hanumantarao joined them later. The early plays dealt with different themes mostly drawn from ancient romantic lore, the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* and the *Bhagavata*.

Later, beginning with the third decade of the present century, lives of saint-poets like Tukaram, Kabir and Sarana

The amateur stage continued to gain strength. Its aim was now to see that theatre did not remain a mere entertainer. Its role was to teach as well and to combat social diseases like blind faith, illiteracy, casteism, unequal marriage, the dowry-system, drunkenness and the like.

The new drama developed in different channels. The blank-verse play gradually came into its own. The legendary play, verse-play, the musical, phantasy and the opera followed. Later, the discussion play, the impromptu-play and the radio play came in to the field. Though mythological and historical themes were touched now and then, this period marked the supremacy of social themes which started with Narayanarao Huilgol in North Karnataka and Kailasam in Mysore. Kailasam, Sriranga and Karanth, the leading trio of the revolt, wrote fearlessly and ceaselessly for three decades using sharp weapons of irony and satire. Karanth remained a great experimenter in themes and theatre-modes. Kailasam and Sriranga touched a variety of themes, mostly dealing with middle-class life—ripping open the social organism, laying bare pretention and hypocricy. A. N. Krishna Rao brought in his scalpel too. A touch of high individual brilliance was given by D. R. Bendre with his biting satire in plays like *Uddhara* and *Sayo Ata.* V. K. Gokak gave a glimpse of his pointed humour in his *Vimarsaka Vaidya,* but turned to more purposeful ideological plays like *Jananayaka* and *Yugantara.* Senior writers like R. S. Mugali, Krishna Kumar Kallur, L. J. Bendre and N. K. Kulkarni added a good deal of variety to the social drama of North Karnataka. The Kailasam tradition was brilliantly continued by G. P. Rajaratnam and kept up by Parvatavani. Ksheerasagara and Kaiwara Raja Rao gave interesting domestic pictures. One-act plays came into their own. A host of writers—old and young—including K. T. Puranik, M. N. Babu, Kumara Venkanna, K. Gundanna and Dasarathi Dixit contributed to the bulk of the new dramatic literature.

Thus Kannada dramatic literature came to be substantial in volume because of its social drama, but, surely, it would have

self-evaluation. Now, with the encouragement given to the stage and the playwright, the Kannada theatre seems to be finding its feet again. Yakshagana is coming into its own. The professional stage is consolidating itself as seen by the recent long runs of Gubbi's *Kurukshetra,* Yenigi Balappa's *Basaveswara* and Chittarigi Company's *Jeevanayatre.* The amateur stage seems to be at work again with a greater determination, as evidenced by the activities of several talented troupes. Drama Conferences and Festivals are proving beneficial to the resurrection of the stage. The audience is becoming increasingly thoughtful and critical. Here lies the real hope for the Kannada stage. In rebuilding it, its writer has to remember the lessons of the past. The new drama should not cut itself adrift from the main stream of life. It should not concentrate too much, as Moorthy Rao puts it, 'on passing problems of day to day life, but touch the basic, primeval, fundamental things,' which the great dramatist in any country has always done. It is in such a playwright that the strength and stability of the future Kannada drama lies.

H. K. Ranganath

KASHMIRI DRAMA

By an optimistic study of the usually reticent sources of history in Kashmir one does find reasons to believe that dance and drama were not unknown in ancient times. There are obvious references to actors in the historical accounts that have come down to us, the most obvious of them being in the most known record, the *Rajatarangini.* But there is no record of these arts in the later centuries.

Some of the more enthusiastic surveyors would have us believe that a somewhat grotesque folk pattern of entertainment called the 'Banda Pathar' was a form of drama which persisted through-

the scope of their talent. Glowing in form and forceful in purpose, none of these plays, however, had in them other essentials of lasting literature. But they gave a fillip, set up a stage and established a tradition. Talent had been stirred and even when the demands of an emergency were no longer there, other demands goaded these writers to new forms and new techniques. One of them was the form and technique of radio drama. Scores of radio plays have since been written by Pushkar Bhan, Noor Muhammad Roshan, Ali Mohammad Lone, Amin Kamil and others. Some radio farces in the 'Machama' series by Pushkar Bhan live in the memories of the listeners; and Amin Kamil's stage play about the New Kashmir was quite successful.

But it was left again to the master poet Nadim to write the first two operas in Kashmiri and make them memorable. These are the *Bambur-Yambarzal* (The Bumble-bee) and the *Narcissus and Heemal Nagraj*, which is based on a very fascinating and old folk-tale of love episodes between a human beauty and a snake-prince. Although neither of these was successfully staged, both of these operas are efforts at lasting literature. They abound in beautiful flashes of high-class poetry and will be read and enjoyed for a long time.

Prem Nath Dar

Malayalam Drama

Malayalam drama has a history of barely seventy-five years. In fact the major portion of the output has been published only in the last twenty-five years. The publication of the Malayalam rendering of Kalidasa's *Abhijnana Sakuntalam* by Kerala Varma in 1882 is a landmark in the history of Malayalam literature. Though the translation was in a highly sanskritised *Manipravala* style, the classic in the new garb made a tremendous appeal, both on and off the stage. Attracted by the unprecedented success

quality of the songs and dialogues in *Chavittunatakam* was rather low. The movement of the actors on the stage arrests our attention as acrobatics, being more vigorous than graceful, more martial than artistic. Those who did not possess enough technical knowledge to appreciate Kathakali, supported and encouraged this early attempt of dramatic portrayal in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Adverting again to the Sanskrit tradition, it may be said that translations of classics like *Janaki Parinayam* (1889), *Malavikagnimitram* (1890), *Uttararama Charitam* (1892) and *Ascharya Choodamani* (1893) found their way into Malayalam late in the nineteenth century. *Sakuntalam* for example has been translated by more than a dozen scholars and still the attempts have not ceased.

In addition to Kerala Varma Thampuran, the more important names are A.R. Raja Raja Varma, Attoor Krishna Pisharodi and Vallathol Narayana Menon. Some writers considered it worthwhile to cast mythological stories in the mould of the Sanskrit drama; the notable examples are *Kalyani Natakam* (1889) by Kochunni Thampuran, *Bhagavaddoothu* by Naduvathu Namboodiri and *Chandrika* (1892) by Kunhikuttan Thampuran. *Ebrayakutty* (1893) by Kandathil Varghese Mapillai is a similar drama based on the life of Joseph of the Old Testament. A few of these were performed on the stage also; but they were not popular.

When the interest in Sanskrit type of drama dwindled the musical drama of the Tamil Nad made its way into Kerala. Replete with songs of the Karnatak type, even those who did not follow the Tamil language found something enjoyable in it. The hero and heroine were always first-rate musicians so that few bothered about their acting talent or the quality of dialogue. With scenic arrangements, colourful costumes and elaborate songs, the professionals from the Tamil Nad captured the imagination of the rank and file. The technique was then adapted

Historical Plays

It may appear strange that C.V. Raman Pillai who has not written any historical drama is considered as the father of historical drama in Malayalam. The fact is that his famous historical novels *Marthanda Varma*, *Dharmaraja* and *Ramarajabahadur* were dramatised by others incorporating in a large measure the brilliant dialogues in the novels. The success of these plays on the stage inspired younger writers to try their hand at similar themes. One of the most outstanding among them is E.V. Krishna Pillai who wrote *Sitalakshmi*, *Raja Kesavadas* and *Iravikuttippillai*. Kappana Krishna Menon has written a long play based on the life of Kerala Varma Pazassi Raja who so bravely fought the British. Perhaps the most notable contribution in the field of historical drama in Malayalam is *Velu Thampy Dalava* written by Kainikkara Padmanabha Pillai. Velu Thampy is the first revolutionary of India who continuously opposed the British rulers and finally sacrificed his life for the cause. The drama depicts his heroic life in a forceful way. Padmanabha Pillai has also written a drama on the life and passion of Jesus Christ, *Kalvariyile Kalpa Padapam*, which is noted for its vitality and emotional appeal.

Humorous Plays

The most notable humorist of the century is E. V. Krishna Pillai. After trying his hand at a few historical plays, he switched over to writing humorous plays and farces. *B. A. Mayavi*, *Pranayakkamishan*, *Mayamanushan* and *Pennarasunad* are interesting comedies. The author has no other intention except to make the audience laugh and at that he is immensely successful. These plays were staged in and outside Kerala for several years. There was a good team of actors in Trivandrum who were responsible for popularising these plays. Among them special mention must be made of C. I. Parameswaran Pillai, N. P. Chellappan Nair and M. G. Kesava Pillai.

Chellappan Nair followed in the footsteps of E. V. and produced a number of plays depicting social evils in a humorous vein.

Even the titles of some of the political plays indicate the present trend. *Manthriyakkolle* (Do'nt Make Me a Minister), *Ningalenne Communistakki* (You Have Made Me a Communist) and *Jnanippo Communistavum* (I Will Become a Communist Now) are some examples. *Ningalenne Communistakki*, written by a young playwright, Thoppil Bhasi in 1952, has created a record on the stage in Kerala. The Kerala Peoples' Arts Club has staged it over six hundred times already. We have here the story of an old man who abandons his orthodox views and accepts communism when he understands the attitude of the capitalist and the plight of the poor working class. Here we get the communist point of view regarding the struggle of the working class. The congress point of view is expressed through another play, *Jnanippam Communistavum*, by Kesava Dev. In this play the maid-servant of an independent candidate awaiting election results threatens that she will become a communist. The rough-and-tumble of elections and the way in which political parties try to purchase independent M.L.A.s is the subject of satire in the play. *Koottu Krishi** (Collective Farming) by Idasseri Govindan Nair is another play with a socio-political background. The struggle of the agriculturist in Kerala is portrayed very effectively in this play.

There are many other political plays written recently in Malayalam by Keshav Dev, Ponkunnam Varkey, Erur Vasudev and others. An interesting point to be mentioned is the re-introduction of songs in plays after an interval of fifteen years. But they are songs with a difference. They show the revival of the folk music of Kerala. The sale of the booklet containing the songs of *Ningalenne Communistakki* has run into more than one hundred thousand. O.N.V. Kurup, the writer of the songs, has a rare gift of portraying the rural atmosphere by his specialised diction.

OTHER CATEGORIES

There are several plays which cannot be included in any of the

*Sahitya Akademi has taken up this play for translation into other major Indian languages.

single professional theatre. The more important among them are the Nataka Parishath Trivandrum, Kerala People's Art Club, K.P.T.A. at Ernakulam, Brother's Music Club and Kendra Kala Samiti at Kozhikode.

K. M. George

MARATHI DRAMA

Drama in Marathi has had a living tradition of over a hundred years. Any consideration of its present position, therefore, cannot be divested of its rich background. By the beginning of this century the Marathi drama had developed its art-form, half dramatic half musical, taking both mythological and social themes in its stride. The two great pioneers, Annasaheb Kirloskar and Dewal, true to their native Marathi genius, set up for subsequent playwrights an eclectic tradition enriched by both Sanskrit and western influences.

The first decade was mainly dominated by Khadilkar. While he was perfectly at home with a musical play like *Manapman*, the historical or mythological play was his forte. His play, *Kichakvadha*, was banned by the then government. His characters are conceived with imagination and his plots deftly constructed show a rare understanding of the stage. It is difficult to think of the success of an actor like Balgandharva without his personality in the background. If he lacked in humour he lent to the Marathi stage a certain classical grandeur and high seriousness seldom recaptured in later times.

Humour re-entered the Marathi stage with Kolhatkar and, to a lesser degree, with N. C. Kelkar. Kolhatkar, with a reformist zeal in the social field—unfortunately prone to a love of the artificial and the fantastic—not only fascinated the lay audiences but his plays captured the imagination of a real

plays by Aundhkar represent the best work in that line. The efforts of these celebrated writers and other competent ones like N. R. Bamangaonkar or the acting talent of Chintamanrao Kolhatkar or K. Date, however, could not save the stage from the bane of a plethora of songs and the overwrought superficiality of spectacle.

The Marathi stage produced in its hey-day a varied style in singing; this theatrical music is part of our cultural heritage. Unfortunately, the singing often became more important than the drama and the development of the drama proper suffered in consequence. The end of the first quarter of this century saw Marathi drama helplessly trying to hold its own against the impending danger of the films. Music certainly was no answer to the threat of this product of modern scientific technique.

In the 'thirties, some frantic efforts were made to 'save the stage.' Some of these even tried to incorporate a bit of the film into the body of the drama and served merely to underline the helplessness of the stage. S. V. Vartak of *Andhalyachi Shala* fame, with a band of educated enthusiasts like himself, set about the task of ushering in a 'revolution' on the stage. He did succeed in modernising the stage to an extent but he himself as a writer fell short of his noble ambition. With Vartak came modern lighting and the box-set. His introduction of actresses on the Marathi stage set a vogue for natural acting which was overdue. After all we get a Balgandharva once in a century and even a 'gandharva' among mortals is withered by age and staled by custom. Two other efforts, entirely of different types, Bedekar's mythological *Brahmakumari* and W. W. Bhole's *Sarladevi* of the Ibsenian school, deserve special mention. For the rest it was a dark period of academic discussion about the rise and fall of the Marathi stage, and some stray pot-boiling efforts of the actors who had lost their moorings, or some amateurish second-rate plays, sometimes borrowed, mostly plagiarised. The theatre was being driven into a corner by the films; the best writing and acting talent was attracted by the celluloid

Bokil. The maudlin plays of Nagesh Joshi, the pale ones by Phadke, the playlets by Maltibai Bedekar or, for that matter, a players' play like *Karayla Gelo Ek*, no doubt, have served to fill the gap. The more serious work, however, has come from Mama Warerkar, H. V. Desai, Vakil, Muktabai Dixit, Bhat and Deorukhkar. Equally important is the contribution of producers like Altekar, Chintamanrao Kolhatkar and K. Date. No wonder that in this period of experimentation the authors have turned their attention to the works of famous western dramatists. In doing this they are only following the tradition set by Dewal with his inimitable *Samshaykallol*. Molière and Maeterlinck, Shakespeare and Pirandello—all have come very handy. Some of these efforts open up interesting possibilities indeed.

Anant Kanekar's *Phas*, revolving round only two characters, showed in its production by K. Narayan Kale and Leela Chitnis the immense possibilities of orchestral music. P. L. Deshpande's *Ammaldar* provided a riot of laughter while Vakil's *Sarech Sajjan* hinted at the possibilities of psychological acting. Shirwadkar's adaptation of *Macbeth* (*Rajmukut*) had the distinction of being produced by the noted British producer Herbert Marshall and acted by such eminent stars as Durga Khote and Nanasaheb Phatak. It was a revelation in the use of the proscenium and the creative decor provided by the artist D. G. Godsay. Nana Jog's recent adaptation of *Hamlet* to a three-act play produced by Damu Kenkre has evoked strong and opposite reactions. The Marathi audiences used to the full-fledged *Hamlet* produced against a bare background and immortalised by the acting genius of Ganpatrao Joshi and later by the spasmodic Phatak, have found this new experiment highly intriguing. Baburao Pendharkar's production of *Othello* (*Zunzarrao*) is another notable effort in Shakespearean revival.

The important original plays of recent times include Warerkar's sensitive *Saraswat* and *Bhumikanya Seeta* produced by Altekar, Shirwadkar's sympathetic *Dusra Peshwa* produced by Mumbai Marathi Sahitya Sangha, Nana Jog's socio-political

minds of the people. The conception of Nrutyasabha or Natamandir designed in the great temples of Orissa prove unmistakably that the arts of dance and drama were being cultivated in the remotest past under the patronage of local rulers like Kapilendra Dev and Prataprudra Dev. Naturally this early drama was closely connected with religion and worship of the gods.

Lila, Suanga and Yatra constitute the earlier types of popular dramatic compositions in Oriya. Lila is further divided into Rasalila and Ramalila, the true representatives of the earlier dramatic forms adopted by authors and greatly enjoyed by the rural communities. Besides these, Gotipua, Kela-Keluni, Keut-Keutuni and Dhoba-Dhobani are other dramatic varieties in the sphere of old school of dramatics and reflect the social behaviour, customs and beliefs of the people. Their performances are highly interesting, popular and musical. Rasalilas, Kali Dalan, Gotipua and Suangas of Baishnab Pani help us to form an idea of the origin and gradual growth of drama in Oriya. From these typical compositions, a regular vernacular drama sprang up in the middle of the nineteenth century.

The history of dramatic movement in Oriya has witnessed three specific phases: dramas of historical and mythological character written during 1880—1915, dramas with nationalistic and social background written during 1915—1940 and dramas of socio-political, romantic and realistic nature written in the post-independence period, dominated by science and technology.

To begin with, Ramsankar Rai (1858—1931) employed this new literary medium and wrote about 14 dramas among which *Kanchi Kaveri* (1880) and *Yugadharma* (1902) are distinguished as historical and social pictures respectively. He adopted blank verse and showed a natural preference for historical canvas and contemporary social life. Bhikaricharan Pattnaik's writings including *Katak Vijaya* (1906), *Sansarchitra* (1915), Kampal Misra's mythological venture, *Sita Vibah* (1899), Jagmohan Lala's *Satinatak*, Gopinath Nanda's *Sakuntala* considerably added to

(1940), *Chasajhia* (1946) and *Sakhigopal* (1955) have an irresistible charm of their own and are invariably played on stage, professional and amateur. He occupies a unique and significant position in the growth of the modern drama.

Subsequently other inspired writers with changed outlook and ideas took to dramatic composition. Kalindicharan Panigrahi's *Piyadarsi* (1933), Harish Chandra Badal's *Desar Dak* (1932), Baikunthnath Pattanaik's *Mukti Pathe* (1933) and Mayadhar Mansinha's *Nasta Nida* (1939) may be described as model plays gradually introducing the new trends and techniques in modern dramatic writings.

The significant phase in the evolution of Oriya drama from 1936 onwards is marked by an increase of theatre-mindedness among the people and the emergence of a group of dramatists, preoccupied with social and political problems. Dramas written in post-independence period have been much influenced by western literary modes. Heralding, as it were, the advent of a new age, the Arnapurna Theatre was established in the year 1936.

Kalicharan Pattnayak, who had earlier formed a Rasa-party, had in the meantime distinguished himself both by writing plays and founding the Orissa Theatres (1940) which lasted till 1950. He staged his first social play, *Girl School*, in 1942. Since 1940 he has produced socio-political plays like *Bhata, Bekar, Raktamandar, Raktamati, Phata Bhuin, Ahuti, Chumban* and nationalistic plays with historical background, like *Abhijan, Jayadev, Atibadi Jagannath Das* and *Sarala Das*. He presented most of these plays on his stage and gave a new turn to dramatic writing and stage-technique.

With the increase, after 1947, in the number of theatres such as Rupasree, Janata and another branch of Arnapurna Theatre, many young writers have taken to drama. A wave of general awakening stirred the imagination of Oriya dramatists to the

In the late 'thirties Punjabi theatre entered a new phase. From mere social reform, Punjabi drama slowly ventured to touch psychological themes. Sant Singh Sekhon has written a number of plays that dare big themes; unfortunately they are somewhat sketchy in form. The characters, not properly worked out in terms of dramatic conflict, do not have the heat of passion which their lines express. Sekhon takes up an idea, often involving an attitude of rebellion against accepted trends, and embroiders incidents on it. Often his dialogue is heavy, garbled with archaic expressions. Out of his many plays, *Bhavi* transcends the limitations of his style. Set in medieval times it brings out the brutal conflict of a mother-daughter jealousy, interlaced with father-son hate. Characters rage and clash and emit sparks. The play is tense and has appeal at many levels.

Joshwa Fazal Din and Rafi Peer, now settled in Pakistan, made an important contribution to Punjabi drama in the early 'forties. Joshwa in *Pind de Vairy*, exposes the evils of debt, drink and usury. He champions the cause of the down-trodden peasantry. His language is robust like Nanda's and bubbles with broad peasant humour. Rafi Peer, an actor-producer trained on the western stage, wrote long one-act plays out of which *Akhian* (Eyes) and *Vairy* (Enemy) are the better known. He weaves a rich pattern of love and hate and uses pointed and apt dialogue. His plays have a ferocity and intensity absent in the works of his predecessors. It is a pity that during the last 15 years he has not given us more than five or six one-acts.

Harcharan Singh, the most prolific playwright, started with his college dramatic club and has carried on for the last fifteen years. Not belonging to any permanent theatre group (even an amateur), Harcharan Singh had solely to depend on the ever-changing batch of students who perform under his direction. He is good in sketches and cameos of rural Punjab but seems to lack the stamina for a genuine full-length play. He has kept the flame of drama alive in college clubs where his dramas have often been staged.

Apart from the above-mentioned groups and players there are half-a-dozen other playwrights. Roshan Lal Ahuja has written a number of historical and mythological plays. He, however, fails to discover new meanings in the old legends though he tries to do so. His sense of stage is weak and most of his plays are unstageable. The same fault creeps into Gurdial Singh Phul's plays. They are sketchy and scrappy. A turn of phrase or an expression may wrest a smile from the spectators but there is hardly the strong drama in his works. Amrik Singh, Balbir Singh, Jasooja, Paritosh Gargi, Dasanjh and a host of others have written plays, of which very few have been staged.

In the West plays are generally published after they have been a stage success. Even the old Parsee theatrical companies kept the faded manuscripts with them and published the play after it had been performed for years. The folk dramas have come down to us from generation to generation by the band of actors who bequeathed the lines to their sons or pupils and never bothered about publication. In Punjabi I have known playwrights who finish their plays not in a theatre but in a printing press. There are more plays published than ever performed. This tendency has led to a rift between the stage and the arm-chair playwright.

Side by side with amateur theatre there exist *swang* or *naqal*, the light farces enacted by Bhands, the village Buffoons. Like the French *Chansonnier* who perform in late night cafés, the Bhands are shrewdness and intelligence masked in stupidity. Social oddities, topical comments, pungent jokes and mock interviews are enlivened with charmingly indecent and pointed remarks. A master of wit the Buffoon is the younger brother of Vidushaka and a first cousin to Shakespeare's Fool. The folk players have an inherent theatrical sense. Their creations and productions have become a part of our folk dramatic literature and have the same relation to drama as folk-songs to poetry.

A word may be said about the Punjabi language. Unlike Urdu and Hindi it has not been cut class-wise. A Punjabi peasant,

TAMIL DRAMA

To understand Tamil drama as it is today, we have to remember the dramatic forms that were alive in Tamil at the beginning of the century. These were mainly three: 1. The music-play of the type of *Nandanar Charitra Kirtanai* and *Rama Natakam**, 2. the dance-play whose archetypes are found in the literary form of *Kuravanji*, *Pallu* and *Nondi Natakam*, and 3. the folk-play, a vigorous, if crude, medley of speech, music and dance. The first two kinds of play have claims to formal literary excellence. They have the artistry that we associate with a learned literary craftsman who knows and respects tradition. They are not, however, to be classified as mere studio pieces. They were designed for and accepted in the market place and the theatre.

In the music-play and the dance-play, all the words were set to music. More often than not, the words and the music were born together as one synthesis of expression. The themes of both these types of play were mostly religious. The music-play generally attempted the rendering of a fairly long and satisfying story, either the life of a saint or a piece from a religious epic or *purana*, and presented it directly. The dance-play, on the other hand, had very little of what can be called a plot. It took an idea and presented it symbolically through a stereotyped incident or two, conceived for the purpose, weaving elaborate embroideries round them. But both the plays have one thing in common: their diction is more vigorous and direct and much simpler than that of the Tamil classics of the middle period and nearer the speech of the common man. In this they anticipate the idiom of modern drama and pave the way for it. Also, in the dance-play, particularly in the *Kuravanji* and the *Pallu*, the life of common folk is presented. In the *Kuravanji*, nomads

*The former is by Gopala Krishna Bharati and the latter by Arunachala Kavi. Both these plays were written much earlier but they represent a type that was living towards the close of the last century. Among the music and dance-plays are to be included the *mela* plays that were an annual feature in many villages, every village presenting the same play year after year.

ness and verisimilitude. This was largely the result of our contact with western literature, chiefly English. But this was retarded by the efforts of a few well-meaning scholars who took Shakespeare for their model but forgot that he wrote primarily for the stage and for the 'groundlings' of his time. They remembered only the poetry and the blank verse of his plays and tried to create in Tamil plays in 'high' verse on the Shakespearean model. They adopted a diction made of choice literary words culled from old Tamil classics which while learned and in places even sonorous, had nothing of the ebb and flow of passion, the impress of mood and character which make for great dramatic work. Nevertheless, these writers set a high standard and kept to an organised story with a beginning, middle and end. They threw into the high and often grandiose speeches of the characters ethical and philosophical statements that had their own intrinsic value though they did not generally spring from the pressure of the dramatic context. Examples of such efforts are Sundaram Pillai's *Manonmaniyam*, the greatest of this species, and Suryanarayana Sastri's *Mana Vijayam* and *Kalavati*.

These efforts were a by-product of the movement towards naturalness and a realistic presentation of life. The writer who really contributed to the strengthening of this movement through years of devoted work both as a playwright and as an actor and the leader of a troupe—Suguna Vilasa Sabha—is P. Sambanda Mudaliar, who fortunately, is still with us. He wrote his plays for the stage, insisted on his words being memorised and spoken by the actors, tried to cut music out of the main action of the play, using it only occasionally to emphasise a situation or an atmosphere, attempted the creation of characters and the evolution of a story out of the manifold clashes of personality and circumstance. He wrote many types of plays—romances like *Manohara*, farces like *Sabapati*, translations and adaptations like *Magapati* (Shakespeare's *Macbeth*) and *Amaladityan* (Shakespeare's *Hamlet*), social appraisals like *Birammanamum Suddiranum* (The Brahmin and the Sudra). It is too early to attempt an objective critical estimate of the literary merit of his work. It is true his plays are not rich

in. These gave rise, at first, more to novels than plays, but later some of these novels like Kalki's *Parthipan Kanavu* and *Sivakamiyin Sabatham* have been cast into the form of plays. Good plays have been made out of other kinds of novels also, like *Gomathiyin Kathalan, Sampath* and *Tuppariyum Sambu.* Historical plays, like *Avvayar* and *Raja Raja Cholan,* of considerable literary value, have held and are still holding the stage. The spirit of social reform that came to birth along with the newly awakened political consciousness, gave rise to plays like *Gumastavin Penn* and *Velaikkari* and a large number of plays of varying merit, on the 'stifling chains' of caste and the inequalities of economic and social conditions leading to tragic or troubled lives.

The rise of a number of Tamil journals with very wide circulation and the growth of the All India Radio brought about a demand for short plays. A large number of one-act plays on history, on biography and on contemporary social, economic and political conditions have been written and some of them are of considerable merit. Some of these are in verse and have been broadcast from the All India Radio. Mention may be made of Tiruloka Sitaram, S.D.S. Yogi, 'Turaivan' and 'Nanal' among the writers of verse-plays. Among writers of light social plays full of delicious humour may be mentioned Poornam Visvanathan and Gomathi Swaminathan. Among those who attempt more serious plays are: S. D. Sundaram, Ku. Sa. Krishnamurti, M.Varadarajan, A. Srinivasa Raghavan, Periaswami Thooran, C.N. Annadurai and Aru Ramanathan. The playwright has now come into his own and has learnt to adapt his art for the stage or the screen or the radio. Curiously enough, music and dance from which the play began to turn away some four decades ago, have come back, though they are now controlled as aids to the playwright to create an emotional or artistic milieu. The dance-play has been revived through the efforts of Rukmini Arundale as a special dramatic form.

Though most of the plays are written in plastic and vital Tamil,

of Parsee Theatrical Companies from Bombay encouraged local talent to start productions on similar lines with elaborate costumes and lilting tunes, which were exact copies of the Parsee Theatre music. Side by side with this influence, there came the impetus from the Dharwar School of Maharashtra which, taking advantage of earlier cultural contacts between Andhra and Maharashtra, soon built up a popular theatre in the Telugu area. Prominent among the pioneers in this field was the Surabhi Company which was composed mostly of women actors, whose active participation on the stage, it is said, in no way interfered with their attending to their regular domestic chores. A little later, drama troupes were set up in most of the bigger towns and plays began to be written specially intended for enacting by a particular group. The three great storehouses of our culture, the *Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* and the *Srimad Bhagavatham* supplied plots for these dramas. Translations from the Sanskrit plays were also in vogue. Audiences have been known to go into raptures over a production of *Sakuntala* where Dushyanta and Kanwa recite *slokas* from the original Sanskrit followed by Telugu rendering in verse of each *sloka*. This play was written by the celebrated writer and social reformer, Kandukuri Veeresalingam.

Vedam Venkataraya Sastri, from Nellore, was responsible for highly artistic rendering of several well-known Sanskrit plays. His Telugu version of Sri Harsha's *Nagananda* and Kalidasa's *Vikramorvasiya* were famous. Venkataraya Sastri also gave to the Telugu world the unique play *Pratapa Rudreeyam*. The character of Yugandhara, the talented Minister of Prataparudra, created by him some forty years back, is held in much esteem even today. Of outstanding merit during those years were plays written by Dharmavaram Krishnamacharyulu whose numerous dramatic works kept the stage alive for nearly twenty-five years —almost till the onset of the cinema and the talkie. Another play of the stage type but very different from the rest was *Radhakrishna* by Panuganti Lakshminarasimham. Here the characterisation of Radha is a remarkable feat in dramatisation and the play

of plays of great literary merit. *Nartanasala*, another play of the same author, depicts the rescue of Draupadi from the hands of Keechaka. Although the main theme is taken from the *Mahabharata*, the dramatist has shown remarkable originality in characterisation. The dialogue is eloquent and the appropriate verses are of great lyrical value.

P. V. Rajamannar is a well-known playwright. His *Dayyala Lanka* (Island of Ghosts) has been staged with great success. Written when he was a rising lawyer and an idealist who could express himself freely, the play deals with a social problem of great concern—the state of the young widow who sees all the urges of youth freely accessible to her married sister but which, for no justifiable reason, are denied to her. A second play of Rajamannar, *Yemi Magavallu* (Oh, These Men!) is a powerful condemnation of obsolete yet tenaciously clinging ideas of propriety and the still popular insistence on one law for the man and another for the woman.

Nagu Bamu (The White Cobra) is a recent one-act play by him. The story takes place in the Ajanta caves during the times when the great Buddhist monk-artists embellished the walls with their wonderful frescoes. The dialogue is very effective throughout, and the problem has a universal and almost topical appeal as it concerns the conflict between utter devotion to duty and the irresistible urge for emotional fulfilment—a problem which confronts each one of us today. In all his writings, Rajamannar follows Franz Kafka's advice: 'Test yourself on Humanity. It makes the doubtful doubt, the believer believe.'

Another playwright who is very forceful is V. R. Narla. The theme of one of his most remarkable plays, *Vantena* (The Bridge), namely, how the completion of a small bridge brings about a social upheaval, is of universal interest. Values cherished for years as permanent are changed overnight. Of equally arresting appeal are the other plays of Narla contained in his collection, *Kotha Gaddha* (Fresh Land). Particular mention may be

Khayyam by the same author depicts the salient features in the life of the well-known philosopher-poet. *Darini Poye Danayya,* a popular play of 'Buchibabu', deals in a humorous vein with the exploits of a young social reformer and incidentally exposes the foibles of certain contemporary types of people. *Atmavanchana* (Self-deception) has been staged several times and adjudged the best play of the year 1950 in that year's session of the Andhra Nataka Kala Parishat. It contrasts the view-points of two unmarried sisters who, though highly educated, have yet to learn a great deal from real life.

'Buchibabu' is very fond of experimenting. *Thera Padani Natakamu* (The Play Where the Curtain Never Falls) deals with the fancies of an imaginary king who insists on having knowledge distilled into a single sentence, as he finds little time to read the multitude of books around him. Wisdom comes too late and the king dies ridiculed by his own clown. *Nalugo Parimanamu* (The Fourth Dimension) depicts the nightmare lived through by a student of mathematics on the eve of his marriage. By a curious projection of his mind into the yet-unborn future, the student finds himself already married and the father of a son. *Manasa Vacha* is also in experimental vein. Here the utterance of each character is followed by a sotto voce by the same character telling us the real truth, as *felt* and not as *expressed.*

Regarding verse-play, two notable examples only have so far been published. One is *Sita Koka Chiluka* by the talented Surrealist 'Arudra'. He demonstrates what a powerful medium free-verse can be when employed by an able pen. A young man, a would-be bridegroom, is asked to choose from among four brides-elect whose claims are pressed before him; but, however tempting their offers, he finally selects the ideal girl of his own choice who does not have any of these coveted attributes.

Asa (Hope), another play in free-verse is by 'Kundurthi.' This is unique in having Time, History, and Hope as participating

'Magnificent Scenes' and these would be followed by the names of plays: *Safed Khoon* (*lit.* Blood turned White, *i.e.*, betrayal by near and dear ones) or *King Lear; Khubsoorat Bala* (Beautiful Calamity); *Aseer-e-Hirs* (Prisoner of Greed), etc. The popular singer-actors in these companies were for some strange reason called 'Masters' *e.g.*, Master Mohan; the star actress—there used to be not more than one in one company—'Miss'—thus Miss Gauhar, Miss Zohra; the outstanding comedian in the New Alfred was Sohrabji (called 'comic-actor' in Urdu). Strangely enough, the least was known or talked about the playwright. It was only much later, when studying Urdu literature that I came to know the names of these—Agha Hashr Kashmiri, Ahsan of Lucknow, Munshi Vinayak Prashad 'Talib' of Banaras, Pandit Narain 'Betab' and others less well known. These are the prominent dramatists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, and of these Agha Hashr, son of a Kashmiri carpet merchant settled in Banaras, was the most outstanding.

Though shunned by 'high' Indian society and the westernised upper classes, these travelling Parsi theatres from Bombay were highly popular. The middle class, the rakish intelligentsia, shopkeepers, students, artisans, workers of various trades (specially the *ekkawalas* and the *tongawalas*) would flock to the theatre in their hundreds and sit through the long performance, from 9 in the evening to 2 or 2-30 in the morning, *i.e.*, over five hours! The gayest and most uproarious part of the audience naturally consisted of those who had taken the four-anna and eight-anna tickets (the *chavanni-walas* as they were contemptuously called by the well-to-do and the white-clad Babus) and who sat on hard, wooden, rickety benches in scurried rows at the farthest end. On one side, set apart from the main hall, behind delicate coloured bamboo curtains (*chilman*, as it is called in Urdu) sat the *purdah* ladies invisible to the male audience. The Theatre itself, the only one in Lucknow, was a ramshackle structure of corrugated iron sheets, lighted by gas lamps. At one end of it was the creaky wooden stage, on which hung crudely painted curtains pulled laboriously up and down by ropes. The footlights, also of gas,

technique. On the other hand, there emerged out of this rough *melée* of legend, didactic prose, popular Indian songs, melodies and dances, burlesque, satire and melodrama something elemental popular and, above all, extremely Indian.

Urdu drama proper, it is popularly believed, owes its origin to the patronage of the gay King of Oudh, Wajid Ali Shah, who also patronised the charming and sensuous Kathak style of dance and the light, rippling music of *thumri* and *dadra*. The story goes in Lucknow that he had asked one 'Amanat' to compose the famous dance- and song-drama, *Indra Sabha*, wherein Indra, the god of music, dance and merriment, watches in his court the frolics of his favourite red and green *parees* (fairies). Until a pontifical professor disproved it to his satisfaction, all Lucknow fondly imagined that Wajid Ali (*Rangiley Pia Jan-a-Alam*—the merry, beloved soul of the world. as Wajid Ali was fondly called in Lucknow) used himself to play the role of Indra; the part of fairies was played by the fair ladies of his court. However, Amanat's *Indra Sabha*, written in 1853, became very popular and was repeatedly staged. There is little doubt that the playwrights who wrote and composed for the Parsi Theatrical Companies of Bombay and who were mostly Urdu writers from the U.P. drew a great deal of inspiration from *Indra Sabha* which in its turn was based on traditional Indian burlesque, played by professional troupes attached to the courts of Indian princes. Unhappily, towards the third decade of the present century, the Parsi Theatrical Companies ceased to exist, bequeathing their tradition and talent to the newly-founded cinema industry in Bombay and Calcutta. Both the strength (its immense popularity) and the weakness of modern Indian cinema based in Bombay (its jejune, unrealistic content) perhaps derive from this root. The Urdu theatre in the twentieth century had the financial backing neither of the enterprising capitalists nor of the state. So it withered away.

Plays, however, continued to be written—meant only for amateurs. Of these, only one, *Anarkali*, by Imtiaz Ali Taj of

Judged by these standards, the place of honour in the field of contemporary Urdu drama must be given to Prithvi Raj Kapoor and his Prithvi Theatres, Bombay. Fighting against heavy odds, this outstanding actor, dramatist and producer-manager has built up a professional theatrical company and has written and produced plays which, whatever their literary merit, have made themselves felt. His repertoire consists of *Pathan*, *Diwar*, *Paisa*, *Ghaddar* and *Kisan*—all dealing with contemporary social and moral problems. Prithvi Raj's towering personality dominates his theatre.

Recently, through the efforts of Begum Qudsia Zaidi of Delhi, another theatrical troupe, the Hindustani Theatre, has been set up in the capital. Its first performance was of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* in Urdu. Despite these brave and laudable efforts, it is too early to predict the future of Urdu drama.

Sajjad Zaheer

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direction more than talent and organisation more than finance. The concept of organisation for amateur theatre existed. There was the local branch of Theatre Centre (India)—the Delhi Natya Sangh—that provided the framework for the collective working of friendly amateur groups*. There was the Little Theatre Group that had become the focus of some spirited planning and production. In time, though somewhat later, there came into being the Unity Theatre formed out of a nucleus of thinking people at the University of Delhi and some ardent spirits in All India Radio. College dramatic societies existed and functioned more or less regularly—the Shakespeare Society of St. Stephen's College was among the more stable of these and its annual performance of a Shakespearean Comedy or Tragedy was advertised and received with the expectation and recognition given to a good periodical. More recently Inter-University Youth Festivals have provided a special stage for student drama. The Amateur Dramatic Society of the United Kingdom High Commission offered amusing theatrical fare, though the purpose of its productions was more often to entertain the staff of the High Commission than to amuse the public of Delhi (it frequently succeeded in doing both). The Army Headquarters Amateur Dramatic Group appeared to model itself upon the UK COM society though it sometimes staged a Moghul play more worthy in intention than in execution. Then, there were various local groups that performed in regional languages. Some of these such as the Maharashtriya Natya Samuha were part of the Delhi Natya Sangh, that was affiliated to Theatre Centre (India), and through it, to the International Theatre Institute of Unesco. There were groups that performed in Bengali and Punjabi. The Delhi Arts Society with a strong character of its own that it imparted to the highly-flavoured and frequently very vital productions it put on, acted in Punjabi. All in all, no one could have asked for theatre more truly representative of the languages and peoples of India. Still, nothing like *national* theatre had emerged.

*One of the earliest amateur groups in the field was the Delhi branch of the Indian National Theatre which put on the stage, in Hindi version, Tagore's plays, *Natir Puja* and *Tasher Desh*, as early as 1947-48.—*Ed.*

but here was something of the soil that might count on growing. It belonged. At about the same time or perhaps a little later I saw the Unity Theatre in the imaginative hands of Frank Thakurdas produce Cocteau's *The Eagle Has Two Heads* in a Ronald Duncan translation. I knew that something existed here that was also native to Delhi (though not perhaps to India) in spite of the fact that the Group chose to act a French play translated by a British dramatist. The English spoken by the cast of the Cocteau play was not perhaps the English of amateur British societies in England; but it was sufficiently good English to impress a public accustomed to use English as an intellectual language. The Unity Theatre was earmarked by those who watch growing theatre as another society from which good drama might be expected.

Drama in Hindustani in the meanwhile flourished among a number of groups and the Indian National Theatre at Delhi took the lead in many of these, absorbing talent such as R. G. Anand's with productions of contemporary interest like *Elections* and *Hum Hindustani*, etc. Few people can have foreseen that Anand who had set out with an unbounded relish for producing lively comedy would soon become a serious commentator about what stood between nationhood and the people who claimed to be a nation. With a camera, at once human and critical, Anand dared Delhi to look at itself. He set a Madrasi family alongside a Punjabi family and asked them how they expected a nation to emerge if they fell out over a triviality such as the marriage of the son of one family to the daughter of the other. He held the mirror up to an Election campaign to show Delhi how enticing and how unutterably degraded politics and politicians could be—arguing always, and never very quietly—that politics in a democracy is an evil necessity. In 1957 he staged *Dilli Jalli* with a vivid portrait of the mutineers of 1857.

So far many amateur groups had tended to go outside—sometimes outside Delhi but more often outside India—for their

of such bodies as the British Council. Through them we have been able to see, hear and for ever remember Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Cassons and Marius Goring. An American repertory troupe brought us Tenessee Williams' *Glass Menagerie* and the Wayne University Theatre the plays of Eugene O 'Neill and Thornton Wilder. Not all of this is of the same immortal standard, but all of it is a stimulant to better production, acting and theatre.

Perhaps the impetus provided by visiting professionals has led us to see how much we need professional theatre; Bengal has professional theatre, so has Maharashtra*. The only attempt, as yet abortive, to give Delhi professional theatre appears not to have met with great success in the recent staging of *Sakuntala.* I did not see this, but a solitary press report apart, press and public appear to have agreed that it was neither professional nor well-advised in choice or presentation of language. Certainly the need to have professional theatre is realised. The fact that we are not satisfied with what has been done is also heartening. It means probably that we are on the verge of creating a standard in dramatic productions. To this end the symposia that the Bharatiya Natya Sangh—Theatre Centre (India)—runs will give strength and perhaps enlightenment. Now that the Asian Theatre Institute, organised by the Bharatiya Natya Sangh with expert assistance from Unesco, is in being we know that the long trek towards a Stage that Delhi can call her own, is on and that nothing but our own mistakes of exaggerated and destructive individualism can hold back the promise of that regular, daily theatre that has been the dream of so many hundreds of people who have worked for theatre at Delhi.

*The annual Drama Festivals organised by the All India Radio have enabled the people of Delhi to see plays in various regional languages as also in Sanskrit, staged by professional and semi-professional troupes from other parts of India.—*Ed.*

Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Shastri, brought from Nepal a manuscript which is reputed to contain the earliest specimens of Bengali language. The published work was given the title *Hajar Bacharer Purana Bangla Bhasay Bauddha Gan O Doha* (Buddhist songs and couplets in the Bengali language a thousand years old). Some of the verses (Charya songs) contained in the book seem to have been composed in the second half of the tenth century.

The next great landmark in the development of Bengali is the *Sri Krishna Kirtan* of Chandidas. Chandidas who is believed to have lived in the fourteenth century was one of the first great poets of Bengal. His great contemporary, Vidyapati, wrote in Maithili. Vidyapati's literary heritage has enriched both Bengali and Hindi literatures.

The influence of the great Bengali saint, Chaitanya Dev (1485-1533), on Bengali life and literature was considerable. Bengali language and literature were fully established by the end of the sixteenth century with a number of works which have become the classics of the language. They include most of the Vaishnava lyrics and biographical works, devotional narrative poems (*Mangal Kavya*), *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*. The *Ramayana* was rendered into Bengali by Krittibas in the middle of the fifteenth century. This is perhaps the most widely-read book in average Bengali family even today. The *Mahabharata* of Kashiram Das was written in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Vaishnava literature includes the lyrics of Chandidas and Vidyapati of pre-Chaitanya period and of Jnanadas, Balaramadas and Govindadas after Chaitanya.

Biography as a genre was added to Bengali literature with *Chaitanya Bhagabat* of Brindabandas and *Chaitanya Charitamrita* of Krishnadas Kaviraj which are admired for their literary excellence and historical significance even today. *Mangala Kavyas* were traditional lyric-*cum*-narrative folk poetry presented in a new literary form. Mukundaram's *Chandi Mangal*, Vipra-

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The first dictionary in India was printed in 1793 (*A. Upiohn's Bengali-English Vocabulary*) at Calcutta. The *Ramayana* of Krittibas was published from Serampore in 1802-1803. The first illustrated printed book in Bengali is Bharatchandra's *Oonoodah Mangul* (1816). In the course of a century, Bengali printing has achieved a fairly high standard, as was evident from some of the books exhibited.

A bilingual encyclopedia, *Vidyakalpadruma*, was brought out by the Rev. K. M. Banerjee between 1846 and 1850. The first authoritative encyclopedia in Bengali, *Viswakosha* in 22 volumes, was edited by Nagendranath Basu between 1883 and 1911. A Hindi edition was also published. There are several remarkable encyclopedias, dictionaries and other reference books in Bengali. *Yantrakosha*, a treasury of the old and modern musical instruments, by Sourindramohan Tagore, was published in 1875. *Sishu Bharati*, a book of knowledge in ten volumes for young readers by Jogendranath Gupta, *Bangla Prabad* (1952), a collection of proverbs in Bengali compiled by Sushil Kumar De, *Bijnan Bharati* (1954), a dictionary of scientific terms in Bengali by Debendranath Biswas are some of the important recent publications.

In the section on religious and philosophical literature, attention is drawn to the philosophical works of Rammohun (*Vedanta O Upanishad*), Rameshchandra Dutta (*Veda*), Bankimchandra (*Krishna Charitra*) and Hirendranath Datta (*Upanishad*). Ishanchandra Ghose's *Jataka* (1916-30) in six volumes, translated from original Pali, and *Kural*, a Tamil classic, translated by Nalinimohan Sanyal, deserve special mention.

Bengali can claim a number of historical books of importance. The first printed Bengali book was, incidentally, of historical interest. It is noteworthy that the history of the Punjab, *Panjabetihas*, was written by Rajnarain Bhattacharya in 1847, when Ranjit Singh was still alive. *Siphaijuddher Itihas* (1879) in five volumes, by Rajanikanta Gupta and *Banglar Itihas* (1914-

5. *Bharater Adivasi*, Subodh Ghosh.
6. *Bharatiya Samaj Paddhati*, Bhupendranath Datta.
7. *Chithipatre Samaj Chitra*, Panchanan Mandal.
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10. *Sahaj Chitra Shiksha*, Abanindranath Tagore.
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11. Michael Madhusudan Datta.
12. Nabin Chandra Sen.
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15. Ramendra Sundar Trivedi.
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বঙ্কিমচন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায়ের হস্তাক্ষর।

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Ms. of a petition by the Bengali poet Bharat Chander addressed to Maharaj Krishan Chander (14th Cent.).

Facsimile of Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's writing.

4. *Gopichander Gan.*
5. *Haramani*, Mansuruddin.
6. *Maimansinher Gitika*, Dinesh Chandra Sen.
7. *Patua Sangeet*, Gurusaday Datta.
8. *Purvabanga Gitika*, Dinesh Chandra Sen.
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Errata

The Editor regrets the following errors and omissions which occurred in Vol. 1, No. 1 of 'Indian Literature':

1. On page 105, line 8 from bottom, read 'S.N. Das' for 'G.C. Misra' as the author of *Fasal* (Crop).
2. On page 107, line 7 from bottom, after *Mo Swapnara Kashmir* (The Kashmir of My Dreams), add 'by Dr. K.B. Das.'
3. On page 107, para 4, the Man Mohan Press is shown as Publishers of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It should read Janasakti Pustakalaya.

Translated from Hindi by Priyaranjan Sen. Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press).

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9. *Contemporary Indian Literature* (A symposium on Indian literatures). Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi 8. Pp. 299, Price. Rs. 2.50 (First edition sold out; second edition, revised and enlarged, in press).

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Wallbound, and with its loving fragrance beckons us,
And with its sweet, enchanting parrot calls.

Weary not, Ye Eyes, hasting
From flower to flower and sprout to sprout,
Is not the Goddess of the Garden
In the guise of a five-year old girl
Sporting heartily on the royal terrace,
Beguiling herself with many a charming game?

This little girl's body is a *champak*[1] bloom;
A red red rose is her wee little face;
Her long and lovely eyes are wrought
By the black *kaayaampu*[2];
Brimming adown her shoulders and curly-tipped,
Her luxuriant locks are a swarm of swarthy bees,
Like unto branches of creepers are her arms,
And glossy leaves, in sooth, are both her palms.

Seating to meal the wondrous creatures she has made,
Like a housewife she serves them with tender hands
Sugar, candy, milk, fruits and honey;
Drawing water from a crystal tank
In a tiny golden pot, waters she,
Like a servant-maid, the various plants
That nod their heads prettily;
Spreading on the ground the cloth of silk
That she has been wearing in such sweet disarray,
And laying on it her baby doll,
As if she were a mother, she sings it to sleep,
Beating time on her thigh with a flower-soft hand,
And her golden bangles making music too.
Offering flowers in adoration
To the wooden image of Vishnu, the Garuda-borne,

[1] *Champak:* yellow fragrant flower of the champak tree.
[2] *Kaayaampu:* blue flower of the 'Kaayaampu.'

Now you wear the saffron of the evening glow,
Now with mere ashes you are all over daubed.
Salutation to the Skies, Obeisance to the Heavens,
Ye, Home of the Gods, Ye Abode of the Clouds.

Who can praise thee, Skies? You are the Eternal, the Pure,
The Flawless, the Equable, the Serene, the Omnipresent,
Parabrahman!
Without Beginning, Middle, or End, an Expanse of Joy,
You are Freedom Outstretched, You are Liberty Unfolded!
Salutation to the Skies, Obeisance to the Heavens,
Ye, Home of the Gods, Ye, Abode of the Clouds!"

"Oh dear—oh dear! do you not hear
These curious parrots talk like us!
We must catch them," crieth she,
Out of love to play with them.

No sooner said than done: so, what?
The desires of the palace can make
Even birds on wing in the skies to be plucked
Like green leaves in the courtyard tree.

The servants of the princess eager,
They scurried out; brought her somehow
The parrot pair that sang describing
The limitless expanse of the blue.

A milk-like smile of joy did spread
Upon the lips of the little girl,
What greater gift do the servants need
Than the sight of those rubies[1] mixed with pearls[1].

She ran forward and in both hands took
That parrot pair—Nature's emerald gems;
and held them close to her precious breast
Whereon played bright necklaces.

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[1] *Rubies*: ruby red lips, *pearls*: pearl-white teeth.

This queen with her own mortal eyes
Was enabled to taste the Supreme Bliss.
For with a half-strung wreath of *bakula* flowers
Pendent, ashaking down her shoulders,
Comes the maiden rushing headlong –
Herself a flower flying in the wind.

"Don't you run, you might slip and fall –"
Cry the golden ankles above her lotus feet!
"Can this slender waist support us?"
Twitter the bells around her waist!

Like riches following the Goddess Lakshmi,
The maids do follow the princess dear,
From afar they bow, and the Mother in haste,
With outstretched hands approaches nigh,
And in her arms she gathers the girl,
And presses her to her dewy breast,
She kisses her face again, again,
– That blossom distilling the honey of her sweat.

Finding the girl who had returned
After playing in the courtyard bower,
Her behaviour seems like that of a mother
Who had been separated long from her child -
So expressed the queen's countenance
Cool'd by love, and sunk as she was
In the shoreless ocean of bliss.
A clepsydra[1] that sinks in an hour
Sinks in a second in the water of love.

The fondling of the Mother to grow,
Today, the impatient daughter permits not;

---

[1] *Clepsydra:* an ancient time-measuring device. The Indian variety consisted of a small vessel with a hole at the bottom floating in a bigger vessel of water. The time taken for the smaller vessel to sink being known, time was measured by the level of the water in the small vessel.

Blind Gold

D. R. Bendre

Blind Gold was a-dancing
And spurning the prostrate in the dust.
Blind gold was a-dancing.

On its ankles was tinkling silver,
Of the soap-colour of dead bones,
The bones of consumptive girl-mothers.

Cowry shells dangled from its neck,
Sockets of the aenemic eyes of poor, little children
Dead and buried as mere bundles of bones.

The torch in its hand was ablaze
With the fierce hunger in poor men's pates
Inextinguishably aflame.

Blind gold reeled and danced,
Drunk with the tears of the helpless,
And swaggered around as proud words swelled in its mouth.

Its forehead was painted yellow and saffron
With the dust and sweat that wrinkled the skin
Of slaving millions, their whole life's earnings.

It set the bells pealing ding-dong in the temple.
It set the violin and the lute to soft tunes in the palace.
And it left bags of money ajingle in the market-place.

Dancing madly, dancing waywardly,
Blind gold fell prostrate on the ground
When the fun was at its highest.

Shoulder it safely, shoulder blind gold.
Cremate it, shouldering; it may start dancing again.
Cremate blind gold that was a-dancing.

Translated from Kannada by V. K. Gokak

The Beggar

Nirala

There he comes.
With a heart broken by tribulation
Ruefully he comes.
The pit of his stomach clings to his back.
He walks with the help of a staff.
For a handful of alms to appease his hunger
He holds open the mouth of his old torn sack.
With a heart broken by tribulation
Ruefully he comes.
Two children are with him, palms outspread.
With his left hand he kneads his stomach
And holds out his right for mercy.
Hunger has withered his lips.
Givers! How much does he get
From the dispensers of his fate?
He quenches his thirst with tears.
Standing in the road he licks the leavings
Of feasts off leaf plates lying on garbage heaps.
Contending with dogs who snatch the food away.
Wait, Oh, wait, I shall bring you nourishment,
Wringing the waters of life from my heart.
As strong as Abhimanyu you shall be,
I shall take upon myself your suffering.

Translated from Hindi by Lila Ray

Take Heart, My Dear

Rahman Rahi

The frontiers of our land are resounding with the cry:
the spring is coming soon.
Cherish thy hopes, my dear, and bestir thyself,
for the spring will soon be here.
To meet the morn of the day that is dawning
see how the hill-tops are all aglow,
see how the tulips have filled their cups
with the warm red blood of their own heart.
If we keep to the course of the timely wind,
we shall steer our boat across the sea;
but should we not learn this life's secret,
surely we must flounder on the way.
Take heart, my dear,
see how the drop seeks out the flood,
see how the tiny spark's eye is aflame,
and see the proud mien of the new-born crescent
as proud as that of the full-grown moon.
If love lights its torch in the heart of man,
the dark night flies, the morning comes apace.
Who knows what the poet means to say?
What secret he wants us to know and keep?
But never sell the secret thou hast known,
never bend thy head, never supplicate.

Translated from Kashmiri by J. L. Kaul

Tagore. The outcome of this reading, thinking, writing and waiting were the pages later published in 'La Nacion.' In those days of great expectation it never occurred to me that the Poet would be my guest on the cliffs of San Isidro. I dared not even hope that during his brief stay in Buenos Aires he would find the time for meeting his devoted admirers; me for one.

I have re-read 'The Joy of reading Rabindranath Tagore,' which might just as well have had for title '*Waiting* for Rabindranath Tagore.' These pages were never included in the volumes I published later because I always intended to dedicate a separate book to him.

The essay to which I have been referring contains something like a parallel between one of the French writers who best represent our restless, tormented West and the Bengali thinker who not only stands for the East but is like a bridge in the making between East and West, and I have therefore thought that it would be fitting to give here a partial translation of what I wrote on that occasion.

For epigraph my essay had a verse of Tagore: "Eyes see only dust and earth but feel with the heart, and know pure joy."

In a paper read at the University of Birmingham in 1911 and later published under the title of 'Consciousness and Life,' Bergson speaks to us of joy in the following terms: "The philosophers who have speculated on the meaning of life and on the destiny of man have not taken sufficient account of the fact that nature has gone to the trouble of instructing us herself on this subject. Nature warns us by a definite sign when our destiny is accomplished. This sign is joy. I say 'joy', I do not say 'pleasure.' Pleasure is only an artifice employed by nature to obtain from living creatures the preservation of life; *it does not indicate its direction.* But joy always proclaims that life has been successful, that it has gained ground, that it has achieved a victory: *all great joy sounds a triumphant note.*"

the strange advice of our governess (who probably meant something quite different by it and was trying to teach us the crawl). Breath fails us as we go from page to page and the dives get longer and longer. We have to put down the book from time to time and come up for air. But we soon open it again, so entranced do we become in following the thousand ramifications of that miracle of analysis of the unseizable, reinforced by the author's incomparable creative genius. It is something that had never yet been attempted on such a scale and cannot — or so it seems to me — be repeated. It will remain a unique literary achievement.

We have come far, very far indeed from the person about whom I want to write. As far or farther than Paris is from Calcutta, the Bois de Boulogne from the Maidan and Versailles from the Taj Mahal. Baudelaire, in one of his most nostalgic poems, 'Moesta et Errabunda,' expressed this feeling of immense distance, the distance, in this case, that separates childhood from maturity, in the following verses:

L'innocent Paradis plein de plaisirs furtifs
Est-il déja plus loin que l'Inde et que la Chine[1]....

but I suspect this distance is a false one, both in the case of childhood and in the case of India.

It seems to me that precisely after diving in *Remembrance of Things Past,* so utterly devoid of joy, the joy of entering Tagore's world becomes more evident, is made 'sensible au coeur,' as Pascal would have said. It is the joy of *being* in some small measure Tagore, after having been Proust, for we belong to the kind of people who identify themselves with the books they read, as we *become* the music we hear (this faculty of identification so much dreaded by Tolstoy).

Yes. To enter Tagore's world on emerging from that of Proust

[1] Is the innocent Paradise, full of furtive pleasures,
Already farther away than India and China....

which go deep down in the common earth that gives them, and gives us, through them, *vital nourishment*) remain beyond their comprehension, whether they belong to the species of the free-thinker or that of the sectarian or bigot. "Thou shalt gain by giving away," "Thou shalt not covet", say the Upanishads. It is already our Gospels. Under different skies, different latitudes and at different times, these are the same thoughts that make their way along the sound-waves of souls, the same thoughts that avail themselves of the same obstacles to gain strength and start forth along some new path, towards the same end: that region "dont l'ésprit humain n'a jamais su le nom" (of which the human spirit has never known the name).

The essence of Tagore's fervent 'Sadhana' is what our Saint Thomas called 'the appetite for unity.'

Gide, to whom we owe such a beautiful, and I hope accurate, translation of *Gitanjali*, points out that this collection of poems demands no preparation from the reader. The same may be said of almost all Tagore's writings (at least that part that has reached us in translations). But though no scholarly preparation is required for reading them, I believe a spiritual ripeness is necessary to fathom their depth.

One of Tagore's plays, *Chitra*, which derives its theme from an episode of the *Mahabharata*, contains, in poetic form, a very instructive story, or as the American Poe would have put it 'an elevating excitement of the soul.'

All Tagore's readers will remember that Chitra is the only daughter and heir of the King of Manipur, who brings her up as a boy. One day, Chitra, in boy's clothes, meets Arjuna in a forest and falls in love with him. Arjuna does not even notice her. In her despair, Chitra begs the gods of Love and Eternal Youth to make her so beautiful for one day that she might catch Arjuna 'in her strong toil of grace.' The god, or gods, grant her a year of beauty. Arjuna falls into the trap and adores the fair unknown. But Chitra soon begins to understand that she has created a rival: her own body. Arjuna who does not know

with nothing hidden or held back. That is why you know me not.
If it were only a gem, I could break it into a hundred pieces and string them into a chain to put on your neck.
It it were only a flower, round and small and sweet, I could pluck it from its stem to set it in your hair.
But it is a heart, my beloved, Where are its shores and its bottom? You know not the limits of this kingdom, still you are its queen.
If it were only a moment of pleasure it would flower in an easy smile, and you could see it and read it in a moment.
If it were merely a pain it would melt in limpid tears, reflecting its inmost secret without a word.
But it is love, my beloved.
Its pleasure and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth.
It is as near to you as your life, but you can never wholly know it.

Why is it and to what is it due that the sharp pain of not being able to know 'completely' the heart of the beloved, as well as the pain of not being able to make our own heart 'completely' known, are free from bitterness when it is Tagore who tells us of it? Instead of bitterness, what unlimited trust! Instead of pain, a healing balm. We feel free from the wounds that torture Swann. If we turn our eyes towards them, we discover that they seem foreign to our *real* self. *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* has become a symbolic title, and our joy overflows at being not on Swann's but on 'Tagore's Way.'

This I wrote 33 years ago, and now I think that if Tagore had known or read Proust, he could not have written about him anything more suitable than the following paragraphs from *Sadhana*: "....in (modern European) literature we miss the complete view of man which is simple and yet great. Man appears instead as a psychological problem, or as the embodiment of passion that is intense because abnormal, being exhibited in the glare of a fiercely emphatic artificial light. When

debt we owed the composers who have plunged for us in 'the thick, unexplored darkness and brought back with them one of the million sparks of light behind it.'

Those sparks wrung from sheer darkness are joy. And, in some ways, I was first made aware of its meaning (the meaning of joy) through Tagore's poems. That is why I wrote in 'La Nacion' that I wished to welcome him to my country with the word 'joy' on my lips. Joy, joy, tears of joy.

Now, on the eve of his Centenary, I feel the need to speak again about that gift I owe him, so that I may be heard by the people of the land where he was born. It is the best way of speaking with him again. Now, as in the rose-loaded spring of 1924, he is as near to me as my life, because he helped me to pass 'from the unreal to the real.'

July 1958

San Isidro (ARGENTINA)

Faith is the bird that feels
the light
when the dawn is still dark.

Rabindranath Tagore

The social life of the classes that Thakazhi deals with is portrayed with genuine sympathy and understanding, using their own living speech and realising in an exceptional degree the atmosphere of their social life.

In his later and more mature work, *Chemmeen,*[1] dealing with the life of the sea-faring fisher folk on the coast, Thakazhi has moved away from the theme of class conflict, but in *Rantitangazhi,* there is a political bias which some may regret, but which, it must be recognised, gives intensity and genuineness to his novel.

Though as a novelist his place in Malayalam literature is an assured one, it is as a short story writer that Thakazhi is best known. It is undoubtedly through that medium he has expressed himself best and in the most satisfying manner.

[1] This novel was awarded the Sahitya Akademi Prize for 1957 and has also been selected by the Akademi for translation in other Indian languages.—*Ed.*

romantics. I object still more to the receptive attitude. I object to the sloppiness which doesn't consider that a poem is a poem unless it is moaning or whining about something or other." Against self-expression, generalised evocativeness and freedom, Hulme set objectivity, clear and precise images ('the exact curve of the thing') and discipline. His articles in 'The New Age' and elsewhere influenced T. S. Eliot, who was soon afterwards to express similar views: "The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality." Or: "Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry." And again: "There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence. But very few know when there is expression of *significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet. The emotion of art is impersonal." *The Sacred Wood,* Eliot's first important volume of criticism, published in 1920, enunciated a view of poetry on these lines, and it had enormous influence on critical theory as well as on poetic practice.

The attack on the self-expressive function of literature led to a revaluation of the place of convention in art. In his essay on *Four Elizabethan Dancers* (1924) Eliot cited the case of the ballet dancer as the type of the artist: "In the ballet only that is left to the actor which is properly the actor's art. The general movements are set for him. There are only limited movements that one can make, only a limited degree of emotion that he can express. He is not called upon for his personality.... No artist produces great art by a deliberate attempt to express his personality. He expresses his personality indirectly through concentrating upon a task which is a task in the same sense as the making of an efficient engine or the turning of a jug or a table-leg." Thus the uses of convention and of stylization become a major object of interest for the modern critic and artist. This links up with Yeats's theory of the mask and the 'anti-self' which the true poet must wear, and with the attention that Yeats and others paid to types of oriental stylization such as those found in the Japanese Nö plays.

parody.

A new view of the English poetic tradition thus emerges; Donne is now more important than Spenser, and Hopkins than Tennyson. In America, the re-writing of English literary history was undertaken with brisk over-simplification in such a book as Cleanth Brooks's *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (1939), which exalts every poet in the 'symbolist-metaphysical' tradition and depresses those who are not. This came at the end of two decades of vigorous critical discussion, and represented a text-book formulation of the new position which has radically affected the teaching of English at American universities, and which has recently returned to England via America in its trans-Atlantic dress. It should be added that this movement is essentially unhistorical if not anti-historical. Works of literature are regarded as independent, individual, self-existing works of art, to be discussed, analysed and appraised as such, not as documents in the history of ideas or in the biography of the writer. The tendency is to discuss poems and not poets, the older 'bio-critical' approach being abandoned in favour of one which sees every literary work as, ideally, contemporary and anonymous. Thus while the analytic subtlety and complexity of modern criticism drove a gap between the professional and the layman (who was generally content to continue with the old urbane impressionism), the anti-historical and anti-biographical implications of the Hulme-Eliot position led to a gap between scholar and critic, warfare between whom has been one of the features of the modern literary scene.

Meanwhile, new psychological ideas were influencing criticism in various ways. I. A. Richards set out in his *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) to construct a general psychological theory of value in the light of which literary works could be seen to be valuable. A balanced organisation of impulses and 'appetencies' is what makes the good man; poetry, by arising out of and communicating such a balanced state helps to improve the reader's psychological health. In trying to account for the way in which poetry can communicate a state of mind, Richards was led into an investigation of *meaning*: his book on

campaign for critical standards, by both precept and example. *Scrutiny* was committed to a critical policy of unrelaxed vigilance, of a ruthless sifting of the little wheat of good and serious literature from the abundant chaff of triviality, 'modishness' and academicism. The Leavis school is suspicious of general theories of literature and operates almost entirely through practical criticism of selected works. Leavis's books, notably *The Great Tradition* (1948) and *Revaluations* (1936) have had great influence and caused much controversy. His repudiation of the view of criticism as urbane and gentlemanly discourse, his attacks on the academicism which sees all literary works of the past as equally interesting, his insistence on true moral commitment and the fully realised moral vision in literature, his contempt for mere entertainment and for every kind of literary frivolity and light-hearted play, his insistence that only a tiny minority of literary works constitute the true English literary tradition, his exaltation of George Eliot and D. H. Lawrence as the two greatest English novelists by whose achievements all others are to be judged — all these views and opinions can be seen clearly in his disciples who often maintain them with an even greater rigidity and a sterner prophetic tone than their master. For this school literature is the central activity in a culture; evaluative criticism is (especially in the modern world) a profoundly serious and responsible activity; indulgence to the enemy is treason to civilisation.

Modern English criticism has not all been anti-romantic. Middleton Murry's enthusiastic visionary criticism (seen, for example, in his books on Keats, on Blake, and on Shakespeare) has the true romantic passion, and Herbert Read, in addition to acting as middleman for new theories of art and poetry, continues the romantic tradition of self-expression in such a book as *The True Voice of Feeling* (1953), in which he links together organic form, transcendentalism, 'sincerity', and 'the true voice of feeling' to postulate a kind of primal naturalness as the only true criterion of great literature. At the same time the tradition of semantic exploration allied to practical criticism, founded by Richards, has been developed in the complex critical analyses of William Empson, whose *Seven Types of*

Aranyaka[1]

Suniti Kumar Chatterji

Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji's *Aranyaka* is one of the great little books in Bengali and Indian literature, and for the matter of that in any literature. It is a lyric, in prose, of the Forest; – and on the background of the virgin Forest which is being extirpated to accommodate the growing tribes of the sons of men, the author has brought in his sympathetic and convincingly true picture of Man in the environment of the Forest and of the primitive village. It is thus a poem which deals both with Nature and with Man, and presents a most attarctive picture of both, based on knowledge as well as sympathy.

Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji is well known in Bengal iliterature as one who has given expression to the village life of lower Bengal, nestling in the bosom of Nature which is always fecund and which is always varied. Lovers of Nature are not uncommon at the present day; particularly when through an advancing civilisation which is encroaching everywhere upon the sacred precincts of Mother Nature, we are losing our vital and intimate touch with the trees and forests, with open fields and hills, and streams and rivers in their silvan setting. We feel attracted to Nature because we want relief from the stifling atmosphere of the big towns. So far, this is a quite common and understandable trait in the mental make up of the modern man.

But over and above this, there is something in Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji's writings which goes to the deep of our mind and wakes us up and makes us feel a sort of a vague realisation of the spirit of Nature within ourselves. He is not only a lover of trees and plants, of flowers and fruits, herbs and roots, and also of wild life, but, he is also an observer of them, – not as a Botanist with his scissors and his microscope, but as a practical human

[1] The original preface specially written for the translations in other Indian languages, to be published by Sahitya Akademi, of *Aranyaka*, a famous Bengali novel by Bibhuti Bhushan Bandopadhyaya. The Punjabi and Malayalam translations are already published.—*Ed.*

employees of the landlord who were to help him in settling the land to the new tenants or these prospective tenants themselves, or other persons in the humbler wakes of life who formed the inevitable entourage of expanding forest settlements cutting out big slices of forest territory for cultivation and village building, are painted with a remarkable insight into character and with a sincere and convinced love of Man as Man.

The various characters which have come before our ken in the course of his narration are each of them living individuals; and generally, as they were far from cities, they have in them the simplicity and the honesty of primitive Man. Each of these various characters forms an addition to the Gallery of Men and Women in India living by the countryside and the outskirts or the middle of the jungle. Raju Pande, the simple old Brahman whose sole joy in life was to read Tulasidas's *Ramayana;* the boy Dhaturia who was a real artist in the art of the dance; the widow Kunta who showed a wonderful courage and spirit of service in her miserably poor environment; Jugal Prasad who was a true botanist loving beautiful flowers and strange plants; the orphaned daughter of the Bengali doctor in a Bihar village, who through her environment had virtually become a peasant girl condemned by poverty and force of circumstances to a life of drudgery with no hope of a fuller life which she dimly sensed; the school master Ganori Tewari who was moving from settlement to settlement to start an elementary school; the poet in a Bihar village who could write chaste and grammatical Hindi for which he was complimented by the editor of a local Hindi paper, his simple ways and his charming and equally simple wife; the village money-lender and bully living in the midst of barbaric opulence which had nothing atractive about it — quite an unlovable character; the Sepoy, Muneswar Singh; Mukutnath Pandit who was ever anxious to have a Sanskrit school to train up a few boys in the sacred tongue; the old aboriginal chief Dobru Panna who had a real kingly dignity about him, and his great grandchild the young aboriginal girl Bhanumati who has been painted by the author with such supreme sympathy and understanding, and for whom every reader will be affected by the feeling of romance which the author has woven round her

gramakam) by the Vindhya Mountains in Central India; and the pleasure derived from reading the *Aranyaka* of the modern writer of 20th century Bengal will be made additionally intelligible by a perusal of this beautiful passage from the Sanskrit writer of North India of the 7th century.

Nature and its place in Indian literature would be a subject of great interest for those who find pleasure in the study of Man in his natural surroundings which belong to Mother Earth. It seems that the Indian Man always considered himself as closer to Nature than Man in many other parts of the world. This is found amply illustrated in early Indian art, and in Indian literature through the ages. Contrasted with India, her neighbour China very early developed a sense of detachment from Nature and a sophisticated, and, it is to be conceded, a highly cultured attitude towards Nature which we would consider as characteristic of the Modern Man. This attitude is now becoming, through the development of introspection and the segregation of the forest from the abodes of Man gathered in cities, quite the normal attitude for the present-day Men and Women. Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji's *Aranyaka* represents a blend of the two trends — he is profoundly within the folds of Nature — indeed, almost a part of it, and at the same time he is able to detach himself from Nature and be able to contemplate her beauty, her grandeur and her all-enveloping aspects, and yet remain unaffected by it. His attitude towards Nature, as said before, is one of profound sadness at Nature, and the Forest as part of it, being made to yield before the all-devouring needs of Man. While leaving the scenes of his labours, in the course of which he transformed the face of the earth by establishing growing settlements of Man where the primeval jungle alone reigned supreme, he muses within himself in this way:

> "Passing the boundary of Narha Baihar, I lifted my face and turned back once again and looked at the scene.
>
> "There were many new houses, thatched roofs joining each other. There was the talk of men, the shrill laughter of children and their shouts, and cows, buffaloes and

Walt Whitman: Passage to India

Gay Wilson Allen

At the time of Walt Whitman's birth on May 31, 1819, the United States had been an independent nation for less than half a century, and American literature was still colonial in spirit and substance. Already a faint cry for nationality in art and letters could be heard, and before long it would rise to a mighty chorus. The circumstances of Whitman's birth would seem, on the surface, to be unpropitious for a future poet, though actually both the time and place were right. The place was a little farming community, at West Hills, on Long Island, about thirty miles from New York City.

For several generations the Whitmans had been farmers, but Walt's father, for whom he was named Walter, was a carpenter. His genial mother, Louisa Van Velsor, was the daughter of a Dutch farmer on the Island. Neither had much education, but Walter Senior had known the notorious Deist Thomas Paine, subscribed to radical socialist newspapers, and was a friend of the schismatic Quaker, Elias Hicks. Walt was the second of nine children, whom the father had difficulty in supporting.

In 1823 the Whitman family moved to Brooklyn, where Walt attended public school until his twelfth year, then learned the printing trade and worked in various printing offices in Brooklyn and New York. Between 1836 and 1841 he taught rural schools on Long Island, edited a small-town newspaper, took an active interest in politics, and began writing sentimental stories and poems. At the age of twenty-three he edited for a short time a daily paper in New York, but he was too conscientious and independent to prosper in the corrupt journalistic profession of the epoch before the great Civil War over slavery. Between 1846 and 1848 he edited the Brooklyn 'Eagle,' one of the better newspapers of the period, but once more he lost his position because of his editorials against the extension of slavery into the newly settled territories of the West. After a trip to New Orleans in 1848, where he worked for less than three months on another newspaper, the 'Crescent,' he returned to

ideals of freedom, equality, innocence, 'unflagging pregnancy of nature,' and complete unity of mind and body by metaphorical reference to his own large, ruddy physique, careless gestures, and unconventional manners. Purified by his child-like delight in God's creation, he declared that he made holy whatever he touched. Edith Sitwell has compared him to Blake, calling both poets 'men of God':

> Both these men of God, to whom *Man has no Body distinct from his Soul,* were born at the time when their characteristics were most needed.... Blake at a time when the eighteenth-century materialism, watered down, was freezing poetry, was born to prove that
>
> > If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite,
> > For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro narrow chinks of his cavern.
>
> Whitman was born, after a time of vague misty abstractions, to lead poetry back to the 'divine, original concrete.'

But there is also a difference: "Blake could not forgive the Fool, or believe that he could enter Heaven.... Whitman, however, could not believe that anyone was excluded. And he believed it to be the mission of the great poet to lead men back from the delusion of Hell." With obvious approval Miss Sitwell says that, "To Whitman, poetry was religion." And, "What he saw was, that 'Even in religious fervour there is a touch of animal heat.'" It was the 'animal heat,' to which his contemporaries most objected.

The 'animal heat,' indeed, is still a paradox, for Whitman stressed it both to combat the prudery of his time and to illustrate the fecundity and generative power of nature; *Leaves of Grass* is filled with fertility symbols, from fish eggs and sprouting grass to the 'journey-work of the stars.' The paradoxes multiply as one studies Whitman's poems: he is the poet of sensuous delights, but these are merely openings to eternity. He

an ascetic existence, almost that of a saint. During the Civil War he went down to the battle-field in Virginia to find his wounded brother, George, and stayed on in Washington to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers. Always longing for a 'perfect comrade,' whom he never found for very long, he seemed capable of loving everyone, and hundreds of grateful soldiers never forgot him.

Before going to Washington, Whitman had managed to publish three editions of *Leaves of Grass.* The third was issued in 1860 by a reputable commercial publisher, Thayer and Eldridge, in Boston, but the outbreak of the war forced the firm into bankruptcy. After the war Whitman supported himself with modest government clerkships in Washington, and by self-denial – for he also supported his mother and mentally defective younger brother Edward – he was able to print at his own expense successive revised and expanded editions of *Leaves of Grass.*

In 1873 the poet who had made his own physical strength and vitality a symbol of spiritual health was stricken by paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered. Though for two or three years greatly depressed, he regained his faith and continued to write poems and publish *Leaves of Grass.* In 1881 James Osgood, a well-established publisher in Boston, brought out a fine edition, but Whitman's bad luck with Boston held. When someone threatened criminal prosecution unless several poems on sex themes were withdrawn, and Whitman refused to withdraw them, the contract was cancelled by mutual agreement.

Whitman's last years were spent in his modest little cottage on Mickle Street, in Camden, New Jersey. There the white-haired poet, looking like a prophet of the Old Testament, received the frequent visitors who came to pay him homage, especially from England, where he had won some loyal and distinguished admirers, though he was now not without devoted friends in his own country too. He died on March 27, 1892, after a long illness. At his funeral the usual ceremony was omitted and some of his closest friends read his own 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking' and passages from Confucius, Gautama, the

To reason's early paradise,
Back, back to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,
Again with fair creation.

I hope that Walt Whitman's passage to India may become a two way cultural journey.

Cat

Jivanananda Das

Again and again throughout the day
I meet a cat.
In the tree's shade, in the sun, in the crowding brown leaves.
After the success of a few fish bones
Or inside a skeleton of white earth
I find it, as absorbed in the purring
Of its own heart as a bee.
Still it sharpens its claws on the *gulmohar* tree
And follows the sun all day long.

Now I see it and then it is gone,
Losing itself somewhere.
On an autumn evening I have watched it play,
Stroking the soft body of the saffron sun
With a white paw. Then it caught
The darkness in paws like small balls
And scattered it all over the earth.

Translated from Bengali by Lila Ray

thoroughly practical knowledge of the stage. None of the plays which he wrote at this time would be remembered today if it were not for the reputation of his later work.

During his long apprenticeship to the theatre, however, Ibsen did write two plays which are still read, though seldon played, *The Vikings at Helgeland* and *The Kingmakers.* In these plays, the ancient and glorious past of Norway, the heroic age of the sagas, is used to provide romantic melodrama of the kind popular all over Europe. *The Vikings at Helgeland* deals with the blood feuds of a group of Vikings, and its chief character, the demonic Hjordis, is a compound of Lady Macbeth and the Valkyrie warrior-maidens of old German myth. The portrayal of her devouring love, masked as hatred, and ending with the slaying of her lover, forecasts some of Ibsen's later heroines, but the play though powerful, is crude, and apart from this figure, conventional. In *The Kingmakers*, the struggle between two claimants for the crown is the theme; and in both these plays power is shown in a number of forms — the power of the warrior, the power of the witch, and the power of Fate which overrides all.

When in 1864, he left Norway for Italy, he soon produced the two magnificent dramatic poems, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt.* These heroic and romantic tragedies are not really designed for the stage. Yet, especially in *Peer Gynt,* although it is based on a fairy tale about a marvellous peasant boy there is, together with all the splendid and fantastic poetry of Peer's adventures an ironic, questioning, mocking vein of fancy, and some bitter satire of Ibsen's own countrymen, whom he detested for their narrow provincial complacency, their materialism and their religious hypocrisy. Against these evils Ibsen was determined to fight. They were by no means specially characteristic of the Norwegians, but were strongly marked in all the more highly industrialised countries of Europe.

Ibsen wrote a number of satiric plays directed against his countrymen, but it was *A Doll's House,* written in 1879, when he was 51 years of age, that made him into the greatest and most

Thucydides

Rex Warner

The war (431-404 B.C.) between the Greek city states of Athens and Sparta, with allies and dependents on each side, was not by modern quantitative standards a 'great' war. Yet greatness or importance cannot be assessed by quantitative standards alone; and most readers of Thucydides will agree with the historian's own view, expressed in his first paragraph, that this war was of very great importance indeed. It was "the greatest disturbance in the history of the Hellenes, affecting also a large part of the non-Hellenic world, and indeed, I might almost say, the whole of mankind."

It has affected the whole of mankind in several ways. Most obviously it marks the beginning of the end of what is perhaps the most brilliant period in the history of the world, and certainly the most brilliant in the history of the western world. In the 6th and 5th centuries B.C. the Greek city states of Ionia, the mainland, Italy and Sicily accomplished the most astounding revolution in thought, manners and expression of which we have any record. The foundations were laid of science and philosophy, drama was invented, politics, like everything else, became a subject for rational scrutiny, and the only real democracy that has ever existed was established in Athens. It is difficult indeed to explain these amazingly rapid and complete achievements, but it is impossible not to connect them with the political structure and political dynamism of the individual Greek city states. It is to be noted that when, in the period of Alexander the Great, these states lost their real independence and vitality, the period of invention ends. There are no more dramatists of the stature of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes. Even the great philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, though writing in a world where the city state has become obsolete still think within its terms. The appropriate philosophies for the new world, in which the individual counted for so much less than before, are Stoicism and Epicureanism, both of which, from the stand-point of the 5th century, are philosophies of despair.

territory and they kept their dominant position because they were organised above all things for war. They were a military caste and, because of their proficiency in the field, had been used to consider themselves as the leaders of Hellas. During the Persian invasion in the first quarter of the 5th century the Greeks naturally looked to Sparta to supply both commanders-in-chief and the nucleus of a defending army. Yet by the middle of the 5th century all this had changed. Against Persia it was Athens who had made the greatest sacrifices and who had scored the most spectacular successes. Moreover, when the Great King's armies had retreated, the war was continued under Athenian and not under Spartan leadership. The sea power of Athens grew and grew, while the land power of Sparta remained static. The 'allies' of Athens (islands and maritime towns) soon became dependents or subjects. Democracies, more or less on the Athenian model, were encouraged in these states; but the mother-democracy of Athens had become an imperialist power and used the contributions of her allies to strengthen and to beautify herself. The rest of the Greeks became alarmed and many of them, out of fear of Athens, turned to Sparta as a liberator. A strange situation since, apart from her imperialism, Athens was the embodiment of freedom and initiative, while Sparta, with all the merits of an ingrained discipline, had indeed a dead hand.

As in many other wars, real principles were at stake, but they were, as often, extremely difficult to disentangle. Athens was certainly acquisitive and, with all her tremendous achievements, could be represented as 'the tyrant city.' Yet when we read the words of Pericles' Funeral Speech we shall find it hard not to sympathise with the enthusiasm which Pericles and, certainly, Thucydides, felt for an ideal which seems to transcend such words as 'tyranny.'

The Athens of Pericles and of the dreams of the young Thucydides disappeared in this destructive war. And in the course of the war the ideals, on both sides, became horribly distorted. Wars have destroyed much in our own times. But no historian has ever given a fuller and more convincing account of the

Kalu Bhangi

Krishan Chander

I have often wanted to write about Kalu Bhangi, but what *can* one write about him? I have looked at his life from all sorts of angles and tried to assess and understand it, but I could never find anything out of the ordinary on which I could base a story, or even a plain, uninteresting, photographic sketch of him. And yet, I don't know why, every time I start to write a story I see Kalu Bhangi standing there in my imagination. He smiles at me and asks: "Chote Sahib, won't you write a story about *me*? How many years is it since you started writing?"
"Eight years."
"And how many stories have you written?"
"Sixty – sixty-two. Sixty-two."
"Then what's wrong? Can't you write one about me, Chote Sahib? Look how long I've waited for you to write about me. I have been a good servant to you all these years – your old sweeper Kalu Bhangi. *Why* can't you write about me?"

There is nothing I can say in reply. His life has been so dull and uninteresting that there is simply nothing I can write about it. It's not that I don't want to write about him; for ages I've really wanted to write about him, but I could never do it, try as I might. And so today too, Kalu Bhangi is standing there in the corner of my mind, holding his old broom, with his big bare knees, his rough, cracked, ungainly feet, his varicose veins standing out on his dried-up legs, his hip-bones sticking out, his hungry belly, his dry, creased, black skin, the dusty hair on his sunken chest, his wizened lips, wide nostrils, wrinkled cheeks, and bald head shining above the dark hollows of his eyes. Many characters have told me their life stories, asserted their importance, impressed upon me their dramatic quality, and disappeared. Beautiful women, attractive fancies, loathsome faces – all of these I have painted, all have left their impression and faded away. But Kalu Bhangi is in his old place, standing there in just the same way, holding his old broom. He has seen every character that has come into my mind, watched them weeping and beseeching, loving and hating, sleeping and walking, laugh-

imploring sort of persistence in his silent gaze, such a mute helplessness, such a depth of feeling asking for expression, that I am compelled to go on writing, though even as I write I keep on thinking, "What *can* I write about such a life as his?" There is no facet of it which is interesting, no part of it about which there is any mystery, no angle which has anything to attract one's attention. True, he's kept cropping up in my imagination continually for the last eight years, — God knows why — but I can't see what that proves, except his obstinacy. Even in the days when I was writing romantic stories[1], painting scenes of silvery moonlight, when my outlook on the world was a very milk-and-watery one — even then Kalu Bhangi was standing there. When I got beyond romanticism, and seeing both the beauty of life and its bestial passions, began to touch its broken strings, then too he was there. When I looked down from my balcony and saw the poverty of those who give us our food, and when I saw rivers of blood flowing on the soil of the Punjab and realised that we are savages, then too he was standing on the threshold of my mind, silent and mute. But now I shall surely get rid of him; now he'll *have* to go; now I'm writing about him. Please, listen to his dull, flat, uninteresting story, so that I can send him packing and be rid of his unclean presence. If I don't write about him today and you don't read about him, he'll still be there another eight years hence — perhaps, indeed, for as long as I live.

But what bothers me is the difficulty of knowing what to write. Kalu Bhangi's father and mother were sweepers, and I should think that all his ancestors were sweepers too and lived in this same place for hundreds of years just like him. And then Kalu Bhangi never got married, never fell in love, never travelled very far — in fact, believe it or not, he never even went out of his own village. All day he would work, and at night he would sleep, and next morning get up again to busy himself with the same tasks. And from his very childhood this is what he had done.

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[1] The lines which follow indicate the main phases of the author's development. *Broken Strings*, *Givers of Food* and *We are Savages* are the titles of collections of the author's stories.

eating it – eating it himself and feeding it to the goat too, and talking to himself. Not only to himself; talking to them too. And the two animals would join in the conversation, grumbling, flapping their ears, shuffling their feet, lowering their tails, curvetting, and in all manner of ways. I'm sure *I* couldn't understand what they used to talk about. Then after a few moments, Kalu Bhangi would start off again, and the cow too would leave off grazing, and the goat would leave his bush and go along with him. If they came to some little stream or some pretty little spring, Kalu Bhangi would sit down there and then, or rather lie down, and put his lips to the surface of the water and begin to drink, just like an animal does. And the two animals would begin to drink in just the same way, because after all they weren't human and didn't know how to drink from their hand.

Then if Kalu Bhangi lay down on the grass, the goat too would lie down by his legs, drawing her legs in and going down on her knees as though she were saying her prayers; and the cow would sit down near him with such an air that you would think she were his wife and had just finished cooking the dinner. A sort of tranquil, homely air showed itself in every expression which passed over her face, and when she began to chew the cud she looked to me for all the world like some capable housewife settling down to her crotchet or to knitting Kalu Bhangi a pullover.

Besides this cow and goat there was a lame dog with whom Kalu Bhangi was very friendly. Because of his lameness he couldn't roam about much with other dogs and would usually get the worst of it in a fight. He was always hungry and always getting hurt. Kalu Bhangi was always busy tending his wounds and generally dancing attendance upon him – bathing him in soap and water or getting the ticks out of his coat, or putting ointment on his wounds, or feeding him on bits of dried maize bread. But the dog was a very selfish creature. He'd only show up twice a day, once at midday and once in the evening, when he would eat his meal, get his wounds dressed, and be off again. His visits were always very brief and would absorb all Kalu Bhangi's attention. I didn't like the animal at all, but Kalu

the days when I had just begun to write, and to help my study of character I would sometimes question him, keeping a fountain-pen and pad by me to take notes.

"Kalu Bhangi, is there anything special about your life?"
"How do you mean, Chote Sahib?"
"Anything special, out of ordinary, unusual?"
"No, Chote Sahib."

(A blank so far. Well, never mind. Let's persevere. Perhaps something may emerge).

"Alright, tell me then; what do you do with your pay?"
"What do I do with my pay?" He would think. "I get eight rupees[1]. I spend four rupees on *ata*[2], one rupee on salt, — one rupee on tobacco, — eight annas on tea — four annas on molasses — four annas on spices. How much is that, Chote Sahib?"
"Seven rupees."
"Yes, seven rupees. And every month I pay the money-lender one rupee. I borrow the money from him to get my clothes made, don't I? I need two sets a year; a blanket I've already got, but still, I need two lots of clothes, don't I? And Chote Sahib, if the Bare Sahib[3] would raise my pay to nine rupees, I'd really be in clover."
"How so?"
"I'd get a rupee's worth of *ghi*[4] and make maize *parathas*[5] I'd never had maize *parathas,* master. I'd love to try them."

Now, I ask you, how can I write a story about his eight rupees?

Then when I got married, when the nights seemed starry and full of joy, and the fragrance of honey and musk and the wild rose came in from the nearby jungle, and you could see the

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[1] 8 rupees a month. A rupee is about 1sh. 6d. An anna is roughly 1d.
[2] *Ata:* Coarse flour.
[3] Big Master — the doctor.
[4] *Ghi:* clarified butter.
[5] A sort of pancake made of flour and fried in clarified butter.

ward on his own. The compounder would stand as far away as he could when he administered his medicine. An orderly would put his food inside the room and come away. He would clean his own dishes, make his own bed, and dispose of his own stools. And when he died the police saw to the disposal of his body, because he left no heir. He had been with us for twenty years, but of course he was not related to us. And so his last pay-packet too went to the government because there was no one to inherit it. Even on the day he died nothing out of the ordinary happened; the hospital opened, the doctor wrote his prescriptions, the compounder made them up, the patients received their medicine and returned home — a day just like any other day. And just like any other day the hospital closed and we all went home, took our meals in peace, listened to the radio, got into bed and went to sleep. When we got up next morning we heard the police had kindly disposed of Kalu Bhangi's body, whereupon the doctor sahib's cow and the compounder sahib's goat would neither eat nor drink for two days, but stood outside the ward lowing and bleating uselessly. Well, animals are like that, aren't they?

What! You here again with your broom? Well? What do you want? Kalu Bhangi is still standing there.

Come now! I've written down everything about you, haven't I? What are you still standing there for? Why do you still pester me? For God's sake go away! Have I forgotten anything? Have I missed anything out? Your name: Kalu Bhangi; Occupation: sweeper. Never left this district. Never married. Never been in love. No momentous events in your life. Nothing to thrill you — as your beloved's lips, or the kisses of your child, or the poems of Ghalib[1] thrill you. An absolutely uneventful life. What *can* I write? What else *can* I write? Pay: eight rupees. Four rupees *ata*, four annas spices, one rupee salt, one rupee tobacco, eight annas tea, four annas molasses. That's seven rupees. And one rupee for the money-lender, eight. But eight

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[1] Ghalib was a celebrated Urdu Poet of the 19th Century.

she would feel as though she were alone in a little boat in the midst of a vast ocean, and rolling waves on all sides, holding a fragile oar in her hand; and the boat would begin to rock, and go on gently rocking, and she would grab the fragile oar with her fragile hands just as it was slipping from her grasp, and gently catch her breath, and slowly lower her eyes, and let her hair fall in disorder; and the sea would seem to whirl around her, and ever-widening circles would spread over its surface and a deathly stillness would descend on all sides and her heart in alarm would suddenly stop beating, and then someone would hold her tight in his arms. Ah! when she gazed at the patwari's boy that was just how she felt. And she just couldn't decide between the two. Headman's son, patwari's son.... patwari's son, headman's son.... She had pledged herself to both of them, promised to marry both of them, was dying of love for both of them. The result was that they fought each other till the blood streamed down, and when enough young blood had been let, they got angry with themselves for being such fools. And first of all the headman's son arrived on the scene with a knife and tried to kill Nuran, and she was wounded in the arm. And then the patwari's boy came, determined to take her life, and she was wounded in the foot. But she survived because she was taken to hospital in time and got proper treatment. Well, even hospital people are human. Beauty affects the heart — like an injection. The effect may be slight or it may be considerable, but there will certainly be some effect. In this case the effect on the doctor was slight; on the compounder it was considerable. Khilji gave himself up heart and soul to looking after Nuran. Exactly the same thing had happened before. Before Nuran it had been Beguman, and before her, Reshman, and before her, Janaki. But these were Khilji's unsuccessful love affairs, because these were all three married women. In fact Reshman was the mother of a child too. Yes, there were not only children, but parents, and husbands and the husbands' hostile glares which seemed to Khilji to pierce right into his heart, seeking to find out and explore every corner of his hidden desires. What could poor Khilji do? Circumstances had defeated him. He loved them all in turn — Beguman, and Reshman, and Janaki too. He used to give sweets to Beguman's brother every day; he used to carry

his. And when she was quite recovered the whole village turned out to see her. Thanks to the kindness of the Doctor Sahib and the Compounder Sahib, their lass was better, and her mother's and father's gratitude knew no bounds. Today even the headman had come, and the patwari too, and those two conceited asses their sons, who every time they looked at Nuran felt sorry for what they had done; then Nuran went to her mother and leaning upon her, looked towards Khilji, her eyes swimming with tears and lamp-black, and without a word left for her village. The whole village had come to meet her, and the headman's son and the patwari's son were following at her heels. Khilji felt their steps, and more steps, and more steps — hundreds of steps passing across his breast as they went on their way taking Nuran with them, and leaving behind them a cloud of dust hanging over the road. And turning his face to the wall of one of the wards he began to sob.

Yes, Khilji's life was a beautiful and romantic one — Khilji, who had passed his Middle, whose pay was 32 rupees a month and and who could earn fifteen to twenty rupees over and above; Khilji who was young, who knew what it is to love, who lived in a little bungalow, read the stories of reputable authors, and wept for his love. What an interesting, and romantic, and imaginative life Khilji's was! But what can you say about Kalu Bhangi? Except the following:

1. That Kalu Bhangi washed the blood and pus from Beguman's bandages.
2. That Kalu Bhangi emptied Beguman's commode.
3. That Kalu Bhangi cleaned Reshman's dirty bandages.
4. That Kalu Bhangi used to give Reshman's boy corn-on-the-cob to eat.
5. That Kalu Bhangi washed Janaki's dirty bandages and every day sprinkled disinfectant in her room, and every day towards evening closed the window of the ward and lit the wood in the fireplace so that Janaki shouldn't feel cold.
6. That Kalu Bhangi for three months and ten days regularly emptied Nuran's commode.

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Bakhtyar's wife knows all about these things. Bakhtyar has three children, and his old mother, who is always quarrelling with her daughter-in-law. Once Bakhtyar's mother quarrelled with her daughter-in-law and left home. The sky was overcast with thick clouds and the bitter cold made your teeth chatter. Bakhtyar's eldest boy came running to the hospital to tell him what had happened, and Bakhtyar set out there and then to bring his mother back, taking Kalu Bhangi with him. They spent the whole day in the forest looking for her — Bakhtyar and Kalu Bhangi, and Bakhtyar's wife, who was now sorry for what she had done and kept on weeping and calling out to her mother-in-law. The sky was overcast, and their hands and feet were getting numb with the cold, and the dry pine twigs were slippery underfoot; and then it began to rain. And the rain turned to sleet and a deep stillness descended all round, as though the gate to the abyss of death had opened and sent forth line upon line of snow-fairies over the earth. The snowflakes kept falling, still, silent, voiceless, and a layer of white velvet spread over valley and hill and dale.

"Mother!" shouted Bakhtyar's wife at the top of her voice.
"Mother!" shouted Bakhtyar.
"Mother!" called Kalu Bhangi.

The forest re-echoed and was quiet.

Then Kalu Bhangi said, "I think she must have gone to your uncle's at Nakkar."

Four miles this side of Nakkar they found her. Snow was falling, and she was making her way along falling and stumbling, panting and out of breath. When Bakhtyar caught hold of her, for a moment she resisted, and then fell senseless into his arms, and Bakhtyar's wife held her up. All the way back Bakhtyar and Kalu Bhangi carried her turn by turn and by the time they reached home it was pitch dark and when the children saw them coming they began to cry. Kalu Bhangi withdrew to one side, and looking about him, began to scratch his head. Then he quietly opened the door and came away. Yes, there are

perplexity and all unconsciously began to count on your fingers, *one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight* — eight rupees. I know the story of what could have happened. But it didn't happen, because I am a writer, and I can fashion a new story, but not a new man. For that I alone am not enough. For that the writer, and his reader, and the doctor, and the compounder, and Bakhtyar and the village patwari and headman, and the shopkeeper, and the man in authority, and the politician, and the worker, and the peasant toiling in his fields, are all needed—the united efforts of every one of those thousands and millions and hundreds of millions of people. On my own I am powerless; I can't do anything. Until all of us join hands to help one another, this task cannot be carried out, and you will go on standing there on the threshold of my mind, just the same with your broom in your hand; and I shall not be able to write a really great story, in which the splendour of the complete happiness of the human spirit will shine; and the builders will not be able to build that great building in which the greatness of our people will reach its highest achievement; and no one will be able to sing a song in whose depths will be mirrored all the greatness of the universe.

No, this full life will be impossible, so long as you stand there, broom in hand!

Never mind! Go on standing there. It's better that you should; then perhaps the day will come when someone will take your broom from you and gently press your hand and take you beyond the rainbow.

Translated from Urdu by Ralph Russell

The English translations, however, hardly convey the beauty inherent in the original text. They are sometimes awkward and uncouth in expression, and occasionally a profoundly moving thought in a happy setting in the original appears banal and platitudinous in translation. The translation of the words of songs is an exacting job which calls for great skill and artistry, apart from an intuitive feeling for the right word in the right place. Sri Ramanujachari, obviously, was a scholar and devotee and a person deserving of our highest respect, but perhaps not a great artist of sensibility.

Dr. Raghavan's introduction is learned and authoritative, and is couched in the scholarly academic language that we have come to expect from him. Altogether, this is a volume to possess and to be grateful for. Tyagaraja's songs have become inseparable from one's musical consciousness wherever Karnatic music is heard. The present volume is a reminder of the immensity and the nobility of that heritage.

variety and degrees of excellence. They also fall into different groups. While *Satyasandha Binayak* aims at political satire, *Chitti Baji* is rollicking fun about modern courtship and marriage.

Satyasandha Binayak (Binayak, the truth-seeker) is a 20th Century Don Quixote. The bee in his bonnet is to get 100 per cent honest and dedicated men elected to legislatures. With this impossible end in view, Binayak hurls his propaganda-shafts against all sorts of dishonest politicals, debauchees and crooks. His mission, of course, is fore-doomed. Of his ten *Sancho Panzas* as many as seven desert his camp in no time and make peace with the Best people, who, of course, are the Top People. Binayak, an impossible unrepentant crusader, dies a baffled man.

Parasuram is at his best and most at home when he sets his story in a mythological or pseudo-mythological frame. He delights in giving ancient myths and gods and goddesses a new scientific humanist interest. *Nirmoka Nritya* or Naked Dance, for instance, is much more than a strip-tease by Urvasi to catch males in her fleshly snare. The story is rather a fable, which suggests that civilization itself is a lady in painted veil; to strip it off its wrappage is to destroy all its seductive power. *Yayatir Jara* (Yayatir's senility) puts the *Mahabharat* story upside down and shows Puru to be refusing to part with age and wisdom to get back youth.

Wit without pun, satire without bitterness or malice, humour wedded to intellect, fun but no vulgarity—such are the gifts of Parasuram's story-telling. He is never a pedlar of plain buffoonery. In everything he writes, situation, word and character are controlled by a superbly lively intellect. Farce and force are happily blended, also all his 'types', in spite of the necessary exaggeration or even grotesque emphasis, are, to use an overworked phrase, true to life. Parasuram's comic view of life is extremely rational and an antidote to woolly sentiment; one always feels that the laughter he raises ultimately persuades readers to form rational judgments. If he ridicules superstition and sham sainthood, or exposes hypocrisy and debunks popular

Darshan Ane Chintan

by Pandit Sukhlalji

Many people in India must have been thrilled with delight when Pandit Sukhlalji, the famous blind scholar of India, received the Sahitya Akademi award of Rs. 5000 early this year at the hands of its President for his two volumes of critical and philosophical essays in Gujarati, *Darshan ane Chintan.* This honour came to him soon after he became the first recipient of D. Litt., of the Gujarat University. The old sage received the honours with quiet gratitude for the growing national sense of scholastic values. For lovers of learning these honours symbolized what an indefatigable pursuit of knowledge could achieve despite the terrible handicap of utter blindness from the age of sixteen. The scene of the old scholar being led towards the President of the Akademi by an eminent scholar and poet, Umashanker Joshi, will remain memorable.

Pandit Sukhlalji was born on the 8th of December 1880 in the village Limli, near Vadhwan in Saurashtra, in a Jain Visha Shreemali family of Banias. His mother died when he was only four and in his boyhood and youth he was looked after by a loving servant of the family. At school he showed an intense love for studies. At home he helped in the domestic work of the family and showed qualities of self-help, diligence and obedience to elders. On the field he was a player of manly games and showed fondness for riding and swimming. In the evening he supplemented his knowledge by meeting village storytellers and poets and sadhus and imbibed in a general way the ancient spirit of the land. The tradition of the family and his immediate environment were preparing him to be a man of business. If fate had not intervened he might have been a venturesome businessman, the typical Jain Bania lustily earning and liberally parting with wealth. Fate planned to put him in the noble line of Gujarati scholars and thinkers like Dayananda Saraswati, Manilal Dwivedi, Anandashanker Dhruva and Mashruwala. In fact he has achieved today international renown as an authority on Indian philosophy and religion, and especially on Jainism.

some of his mature views run counter to the social and scholastic tradition in which he grew. "I was thinking of the fruit of Karma", says he, "as having relation to the individual, but I realize now that the doctrine of Karma is a social law concerning the collective activity of man and affecting the whole social organism." There is a social salvation which embraces individual salvation. The individual has to work out his salvation only through action which promotes social good.

Darshan ane Chintan includes almost the entire body of his writings in Gujarati — essays on religion, philosophy, travel, scholastic inquiry, social and literary criticism. There are some autobiographical notes also. Three outstanding principles of his literary work may be noticed. There should be solid ground for what one says. Spirit of inquiry should never be clouded. The method of inquiry and judgment must be historical and critical. While this has made him unpopular in certain circles, it has been the foundation of his scholarship which is harmonious and having a broad perspective. He has gone to the roots of all systems of thought, gathered their fundamentals and like every great thinker of modern India discovered a unity in their diversity. These essays show not merely his life's passion for true philosophical and religious knowledge but his interest in psychology and sociology and the practical problems of our life such as cattle-breeding, removal of untouchability, uplift of women, medium of instruction and Bhoodan. His whole being revolts against bigotry, dead custom and social injustice. The aim of knowledge, he says, is truth; that of action, purity and discipline of life. There is no room for sectarianism or narrowness in his outlook for he believes in the fundamental unity of life; and the ideal for man therefore would be *Mitti me savva bhuesu* (amity with all).

V. R. Trivedi

the Buddha, a man absolutely free from hostility to any living man, universal in his outlook, very calm, to whom children run up instinctively, to whom man would respond as to Christ or Gautama if he said 'Follow me.' Tall ,stately and handsome, he resembles the Great Founder of his Order except that he has not the blue eyes of the Buddha." This indeed was a tribute from one great in mind to one greater in soul. Another such tribute I witnessed at Baroda in December 1933, at the occasion of the Oriental Conference. Stalwarts like Reverend Father Heras, A. B. Dhruva, Gaurishanker Hirachand Ojha — all removed from amongst us today — gathered round this much younger genius, tall enough to be visible from a distance. A venerable figure, hoary of head, white of skin, equally tall, approached and spoke as he bowed very low: "Nobody has told me who you are, but from your look and figure I can say you are none other than Bhadanta Rahula Sankrityayana.' This was Woolner, Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, an acknowledged authority on Asokan epigraphs.

Born in a small village of district Azamgarh in eastern U.P. Kedarnath Pande (which is his real name) renounced householder's life early, almost in boyhood, and passed from Order to Order feasting on a variety of spiritual food during his mendicancy. He self-taught himself, having left the regular course of a school syllabus, wandering from Sanskrit to Arabic, Persian to English ,Ceylonese to Tibetan. Endowed with an extraordinary receptive power, which disdained the beaten path, he drew in the best, the noblest and most complex of the scholastic wisdom. Who could have imagined, for instance, that the boy who had left off studies at the fourth standard of the primary village school could one day read epigraphical records inscribed in stone and metal, blindfold, by running his fingers over them, and those also backwards.

Rahula's search for knowledge did not stop with enquiries in the domain of philosophy, religion and Indology but crossed the bounds of the speculative systems, forgotten knowledge, and archaelogical explorations to man's physical suffering. He is so kind of heart, so genuinely benign and humane that he could

of the archaeologist has laid bare by disembowelling the earth. The material of these volumes had never been brought together and made available in readable accounts. Even much of what Sir Aurel Stein had acquired has fallen to forgetfulness. Most of the stretches of the historical find-spots now lie wtihin the territory of the U.S.S.R., from which our scholars have shrunk in fear, more in fact for want of the knowledge of the original Russian language. They have failed to register the endless riches exhumed by the Soviet archaeology. But what they have failed to do, Rahula has been able to accomplish through these volumes.

The two volumes, which together consist of a dozen parts, scores of chapters and hundreds of sub-headings, indices and appendices, and numerous very helpful maps, cover in all some twelve hundred pages of the royal octavo. A bibliography adds to the excellence of the work. The reproduction of plates containing the numismatic record is no doubt much below the mark, yet the general printing is by no means mean. One wonders why of course a Russian vocabulary and an appendix on the Russian language and Indian equivalents have been appended to the volumes. Important in themselves, they are hardly relevant here.

The volumes treat of the history and archaeology of the central regions of Asia, and their data refer extensively to the remote history of the appearance and expansion of the *homo sapiens* on earth. This aspect of the work may not be approved by some and they may question the propriety of its inclusion. It is true that pre-history, archaeology, anthropology and sciences are all inter-connected down the course of civilization, they do yet form distinct sciences and independent branches of study. Perhaps, therefore, one might argue that the relevant human history alone should have been well-pressed between the covers and the purpose of the efforts solved, and that man's history beginning with his emergence from the savage state to the paleolithic civilization should have been left to take care of itself. Even then, it does speak volumes in favour of the vision of the author and the world of scholarship will indeed feel indebted to this indefatigable traveller and untiring savant for this exceedingly

Aralu-Maralu

by D. R. Bendre

D. R. Bendre who claims to be not the poet but only the scribe of 'Ambikatanayadatta[1],' the poet residing in his heart, is one of the great figures of modern Kannada literature and has cast a unique spell on the hearts of the Kannadigas for nearly four decades. The song which he began to sing in his twenties when the Kannada country was on the verge of a renaissance, has, in the course of years, gathered volume and variety, acquired depth and extension of experience and insight, developed intensity and diversity of thought and feeling, gravity and grace of structure and style, and attained a comprehensive and complex unity and integrity of vision which entitle him to the appellation of *kavi*, the bard, the seer who is also a singer. *Aralu-Maralu,* which has been awarded the Akademi Award, contains the fine flower of the poetry of a great poet in the mature period of his development and is a worthy monument of the characteristic achievement, past and present, of the poet.

Aralu-Maralu is a collection of two hundred and seventy-three lyrics. The poems are introduced with a finely sensitive and critical essay by V. K. Gokak who is one of the earliest and most authoritative interpreters of Bendre. There is a prefatory note by the poet himself which contains one of the most profound poems in the collection. The lyrics are divided into five sections and are given different titles: *Hridayasamudra* (The Heart-Sea), *Muktakantha* (The Liberated Voice), *Chaityalaya* (The Temple of Meditation), *Jivalahari* (The Wave of Life), and *Suryapana* (The Drink of Light).

Bendre is a singer *par excellence,* the inspired snake-charmer (in the words of Masti) who has hypnotised the people of Karnataka with his poems and their recitation. He is a great votary of *nada* or sound. An earlier volume of his is called *Nadalile* (The Sport of Sound). In *Aralu-Maralu* also we feel the same spell of words. The poet himself says: 'Speech is gold,

[1] This is the Poet's pen-name, also.—*Ed.*

increases our thrill in the free verse of 'Prarthane', 'Saddu', and 'Madhuvata Ritayate,' where we see the sensitive handling of line-lengths, the skilful placing of emphatic words and the simple yet effective organisation of phonetic pattern. Assonance, alliteration, rhyme and the other flowers of sound bloom naturally in the poems of Bendre. The heavily sanskritised diction of 'Mauna' and 'Maunatita,' the colloquial and dialectal forms of the realistic ballads and satires, and the grave but natural middle style of the sonnets and other poems provide sufficient testimony to the polyphonic mastery of the poet. But in all this there is no trace or suggestion even of any artificiality or experimentation, but we feel in them the natural fitness and the effortless strength of the true voice of feeling.

Aralu-Maralu gathers up the past into the present and is an epitome of Bendre's poetry. The dominant images and themes of his earlier poems recur in this volume but are treated in an ever changing way. The love of nature and the divine mystery of life are the dominant themes of this volume. 'Little Sparrow' and 'Muttaide' remind us of the earlier poems on the butterfly and the little widow. The love of the Kannada land and language has acquired new dimension and depth in 'Kannadada Pavana Parampare' and 'Nenavu' and other poems. The earlier beau of Hubli meets more than his match in the village belle who slips past the customs house without paying anything while the toll-man and others stand gazing at her charm. The satire and irony of 'The Social Philosophy of Sri Giradi-Buradi' and the 'Worker's Song' have the humour and wit of the earlier satires. But these poems do not appear to be mere repetitions, for we find in them a greater austerity and humanity which are the fruits of the mature experience of the poet.

Bendre's imagination is not merely the auditory imagination, but it is the integral imagination which functions simultaneously on the sensuous, intellectual, structural and symbolic levels. In the opinon of certain critics the realm of symbolism in modern Kannada poetry is peculiarly his. *Aralu-Maralu* provides sufficient evidence for this view. The imagery is taken from the spheres of life and learning. Sights and sounds of nature, animate and

The value of *Aralu-Maralu* does not lie merely in its formal and technical excellence, but in the philosophy also. What is revealed in these poems is aptly described by Gokak as the vision of a *rishi*, the quest of a Seer. The poet has himself stated:

A traveller in eternity
In quest of truth—go I.

The volume is a testimony to this quest. The poet is pleased with many things round about him in the world. The country has become independent and the Kannada land has been unified. In spite of the economic problem, the social problem of inequality, and the moral problem of hypocrisy and greed, the poet feels that the country is on the path of progress. The 'big blooming buzzing confusion' of life is seen to be a highly complex pattern whose meaning and value are revealed to the poet by the Grace of the Guru and the Love of the Mother. The poet is deeply grateful to Aurobindo, the Mother, and Ramana Maharshi for this insight and the poems of thanksgiving are some of the most moving in this volume. It is the awareness of the directing hand of God behind the drama of life which is the ground of his faith in life and the great spirit of affirmation and acceptance expressed in the final sections of 'Vachanagalu,' and inspire him to declare that his voice and hand, his feeling and wisdom, and even his ignorance and delusion are the gifts of the Lord. Hence he prays:

Let the song come growing wings
And Music follow the melody.
Let passion put on a lovely body
And divine let our lives become
And the hearts of men all abloom.

This essay cannot close on a more fitting note than on this noble testament of the great 'Ambikatanayadatta.'

N. Balasubrahmanya

Akhtar's first story 'Dand Wazun' was acclaimed as one of the loveliest stories ever written in any of the advanced literatures of this land. Its humour, satire and human values raised Akhtar high above mediocrity. Then there came 'Daryayi Heund Yežaar' (The Silken Trousers) a very well-knit story with a psychological background. Of course this story is not above criticism. If one goes deep into it, one can find some looseness in the psychological approach to its characters. Any way the story was a very good experiment and it was accepted as his second best story so far.

In the foreword of his book Akhtar Mohiuddin writes: "Art—the *life's beloved child lives till it sucks the very juice* of life itself. Once it is separated from life, it withers away and becomes soulless."

Akhtar has been true to his saying in as far as he derives inspiration from life and writes about the sorrows and joys of the people he comes across in life around him. His humanism is of a high calibre. He cannot even see a bull suffer at the hands of some selfish and wicked people. The institution of inheritance of property sometimes makes human beings behave like brutes. As a far-flung relative breathes his last, leaving some property with no direct inheritors, kinsfolk turn up in multitudes to lay claim to the dead man's property. In the scuffle which follows the demise of Mahmud Teli, *his only* valuable property, Badra the bull, is starved to death. Nobody takes notice of the poor animal and it dies of hunger, thirst and sorrow. In 'Meh Ti Tog Ne Kenh' (I too was helpless) Akhtar Mohiuddin exposes the selfish motives of these property 'maniacs' with all vigour and sharpness that would naturally emanate from such a sad situation.

Guy De Maupassant's story, 'A Piece of String,' is superbly adapted by Akhtar under the same title. One feels quite at home with it. We know the characters. They are not alien to the Kashmiri soil, *yet the very essence of the original is not tarnished at* any place.

balconies. With a host of well-off friends they would have a *sumptuous feast and see the poor artisans fight over a piece of* roasted mutton thrown at them. For this 'diversion' some of the artisans paid dearly with their life.

Akhtar Mohiuddin writes with ease and has a good speed. In the short period of over three years he has written a good number of stories and with his command of Kashmiri language, crispness of dialogue, variety of themes, it is hoped—and rightly so—that he would enrich Kashmiri fiction which still is a 'babe in the arms of a few writers' like him.

Ali Mohammad Lone

amount of objectivity and restraint. To see oneself as a different person is not an easy affair. It requires the highest sense of detachment coupled with unself-consciousness. Kesava Menon has been eminently successful in getting this attitude.

In fact he had long developed a particularly suitable frame of mind to be successful in the field. This is evident from some of his other works. Books can be written with emphasis either on imagination or on experience. Menon has two collections of stories which show his ability as an imaginative writer. But by and large his special gift is to produce literature of experience, if one may put it so. The richness and variety of his experience and the sharpness of his observation of men and manners have made him an outstanding writer in this field. *Bilathiviseshani* is an interesting account of his travel to Europe. In *Bandhanathil Ninnu* (From Bondage) you get his experience of jail life in the Vaikom Satyagraha movement in Kerala. During the Second World War, the author was in Malaya, Singapore and other places and he had to undergo persecution from various quarters. This is vividly described in his *Bhoothavum Bhaviyum* (Past and Future). In *Jeevita Chintakal* (Thoughts on Life) we get certain experiences and observations from which oozes his philosophy of life. In all this, we find the emphasis on experience. Some of these are reflected in his autobiography also; but here the approach is different. In *Bilathiviseshani* you see the *Bilathi* (Europe) which Kesava Menon saw; but in *Kazhinja Kalam,* we see Kesava Menon who saw *Bilathi*. In other words, some of the materials that we find in the earlier books have provided the background in the autobiography against which the personality of Kesava Menon is suitably set.

The past life of Kesava Menon, which is three-score years and ten, can be roughly divided into four periods : The first period ends with the termination of his formal education partly in Madras and partly in England and then his public life commences. And till he goes to Malaya, it may be considered as the second period. During this period he has founded the well-known Malayalam paper 'Mathrubhumi.' He left for Malaya in 1908 and for 20 years he was in Malaya and Japan. In 1928 he re-

"One evening the warder came and stood outside the room where I was locked up and asked 'Do you want rice; a little rice is available.' I heard this with a killing appetite. Immediately I said I want it. But the warder was not in possession of the key to open the door. I could only see the rice kept on the other side through a hole in the door. Immediately I got an idea. There was just half an inch of space between the floor and the lower end of the door. I removed the shirt from my body and spread it on the floor and slowly pushed one end outside. The warder evenly spread the rice on the shirt. I took care to keep one end of the shirt in the room. When all the rice was spread by the warder, I drew the shirt slowly inside.... It was just rice and nothing else. There was not even a little water to wash it down. But O! how I enjoyed the rice like a delicious dish!"

Why should a good man like Menon have such bitter experiences? This is a difficult question indeed. Some times as a result of human weakness and sometimes by force of circumstances over which one has no control, one is subjected to such experiences. But we cannot explain away everything in this manner and what cannot be explained is usually entered in the 'folio of Fate.' The less we set apart for this folio, the better do we understand the inner springs of the personality. Menon helps us to understand his personality to a large extent; but one feels that a little more introspection and self-analysis would have further illuminated certain dark corners in the life-story.

With the help of his experience and observation Menon has given serious and deep thought to the values of life. He devotes a full chapter in the autobiography to give expression to his ideals of life. A few striking sentences I shall quote. "To repay a person who has ill-treated me.... such a thought has never passed through my mind. If some one asks me whether I hate anyone or whether I have any enemy, I will find it difficult to think of even one.'" (P. 247). How many of us can give such a sincere testimony? Menon has been always willing to forgive and forget, and when he hears the difficulties of other people his heart will melt in compassion; but when it comes to a question of compromise sacrificing principles, he is unbending and firm as a rock.

Bahurupi

by Chintaman Rao Kolhatkar

The success of an autobiography depends, among other things, primarily on two or three elements. The life portrayed need not be crowded with events; but it must be rich in inward experience. It has to be the story of a mind which has lived fully and not merely existed; the experience has to be keenly comprehended and assimilated and not merely blundered through. Then, the writer must also have the creative power to mould this material of experience into a clear and communicable shape. He must have the gift of communication. A glimpse into Kolhatkar's autobiographical book makes it clear that he possesses all these in abundance.

'Bahurupi' is a type of wandering actors who go from door to door playing a variety of roles. The call of the 'Bahurupi' immediately attracts a crowd. Like its namesake, this book holds the reader from the start. True to the author's life-long discipline of the dramatic world, it opens with an incident full of thrill and suspense. It is the story of the arrest of a youngster by a bloodthirsty squad of British police, as an accomplice in a political assassination. Temporary relief was brought to the youngster by the British seargent's appreciation of his powerful recitation of the Marathi translation of Othello's great speech of Farewell to Arms. That was how the histrionic talent of young Kolhatkar saved him in a critical situation.

With this as a start, Kolhatkar leads the reader through a maze of changing circumstances and shifting scenes. He gives us a poignant portrait of his mother, weighed down with one bereavement after another, and of his sister, who suffered throughout her short life and ended it at the moment of her husband's death. These are as effective as character sketches in a well-written novel. There is a whole panorama of uncles and cousins, of life in Jabalpur, Satara and Poona, of activities — academic and dramatic, agricultural and commercial. The author moves through these early scenes of his life as if goaded inevitably by an inner urge towards the theatre world.

The book is a treasure-house of information about the great days of the Marathi stage — its conventions, its patrons and audiences, its equipment and personnel. It is full of anecdotes about actors and writers, about rehearsals and great performances, thrilling first nights and tours of different places. Dramatic companies toured over the major cities of Maharashtra, met different types of audiences, with their particular flairs, likes and dislikes. The troupes also visited princely states and gave command performances. *Bahurupi* opens out the whole panorama of about fifty years of stage-life in Maharashtra with its social setting.

Bahurupi is not quite Kolhatkar's first attempt at writing. He narrates a superb story of how Gadkari once gave him the outline of a plot and said, "Kolhatkar, *this* is your play. You must write it!" Kolhatkar knew himself too well to attempt that. He goes on to narrate how that strange and wayward 'master' of his, asked him to 'give him his play.' Kolhatkar had to repeat the words to satisfy the whim of his 'master.' Later, Kolhatkar did complete an unfinished farce by Gadkari called *Vedyancha Bazar*, years after the death of the writer. It was also staged later. But Kolhatkar's literary achievement in *Bahurupi* could not possibly have been forecast on the basis of that dramatic writing. In this book, Kolhatkar writes like a seasoned littérateur, his style scintillating with periods of classic dramatic style, delicate touches of emotive writing as well as chaste and direct expression of profound feeling.

Kolhatkar has advantages of heritage and literary training. The family of Kolhatkars could boast of two dramatists and a journalist of repute, when Chintaman Rao was in his teens. His mind is also evidently saturated with words of the great dramatists whose characters he brought to life on the stage. Even so, the style and structure of *Bahurupi* are rare and surprising in their beauty. Their springs are surely deep down in a magnificent personality.

Kusumavati Deshpande

pation in India and the sense of patriotism led to linguistic consciousness, which culminated in the formation of new states. The present state of Orissa was formed in 1936. The decades that preceded it witnessed discontentment all over the Oriya-speaking area. Leaders of Orissa set themselves resolutely to the task of bringing about a cultural renaissance, with particular emphasis laid on the linguistic integration of all the Oriya speaking tracts. Simultaneously, the impact of western education worked as a powerful means of inculcating a tendency for introspection among literary men, who tried to re-examine the traditional culture-pattern in Orissa with greater insight. In the process of building they did not consider it desirable to confine themselves to any particular literary school. They accepted all that was good and beautiful in other literatures, with varying degrees of success and proficiency. Imitation and adaptation characterised the literary scene in Orissa, during the 'twenties and 'thirties, though originality of some was discernible even in the process of adaptation.

During last quarter of a century, the influence of various political ideologies became sharply marked and visible. Literature came closer to the masses — to their educational standards and ethical practice, religious beliefs and economic problems. Thus literature began to reflect contemporary mêlée with unabated vigour and photographic accuracy.

Kanhu Charan combines in himself a romantic artist and a social reformer, a nationalist and a visionary, a student of sociology and a cultural missionary. *Bali Raja, Sasti, Ha-Anna, Jhanja, Tundabaida, Sarbari* are some of his outstanding creations. His *Milanara Chhanda* and his *Pari* bear evidence to his gift of psychoanalysis and his strikingly original concept of culture.

Kanhu Charan's *Ka*, as the name itself indicates, presents a social picture where the one plays the role of another. The word *Ka* is generally used in some of the games of the countryside, where, to equalise the number of players in the contesting parties, one player, after he is declared 'out,' plays the role of another player, in case there is shortage of players in a particular group. It is

Scientific contrivances and numerous similar devices are brought forward as aids to human happiness. But spiritually, all over the world, the human being is getting dwarfed. The lofty ideals of selfless service, devotion to the cause of the good and the noble, the acquisition of divine pleasure from due discharge of duties, have been held with esteem for centuries. The more civilised we consider ourselves in the modern world, we tend to become less spiritual. The novelist has, through his characters, almost elucidated these lofty ideals. Psychological analysis has added a charming freshness to the happy blending of ideologies. The characters of Nandika and Lalita present sharp contrast. The fickleness and the lack of constancy in the hero have been compensated by the firmness of the characters of Nandika and Lalita. The by-products of modern civilisation such as frustration, lack of ethical integrity and subjection of higher values of life to baser considerations, have been used as good 'properties' with considerable skill at different places.

The personality of Kanhu Charan can be well studied even through a chronological account of his novels. From the emotional fervour of a patriot and a nationalist, he has progressed along the highways of world-civilization. He has come down to the plane of the common man from the lofty semi-historical and semi-legendary romances. His works produced during the last two decades contain elements not only of the development of his individual consciousness but also of the limits imposed on the progress of the human mind in scientific environment.

Gouri Kumar Brahma

best book in the English language," which is high praise indeed, especially as coming from one who did not view with favour the activities of the Society. There were other publications too from this school, with fair claims to literary distinction.

Indeed a recent critic, while commending the prose style of these early scientific writers, confesses to the "ironic thought that this prose style proved infectious and was to affect the styles of Swift, Addison and Steele, all three of whom indulged in some biting satire at the expense of the early Fellows of the Royal Society." This possible influence apart, there is certainly much in common between the prose styles of these early scientific writers and of the great prose writers who followed them and who wrote on non-scientific subjects. The special merits of their prose style arise primarily from the clear logical thinking and the broad scientific outlook which they brought to their respective subjects.

Rajaji's Tamil prose, simple, austere, pointed and exact, reminds me of the prose of some of these early English writers, and the merits of his prose style arise from just the same background of clear, logical thinking and the broad scientific outlook. Whether he writes on *Kural* or Kamban, on the *Gita* or the *Upanishads*, on the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata*, on Ramakrishna or Marcus Aurelius, on physics or on politics, on the coining of technical words or on BCG vaccination, whether he tells a parable or a short story, one cannot help being impressed by the precision and clarity of his thought and expression. There is a certain purposiveness pervading his writings and the parts cohere logically with the main theme. Indeed the logical sequence of thought is almost compelling, and reminds one of the sequence of propositions in a book on geometry.

I sometimes allow myself the thought that these qualities of Rajaji's prose style can be traced in some measure to the background of his early scientific discipline. It is possible that he owes this chaste and austere style to the author of the *Kural*, of whom he is more than an admirer, but his English style, which has some of these merits, had acquired its distinctiveness be-

today. The tradition, however, has been confined almost exclusively to literary and philosophical subjects. The need is to develop such a prose style for general use, for expressing to a modern audience both traditional and modern thought, and this need is being met in some measure by Rajaji's writings in Tamil, which extend over a wide variety of subjects.

Some of these writings would find a permanent place in modern Tamil literature. He would probably be remembered specially for having introduced to modern Tamil, the clear, simple, exact prose which could handle effectively almost any subject, whether traditional or modern. This again illustrates my major thesis, that it is the clear, simple, and compelling logic of the thinking behind that accounts primarily for the precision and clarity of the style. I cannot think of a more convincing illustration of the adage that 'the style is the man' than Rajaji. That the nature of the subject or even the language he writes in, whether it is Tamil or English, is of secondary importance in determining his style, need not therefore occasion surprise.

I mentioned earlier that the clear forceful and compelling logic underlying some of Rajaji's writings, and particularly the logical sequence of thought, remind one of the sequence of propositions in a book on geometry. Fontenelle once compared mathematicians to lovers: "Grant a mathematician the least principle. He will draw from it a consequence which also you must grant him, and from this consequence another." The point in this comparison is that the conclusion in the former case is as inevitable as in the latter, though of course for very different reasons. In one case it is the convincing logic of the thesis. In the other it is the unstinting cooperation of the listener, who is willing not merely to be convinced, but is almost prepared to go the long way with the author. To use a well-known phrase of Pascal, it is a case of the heart's having its reasons which the mind may not comprehend. In such a fortunate position, if one can also invoke the convincing logic of the former, i.e., if the heart's reasons are also comprehensible by the mind, then the logical presentation is seen to its best advantage.

is a tradition that wherever Rama's praises are sung, Hanuman is present there with reverently folded arms enjoying the song and deeply moved by it. It should be remembered that Hanuman is a great connoisseur, and the tradition prefers, significantly, to remain silent as to who the singer is, or how well he sings. It is a way of paying tribute to the universality of the appeal of this intensely human story.

When such a moving story is retold by one of our leading prose writers, and one of our best storytellers, the appeal is naturally very wide.

The story originally appeared as a series of articles in the Tamil weekly 'Kalki,' and concluded with a feeling epilogue, which reveals, even more than his many interludes in the book, the very human side of Rajaji, with which many of us may not be familiar. The epilogue begins with a casual, but very appropriate remark by Mahatmaji on the *Ramayana*. "On one occasion," writes Rajaji, "Gandhiji and I were talking about a girl very dear to both of us. I said 'How did she get all these ideas and phrases of love without having read any of present day love stories?' Gandhiji said in answer, 'But has she not read the *Ramayana*? Is the *Ramayana* not a love story too?' This struck me as profound."

In this epilogue Rajaji mentions the kind of audience he had in view when he wrote the book: "A word to the children who read these chapters. I have told the story of the Prince of Ayodhya mainly for your sake. Grown up people may read Valmiki and Kamban. Those who know to sing can render with joy the sweet songs on Rama given to us by Thyagaraja[1]. But this story that I have told can be read direct by you, children, without anyone's help.

"You should look upon Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman like

[1] Though in the epilogue Thyagaraja figures along with the immortal trio, Valmiki, Kamban and Tulsidas, I have not come across any references to Thyagaraja in the body of the book.

or more frequently to draw a moral. Since he follows closely Valmiki, some of these pauses may be to introduce a variant from Kamban or Tulsidas, and to offer comments on the appropriateness of the variant, and to pull out a moral too. "In every episode of the *Ramayana*," writes Rajaji in one of his asides, "some lesson which we should learn for our daily life is taught. The meaning is in some places plain, in others it may be hidden. If we read with reverence and deeply, we can always see the moral."

In another context, after the memorable meeting of Bharata and Rama, Rajaji makes again a similar comment: "In this episode, when Bharata meets Rama, we read in Valmiki a long lecture on the art of government, delivered by Rama to his brother. Often in our epics, we come across such long dissertations on politics or morality. Modern fiction gives high priority to narrative vigour, dramatic suspense and surprise. In old works, in addition to plenty of these qualities, there were generous doses of didacticism."

Thus even in this practice of pausing frequently to make some pertinent comments, Rajaji can claim precedent in Valmiki, though naturally the comments in most places are his own, and not reproductions of Valmiki's.

I should like to quote here a few typical ones:

"The Devas are generally good; and those among them who swerved from the path of righteousness paid the price for it. There was no separate code of conduct for the Devas;....

"Wedded to virtue as the Devas generally were, lapses on their part appear big to us like stains on white cloth. The Rakshasas' evil deeds are taken for granted and do not attract much attention, like stains on black cloth."

"The lesson of the Ahalya episode is that, however deadly one's sin, one may hope to be freed from its consequence by penitence and punishment. Instead of condemning others for their sins,

'Many were your ancestors who attained fame. You have surpassed them all in glory by renouncing the kingship that has come to you. You are indeed King among Kings!' "

"The Kausalya and Bharata portrayed by Kamban embody a culture. May these heroic figures and that culture live forever in the land of Bharata."

"The story of Bharata in the *Ramayana* portraying a character of unrivalled purity and sublime selflessness is something more than an episode, and stands out by itself even in that noble epic as holy shrines do on the banks of the Ganga. It uplifts the heart, and gives one a glimpse of the heights to which human nature can rise when cleansed by love and devotion. Whether Rama and Bharata were incarnations of the Deity or merely supreme creations of a nation's imagination this episode is among the masterpieces of the world's literature."

"We bring with us into this world as our inborn gifts some wisdom and reverence. This gift is always in us and though sometimes obscured by prejudice or passion it keeps alive the divine in man which prevents him from reeling back into the beast."

"If one observes a cow guarding her calf and scattering a whole crowd of men, one can realize the power of love. Love is a supreme quality which according to occasion manifests itself in diverse heroic forms—such as valour and self-sacrifice, just like gold which can be changed for silver or goods or other things of value. When God assumes human form and is engaged in fulfilling His promise to save the helpless, His limitless power comes into play."

"All the women in our land who suffer sorrow in any way are so many replicas of Sita. May all the men be, like Hanuman, pure and heroic helpers of such suffering women!"

"On such occasions, when a character has to recapitulate past events, we can see Valmiki's skill in re-telling the story in beautiful words. This is a source of special pleasure to those who read

problem. Some are constrained against their better judgement to espouse the wrong cause through gratitude for past kindness, a sense of loyalty, or affinities of blood. Others think it their duty to try and reform the sinner, regardless of his anger and hatred and consequent danger to themselves, and if their efforts fail, they part company from the sinner, rather than abandon *dharma* and give their support to the sinner who persists in his crime....

"In the *Ramayana*, Kumbhakarna and Vibhishana represent these two different types."

"In the Vaishnava tradition, this episode, in which Vibhishana is taken by the Prince into his camp and innermost council, is held to be as important as the *Bhagavad Gita* episode in the *Mahabharata*.

"It illustrates the doctrine that the Lord accepts all who in absolute surrender seek shelter at His feet, regardless of their merits or defects. Their sins are burnt out by the mere act of surrender. This is a message of hope to erring humanity. It is the heart of the Vaishnava faith that there is hope for the worst of us if only we surrender ourselves to the Lord."

When I was reading this paragraph in Rajaji's book, I was provoked to ask "Why such a restriction? Is it not the faith that Valmiki expounds? Does he not make his hero affirm in unambiguous language[1]: 'I cannot reject anyone who comes to me for protection. This is my *dharma*. If Ravana himself came to me I could not reject him.'?"

I was soon to regret this hasty interruption of mine, and felt greatly relieved and indeed happy when I read the next paragraph, which took me off my feet, and whose wording is as though in answer to my hasty query. The paragraph reads thus: "But why should I restrict this doctrine to the Vaishnava tradition? Is not this the heart of all the religious tradition in our

[1] This quotation also is in Rajaji's words.

sees both Rama and Valmiki at their best. This is an episode which will linger long in one's memory and which in course of time will come to occupy a good part of the canvas. I wish it had been included in the book.

Similarly Sita's confession to Anasuya, namely that her husband happened to have all the desirable human virtues, and her embarrassment that she would never be able, for that reason, to convince others that she would have loved him equally well even if he had none of these virtues, are sentiments which I am sure Rajaji would have loved to elaborate.

I wish also to refer here, but not without hesitation, to a frequently recurring theme in Rajaji's book, whether Valmiki intended his reader to be aware of Rama's being an *avatar*. In both Kamban and Tulsidas, the authors rarely miss a chance to emphasize it. Indeed they highlight it in almost every chapter. To any dispassionate reader, there is hardly any doubt that Valmiki too did intend his hero to be taken as a divine incarnation. Rajaji concedes this, but frequently expresses sentiments like these: "In Valmiki's work Rama is portrayed as a great and unique man and not as an incarnation of God. True, in some chapters there are references to him as an *avatar* of God, but in the body of the narrative Rama pictured by Sage Valmiki is not God Himself, but a great prince endowed with divine qualities."

"Valmiki delineates Rama as a hero rather than as an *avatar.*"

"All Valmiki's characters are human beings, with heightened human qualities. It is only under great stress or in exceptional circumstances that divinity shines faintly through the human nature."

These are typical quotations, where distinction is sought to be made by Rajaji between Rama as an incarnation of God and Rama as "a human being with heightened human qualities." In the background of the distinction that is sought to be made between these two pictures it should be remembered that both

sense of humour. The readers too cherish this name for its many associations, and the *mangala sloka* also chooses to refer to him by this cherished name: *Chakravarthi thanujaaya saarvabhaumaaya mangalam.*

K. S. Krishnan

the literary map of the modern age. Ever since Hali, critics have been emphasizing the serious limitations of *ghazal,* its conventional imagery, worn-out symbolism, deep subjectivity and fragmentary thinking which hinder intellectual coherence and expression of individual experiences.

It was Hasrat who brought classical simplicity and the haunting note of romantic melancholy (*soz-o-gudaz*) back to *ghazal.* Fani Badayuni lent it the philosophical coherence of pessimism and Asghar Gondavi rendered into *ghazal* an all-pervasive mystic vision with all the warmth, grace and voluptuousness of physical love.

Jigar surpassed them all at least in abandon and emotional vehemence. He sang of love and wine but his beverage was not conventional. He sang of them because he lived in them. He lived his poetry as no other poet has done. For him the boundaries of life and art overlap.

In fact, it is this magic touch of sincerity which sets his *ghazals* aglow with radiance and vigour. To him, real and genuine experience was poetry. He has led a colourful life. His love of wine has been proverbial. Hence his poetry overflows with real experience and was not heavy with conventionalism. Even when talking in traditional symbols of *Saqi, Rind* and *Maikhana,* he fills them with pristine sincerity and the warmth of genuine experience.

Love, of course, remains the pivotal value of his poetry. To him, love is the essence of creation. It is not merely a sensuous experience but a complicated and complete emotion which throws open the secrets of existence to human understanding.

For Jigar, Love is not pleasure but sorrow. It is only suffering and sorrow which provide the unifying link to all the diverse elements.

Gham hai kya zeena-e-sifat-o-zat
Gham naheen hai to arzoo na hayat.

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Gham hai kya zeena-e-sifat-o-zat
Gham naheen hai to arzoo na hayat.

"He may be my enemy, but I hold my rival dear for even the villain will not remain bad after being touched by the dust of your feet."

Han han tujhe kya kaam miri shiddat-e-gham se,
Han han naheen mujh ko tire daman ki hawa yad.
"Yes, what have you to do with my intense sorrow. Yes, I do not remember the kindness of the air of your robe."

Abhi hai dil ko muqam-e-supardagi se gurez,
Ek aur bhi sahi gesue-ambareen men shikan.
"My heart is still far from complete submission. One more curve, then, in thy scented tufts."

Jigar is deeply conscious of the crisis of character of mankind along with the incessant technological advance and the steady march of civilization. Culture and civilization appear to Jigar as mere pose if they fail to affect the inner self of the individual.

Sincerity of belief and uprightness of character are still rare. Jigar has repeatedly warned us against this growing contradiction between material advance and internal crisis of human values, which can be termed as ethical:

Taskheer-e-mehr-o-maah mubarak tujhe magar,
Dil men naheen agar to kaheen roshani naheen.
"Blessed are the conquests of the Sun and the Moon but if there is darkness in Heart, there will be no light anywhere."

Kahan se barh ke pahoonche hain kahan tak ilm-o-fan saqi,
Magar asooda insan ka na tan saqi na man saqi.
"Human knowledge has reached to inconceivable heights but there is no solace still either for the human body or to heart."

Jehl-e-khirad ne din ye dikhaye,
Ghat gae insan barh gae saye.
"The ignorance of Wisdom has brought us to this day. Man has lost stature and his shadows have lengthened."

as one of the most significant lyricists of his age whose poetry inculcates new zest for life and a great passion for the higher values of culture.

Mohammad Hasan

READERS MAY NOTE

Sri Tarasankar Banerji has sent the following corrections in his article on the 'Stories of Prabhat Kumar Mukherji,' published in Vol. 2, No. 1 of Indian Literature:

On page 63, lines 7 to 12 in para 1 should read as follows: "(His transfer to the Telegraph Directorate in Calcutta made an acquaintance) *with the Tagore family, who began to like Prabhat Kumar. They wanted to help him and it was arranged that Satyendranath Tagore would provide Prabhat Kumar with the wherewithal to go to England to qualify for the Bar.*"

In the next paragraph, lines 16 to 22 should read only as follows: "(Lest she raised any objection he did not divulge his plans to her.) *He was also a widower at that time.* (He returned home to India after three years in England, duly qualified to practise as a barrister.)

Other sentences in the paragraph should be deleted."

— *Ed.*

The word 'Hindi' is of Persian origin and meant the people of India as also the language spoken by them. Until 1194 A.D., there is no record of any language being known in India by the name of Hindi. Al Beruni, who visited India in the middle of the 10th century called his book *Tahqiq-i-Hind* (Discovery of India).

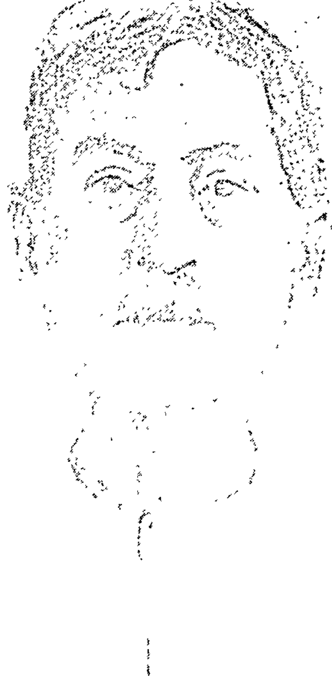
The literary form of the Indo-Aryan language was called Sanskrit and the spoken one Prakrit. In course of time when the Prakrit itself assumed the position of a literary language, the spoken language came to be named Apabhramsa (a fallen language) by Sanskrit grammarians. In the tertiary stage of Prakrit (100 A.D.), the dialects and early forms of Hindi descended from Sauraseni Apabhramsa. The four important early literary forms of Hindi are immortalized by poets like Vidyapati, Meerabai, Surdas and Tulasidas (Maithili, Rajasthani, Brij Bhasha and Avadhi).

According to Rahul Sankrityayan, the earliest poet of Hindi was Sarahapa (760 A.D.). But modern Hindi or Khari Boli has its first noted author in Amir Khusro of the 13th century. The earliest printed book in Hindi which was available for the Exhibition was lent by National Library. It was *Essays by the students of Fort William College* dated 1802 A.D. But printing in Hindi was not fully developed till the end of the 19th century. The records show that only 208 books were printed in 1892 A.D. The Nagari Pracharini Sabha was established the next year. Today Hindi claims the largest number of books published in any Indian language. So, it was very difficult to select the best out of thousands of Hindi books. In the Exhibition 1,912 books were actually exhibited. A list of nearly 1,000 books out of the same is being published here.

A brief sketch of the hisotry of Hindi Literature is being presented.

HINDI LITERATURE

The history of Hindi literature is generally divided in the following four periods: Adi-Kal (the Age of Formation) 700 A.D. to 1300 A.D.; Bhakti-Kal (the Age of Devotion) 1300 A.D. to 1650



Premchand



Jaishankar 'Prasad'

-its in crayon specially
for Sahitya Akademi

RARE MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS

1. *Chitra-Kavyas*: Jali Bandha, Mukut Bandha, Mridanga Bandha, Sinhasanaphalaka Bandha, Chamar Bandha, Darpan Bandha, Sankal Bandha, SKP.
2. A Letter of late Mahavir Prasad Dwivedi, NPS.
3. A Letter of Shyam Sunder Das written to Lalli Prasad Pandeya with an original article regarding Acharya Mahavir Prasad Dwivedi, NPS.
4. Original manuscript of *Kaya-Kalpa* (10th April, 1924) by Prem Chand and original manuscript of *Shatranj ke Khelari* by Prem Chand, NPS.
5. The manuscript of the preface by Acharya Ram Chandra Shukla of Bhuvaneshwar Madhav's book on Bhakti (20.12.1933).
6. *Rajniti*, Tr. from Hitopadesh. Author anonymous, SKP.
7. *Prachin Bharatiya Lipimala* by G. H. Ojha (Lent by the courtesy of Gulab Chand Jain).
8. *Bharati Bhusan*, a book on Alankar-nirupan written by Arjun Das Kedia, NPS.
9. *Hari Charit* by Lalach Das, 1470, BRP.
10. *Sudama Charitra* by Haldhar Das, calligraphed in Kaithi script and illustrated in Mughal Qalam in 1545, SKP.
11. *Sudama Charitra* by Haldhar Das, 1555, BRP.
12. *Hitopodesh* by Padma Das (Tr.), 1709, BRP.
13. *Narsinha Charitra* by Goswami Govardhan Lal, 1711, BRP.
14. Manuscript in Persio-Arabic script of Malik Mohammed Jayasi's *Padmavat*, 16th century (Manuscript dated 1723 A.D.) (Lent by V.S. Agrawal, Banaras University, Varanasi).
15. *Shabda-Kavita* by Daryadas Bihari (A Book on Nirguna Philosophy), 1780, BRP.
16. *Pandavacharitarnava* by Devi Das, 1785.
17. *Shiv-Sagar* by Shivnath Das, 1793, BRP.
18. Essays by the students of the College of the Fort William, 1802, NLC.
19. Kalidasa's *Shakuntala Nataka* (Tr.) in Roman script, 1804, SC.
20. *Bihari Satsai* ,1819, SC.
21. *Life of Christ*, 1838, SC.
22. *Jaimini-Puran* by Premdas, 1954.
23. Book on Geography, 1855, SC.
24. *Sevak Bani* by Bhagwan Muditju, calligraphed in 1863 A.D. (Lent by the courtesy of Brajajivan Lal, Patna).
25. *Ustabanirnaya* (*Bhasha Tithi Nirnaya*) by Prabhu Nath, calligraphed in 1865, SKP.
26. *Akshar Deepika* by Srilal Reader, 1873.

4. *Atma Katha*, Tr. Gandhiji.
5. *Atma Katha*, Rajendra Prasad.
6. *Chand Suraj Ke Biran*, Devendra Satyarthi.
7. *Gorki Ki Atma-Katha*, Tr. Maxim Gorki.
8. *Jivan Jhanki*, Mahatma Bhagwan Din.
9. *Jivan-Yatra*, Rahul Sankrityayan.
10. *Mera Bachpan*, Tr. Rabindra Nath Tagore.
11. *Mera Jivan-Pravah*, Viyogi Hari.
12. *Mera Sahityik Jivan*, Bhagwan Das Kela.
13. *Meri Atma-Katha*, Satyadev Parivrajak.
14. *Meri Kahani*, Tr. Jawaharlal Nehru.
15. *Meri Mukti Ki Kahani*, Tr. Leo Tolstoy.
16. *Parivrajak Ki Praja*, Santipriya Dwivedi.
17. *Sadhana Ke Path Par*, Haribhau Upadhyaya.

Biography

1. *Bharat Nirmata*, Krishna Vallabh Dwivedi.
2. *Bharat-bhakt Andrews*, Bharatiya Hridaya.
3. *Do Khudai Khidmatgar*, Tr. Mahadev Desai.
4. *Gandhi Aur Stalin*, Tr. Louis Fischer.
5. *Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi*, Dev Vrat.
6. *Lenin*, Rahul Sankrityayan.
7. *Lokmanya Tilak*, Bhimrao Gopal Deshpande.
8. *Lokmanya Tilak*, Pandurang Ganesh Deshpande.

Books about Other Languages

1. *Acharya Kshemendra*, Manohar Lal Gaur.
2. *Adan-Pradan*, Varanasi Rammurti Renu.
3. *Akbar Allahubadi*, Aijaz Hussain.
4. *Angrezi Sahitya Ki Rooprekha*, Bhagavat Sharan Upadhyaya.
5. *Angrezi Sahitya Ka Itihas*, S.P. Khatri.
6. *Arabi Kavya Darshan*, Mahesh Prasad Maulvi Alim Fazil.
7. *Avadhi Aur Uska Sahitya*, Triloki Narain Dixit.
8. *Bangla Aur Uska Sahitya*, Hanskumar Tiwari.
9. *Bangla Ke Adhunik Kavi*, Manmath Nath Gupta.
10. *Bangla Sahitya Ki Katha*, Sukumar Sen.
11. *Bharatiya Vangmeya Ke Amar Ratna*, Jaichandra Vidyalankar.
12. *Diwan-e-Ghalib*, Mahmud Ahmed Hunar.
13. *Diwan-e-Zafar*, Balmukund Mishra.
14. *Dharti Ki Karvat*, Firaq Gorakhpuri.
15. *French Swayam-Shikshak*, Satyaketu Vidyalankar.
16. *Ghalib Ki Shairi*, Brij Behari Lal Shrivastava.
17. *Gulistan*, Zahoor Bakhsha.

63. *Vinod Aur Vyang*, Parasnath Singh.
64. *Vir-Vachanavali*, Bhai Vir Singh.

BOTANY

1. *Hindi Madhyamik Anushthanik Audbhidi*, Naresh Chandra Verma.
2. *Prarambhik Udbhid Shastra*, Balwant Singh.
3. *Prayogik Vanaspati-Shastra—Saral Adhyayan*, S.D. Agrawal.
4. *Pushpa-Vigyan*, Hanuman Prasad Sharma.

CHEMISTRY

1. *Adhunik Rasayan*, Ramesh Chandra Verma.
2. *Akarbnik Rasayan*, Phuldev Sahai Verma.
3. *Akarbnik Rasayan*, Tr. Tuli, Bahl and Amba Prasad.
4. *Gunatmak Vishleshan Arthat Kriyatmak Rasayan Ka Pratham Bhag*, Ram Sharan Das Saxena.
5. *Hindi Madhyamik Anusthanik Rasayan*, Tr. Karbelkar and Nayak.
6. *Karbnik Rasayan*, Satya Prakash.
7. *Karbnik Rasayan*, R.N. Singh and M.N. Bukharia.
8. *Madhyamik Rasayan Ganit*, G.D. Tuli and P.L. Soni.
9. *Manoranjak Rasayan*, Gopal Swaroop Bhargava.
10. *Prarambhik Prangarik Rasayan*, Phuldev Sahai Verma.
11. *Praveshika Prathmik Bhautik Aur Rasayan-Shastra*, G.B. Chaudhary.
12. *Prayogik Rasayan*, Satya Prakash.
13. *Prarambhik Rasayan-Shastra*, B.B. Bhagwat.
14. *Prarambhik Audyogik Rasayan*, Nagendra Dutt Misra.
15. *Rasayan Praveshika*, Phuldev Sahai Verma.
16. *Rasayanik Tatva-Vishleshan*, Gorakh Prasad Srivastava.
17. *Rasayan Ki Bhasha*, G.D. Tuli and P.L. Soni.
18. *Sadharan Rasayan-Shastra*, Pt. I-II, Phuldev Sahai Verma.
19. *Sankhyatmak Rasayanik Vigyan*, K.C. Kulshrestha.

COMMERCE

1. *Adhunik Parivahan*, Shiv Dhyan Singh Chauhan.
2. *Ankeksana*, Vora, Vanmali & Agrawala.
3. *Dravya, Currency Aur Vinimaya*, Kanta Nath Garg.
4. *Namalekha Aur Munimi*, Kasturmal Banthia.
5. *Vanijya*, Shiv Sahai Chaturvedi.

17. *Nashe Nashe Ki Bat*, Yashpal.
18. *Pap Aur Prakash*, Tr. Jainendra Kumar.
19. *Parde Ke Pichhe*, Udaishankar Bhatt.
20. *Parda Uthao, Parda Girao*, Upendranath Ashk.
21. *Pratap-Pritigya*, 'Milind'.
22. *Rajmukut*, Govindvallabh Pant.
23. *Raj-Yoga*, Lakshmi Narain Mishra.
24. *Rajat-Rashmi*, Ram Kumar Verma.
25. *Raksha-Bandhan*, Harikrishna 'Premi'.
26. *Reshami Tai*, Ram Kumar Verma.
27. *Rupaya Tumhen Kha Gaya*, Bhagwati Charan Verma.
28. *Sabai Bhumi Gopal Ki*, Seth Govind Das.
29. *Santosh Kahan*, Seth Govind Das.
30. *Sindoor Ki Holi*, Lakshmi Narain Mishra.

Education

1. *Bharatiya Shiksha Siddhant*, Subodh Adaval.
2. *Bharatiya Shiksha*, Rajendra Prasad.
3. *Buniyadi Shiksha*, Tr. Gandhiji.
4. *Gramya-Samaj Praudha Shiksha Yojana*, Tr. S. R. Ranganathan.
5. *Nai Talim*, Tr. Dhirendra Mazumdar.
6. *Prachin Bharatiya Shikshan Ka Itihas*, Tr. A. S. Altekar.
7. *Purva Buniyadi Shiksha*, Tr. Shanta Narulkar.
8. *Shiksha Aur Samaj*, Saeed Ansari.
9. *Shiksha Ki Samasyayen*, Tr. Richard Livingston.
10. *Shiksha Shastra*, Sita Ram Jaiswal.
11. *Shiksha-Vigyan*, Lalji Ram Shukla.
12. *Sundarpur Ki Pathshala Ka Pahala Ghanta*, Tr. Jugat Ram Dave.
13. *Swatantrata Aur Sanskriti*, Tr. S. Radhakrishnan.

Engineering and Technology

1. *Bharatiya Vastu-Shastra*, D. N. Shukla.
2. *Charma Banane Ke Siddhanta*, Dev Datta Arora.
3. *Electric Guide*, Narendra Nath.
4. *Electric Supervisor-Shiksha*, A. B. Mathur.
5. *Loco-Guide*, Hari Chand Ratta.
6. *Low Cost Housing Technique*, H. R. Mittal.
7. *Metal Polish*, Kali Charan Gupta.
8. *Motor Inspector*, Krishnanand Sharma.
9. *Motor Mechanic Teacher*, Krishnanand Sharma.
10. *Radio-Guide*, A. B. Mathur.
11. Rui *Aur Uska Mishran*, Tr. Hugh Monier.

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3. *Bhojpuri Lok-Git,* Durga Shanker Prasad Singh.
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What is it about Tolstoy's novel that holds our interest even though it deals with events of a period long past—Napoleon's invasion of Moscow in 1812? This inexhaustible interest in *War and Peace* on the part of millions of people is obviously compounded of many factors. In the first place there are not only the fascinating qualities of the book itself, but our interest in its author. Maxim Gorky once said: "Shakespeare, Balzac and Tolstoy—these, in my view, are three monuments mankind has erected to itself."[2] Still greater amazement at Tolstoy as an inscrutable phenomenon of human nature is expressed in Gorky's essay "Lev Tolstoy" written in famine-stricken Petrograd in 1918, amidst the thunder of the great revolutionary events in Russia.

Everybody likes to verify independently his impression of what he has read and to form an opinion without prompting. That is why another person might, perhaps, disagree with Gorky's choice of men in whom he saw monuments mankind had erected to itself. However, anyone who knows anything at all about Tolstoy will agree that in his person mankind lit one of the brightest torches of its thought, conscience and passion.

The power and tension of Tolstoy's inner life, which laid their imprint on all his writing—his novels and stories, his articles, his religious and philosophical works and, finally, his diaries and letters—were undoubtedly exceptional. Anyone who opens Tolstoy's pages cannot but become aware of that. Lev Tolstoy was not only a tremendous artist endowed with the gift of sculpturing words plastically. He was also a powerful thinker who grappled single-handed, like a man fighting a tiger, with the most poignant problems of human life and death; and, moreover, a flaming conscience that sweeps away all trumpery and sophism. Tolstoy emerged into the forum of all mankind, as it were, before the gaze of millions of eyes, in order to undertake, as his life's duty and work, the task of fathoming the meaning of existence. To fathom it comprehensively: as a creative artist and as a thinker.

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[2] "Complete Works," Vol. 24, p. 139. Russian edition.

of the globe we cannot always separate exactly which of his ideas, or which of the characters he created, or what part of himself as a personality struck home in the heart of the reader.

Tolstoy was one of the most complex men of the 19th century, and many facets of his writing reflect the complexities of his age. As the German writer Thomas Mann once said: "Under the influence of Tolstoy the *maitre* it is possible to create works of art which in spirit and form are very different from one another and above all very different from those he himself created."[5] We see, indeed, that on different national soils and under different historical conditions Tolstoy is understood in different ways. In one of his articles (about Ahimsa) Mahatma Gandhi placed Tolstoy in the same rank as Buddha; both were military men in their youth but later became soldiers of goodness and love. In his famous autobiography Gandhi wrote: "Three contemporaries have strongly influenced me. Raichandbai by his direct contact with me, Tolstoy by his book *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*. and Ruskin by his work *Unto this Last*."[6]

It seems to me that Gandhi's feeling of spiritual affinity with Tolstoy arose not only from the consonance of their religious searchings. Fearless thinking (*abhai*) and exceptional truthfulness towards himself are what, in the words of Jawaharlal Nehru (see his *Discovery of India*) characterize Gandhi as a person, his psychological nature. These same qualities—courage in the perception of truth and moral intensity in searching for it—also comprised the inner nature of Tolstoy.

But one cannot help seeing that Tolstoy's religious and moral quests (not so much in the period when he was working on *War and Peace* as in the later years of his life) revealed more clearly than anything else the contradictions in his views and the weak aspects of his world-outlook, which singularly reflected the spiritual world of the patriarchal Russian peasantry. Maxim Gorky, who expressed in his works the active transforming power

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[5] T. Motyleva, *The World Significance of Lev Tolstoy*, p. 716.
[6] Gandhi, *My Life*. Moscow, 1934, p. 90 (in Russian).

haps conveyed to us most forcefully through the poetry of existence that permeates every page.

In his numerous discourses on art Tolstoy often dwelt on the idea that the purpose of art is not so much to teach as to instil joy. About ten years after finishing *War and Peace* Tolstoy wrote in one of his diaries: "Poetry is a flame burning in man's soul. This flame burns, warms, and gives light."[8]

Tolstoy divides people into several groups: those who feel the heat, those who feel the warmth, those who see only the light, and those who do not even see the light. The majority, who are the judges of the poets, see, in Tolstoy's opinion, only the light and think that the mission of poetry is only to illuminate. Such writers "with a lantern," Tolstoy said, naturally try to prove that only light is needed where it is dark and disorderly, while others think that the most important thing is warmth, and they artificially warm that which is warmable. But, as Tolstoy wrote, "the real poet himself flames involuntarily and with suffering and burns others. That is the whole point."[9]

No, the point is not only in that.

Indeed, the power and charm of *War and Peace* as a work of art derive in a significant degree from the fact that Tolstoy as an artist put into it what he himself had deeply experienced and pondered over. But Tolstoy is wrong when he reduces the whole matter to that alone. Great though the influence of Tolstoy's personality on us is, what influences us most strongly in *War and Peace* is the life and the characters recorded in the novel by the pen of a realist artist.

War and Peace is more than a novel dealing chiefly with the upper classes of Russian society between the years 1804 and 1812. It is an epopee of the Russian people at a critical period in their history. As in every critical period in history, the forces

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[8] *L. Tolstoy on Literature*, Moscow, 1955, p. 133.
[9] *Ibid.*

the landowners, his princes and counts, Tolstoy brilliantly shows, first and foremost, the great truth and strength of the people. For the very reason that all classes were drawn into the effort of the entire people to resist the enemy and defend the country the novel is permeated with the mood of the people, a mood which has imparted to it the spirit of a heroic epos. of life invincible. and made it immortal.

The novel has a large number of minor characters from the common people. One of them is Captain Tushin, another is Tikhon Shcherbaty, a peasant in Denisov's guerrilla detachment. Tikhon Shcherbaty is a character who embodies the typical features of the Russians. Tolstoy truly admires him. Tikhon could walk fifty versts in a day without growing tired. He could split a log with one blow of his axe, and use the same axe to shape a wooden spoon. He was wounded several times, but did not go to hospital and the wounds healed quickly. "He did not recognize pain in the same way that he did not recognize fear."[13]

Tolstoy also has another peasant character, Platon Karataev, but he has only one feature in common with Tikhon, his industry. For the rest he is the exact opposite. Tolstoy has invested Karataev, with a sort of religious poetry of meekness, patience, and non-resistance to evil. There were such men as Platon Karataev among the people, of course. But Tolstoy has erred in identifying Karataev with the entire Russian people while at the same time making him the opposite of Tikhon. Tolstoy wanted to make Karataev the embodiment of the Russian, kindly and placid, a symbol of goodness, spiritual purity, readiness to endure evil and violence without protest. But the Russian people have never been slaves.

Tolstoy's religious views are reflected in Platon Karataev more than in any other character in *War and Peace*. Tolstoy needed this character to explain the spiritual regeneration of Pierre

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[13] From a rough draft of *War and Peace*. Complete Works, Vol. 14, p. 159.

That is the essence of *War and Peace*—the poetry of the people's strength and creativeness. This poetry illuminates and warms the reader by its truth. The presence of this popular truth, drawn from Russian life itself and recorded in scenes of remarkable plastic power, is what is most important in *War and Peace*. It has made this novel a "book for eternity," as though imparting to it the immortality of the people themselves.

More than a century has passed since the events described in *War and Peace*. Several generations have come and gone. Yet the creative energies which Tolstoy recorded in his Russian characters in *War and Peace*, in his nobles and peasants, in Natasha Rostova, Pierre Bezukhov, Kutuzov, Tikhon Shcherbaty, Denisov, Bolkonski, Princess Marya and scores of other men and women richly endowed by nature — these creative energies all live today. That selflessness, that readiness to perform great deeds, that creative sweep, gaiety and spiritual strength live on. It would be no exaggeration to say that these rich heroic qualities of the Russian character, which Tolstoy recorded, manifested themselves with the same strength and scope in another Patriotic War, the war against the Hitlerite invaders, and also in the peaceful life of building socialism. When you read in *War and Peace* of a halt made by an infantry regiment that was pursuing the enemy you want to compare it with the halt described in Alexander Tvardovsky's poem "Vasili Tyorkin," where we have a picture of the Soviet Russian man in his great struggle against the Hitlerite invaders. To be sure, the generations are different, and so are the ideological objectives and the social structure portrayed in these two works, but certain features of the Russian character, the finest, most heroic and creative features, remain. What is more, these features have been developed under the new, socialist conditions.

Writing of the soldiers of the infantry regiment, Tolstoy says: "One would have thought that under the almost incredibly wretched conditions the Russian soldiers were in at that time—lacking warm boots and sheepskin coats, without a roof over their heads, in the snow with eighteen degrees of frost, and without even full rations (the commissariat did not always keep up with

put up. We remember how our people, with an enthusiasm that overcame all difficulties and hardships, went about the work of raising the giant mills and factories of the early five-year plans and quickly mastered their operation and the new techniques, thereby helping to enhance the country's might. Thousands of men and women marching in singing columns for volunteer work on building sites in their free time was a picture often seen in those years."[15]

By liberating the people from all forms of oppression by upper classes, the Socialist system has strengthened and developed the finest qualities in the Russian character, such as the heroic spirit and gaiety in the face of life's difficulties which Tolstoy noted with such penetration.

V. I. Lenin is quoted as saying in one of the articles on Tolstoy that the writer not only "produced the finest works of fiction that placed him among the great writers of the world," but, according to Lenin, Lev Tolstoy was also the thinker "who with tremendous power, conviction and sincerity raised a number of questions concerning the fundamental features of the present political and social order." Many cardinal social and philosophic problems are taken up by Tolstoy in *War and Peace* both in his own discourses and in the treatment of some of the characters of the novel.

One of the key problems raised by Tolstoy in *War and Peace* is that about the motive forces of history and national character of the people. Speculations on topics of history and philosophy occupy a substantial place in the epilogue. Contradictions of Tolstoy's outlook stand out with particular prominence when it comes to the philosophy of history. In the conclusive part of the novel this great man is justly mocking at the historians who reduced great all-national movements to the mere history of tsars, generals, in short, those who left souvenirs of their deeds to posterity in the shape of inscriptions on pyramids, palace walls,

[15] "Pravda" of May 10, 1958.

civilizations left: in China, Hinduist – in India, orthodox – in Russia, and Moslem – in the Near East (civilization of Arabs and Turks). All of them are claimed by A. Toynbee to be in the last stage of disintegration. And only one, the fifth, West-European and American civilization is in the stage of prosperity and development.

However, Toynbee's philosophy of history already no longer suits the most far-sighted statesmen of the "Western civilization." They cannot but see that Russia, China, India, and some other countries, having shaken off the fetters of social and colonial oppression, are now beginning to prosper anew.

It is only too natural that theoretically-minded people should be struck the most by the development of Soviet Russia or rather the Soviet Union consisting of many peoples each of which up to the Revolution belonged to a different stage of historical development. Some even believe that the Russians are absolutely regenerated and during the forty years they have become a different people, or a different race. I do not share this opinion. The Russians essentially remain the same as they used to be. S. Radhakrishnan is quite right, to my mind, in opening his *Indian Philosophy* with the statement that although the world has radically changed in its outer, material appearance, communications, scientific accomplishments, etc., nevertheless, its inner, spiritual life essentially remains the same. There are some innate passions and aspirations governing the human nature. This is not to mean that the character of a people cannot change under the impact of various historical factors. We know from history that some peoples were more manly and war-like, others due to their social and economic environment were pessimistic and passive, and inclined to poetry or tenderness. I am far from the absurd idea of levelling the national characters of different peoples and races, least of all, throughout their millenial history. All flows, all changes – said Heraclitus. I sincerely believe that we often exaggerate the role of national character at the expense of social and economic environment which educates the man in society.

shall become what we ought to be judging by many an episode in our historical life and by some of the outbreaks of our creative power".[16]

These words of a scientist and Tolstoy's contemporary who translated social phenomena into the language of physiology, a science so familiar to him may be safely transplanted from the Russian to another national soil. Witness the example of the countries which are either already liberated or being liberated from social and colonial oppression, say, such great countries as China or India. Indeed, as soon as fundamental changes in the social conditions provide the people with a common goal, new forces hitherto seemingly unknown and unsuspected are at once aroused in the people.

Between Russia and India, now as before, fundamental differences have always existed in all the aspects of social and economic structure as well as in the historical traditions of education of these peoples. Nevertheless, I am deeply convinced that there is so much power and constructive forces latent deep in the many peoples forming a single community of India that in spite of all the obstacles (*e.g.*, castes and caste prejudices) one day they should fascinate the whole mankind. No, India is not the past as Mr. Toynbee believes, she is all in the future.

I have allowed myself the liberty of this downright judgment as an eye-witness of old Russia turning into what might be called quite a new country.

War and Peace by Tolstoy is ever living in our minds also because the author, a man of genius as he was, managed to reveal in the Russian people the forces which many of his contemporaries denied the existence of. The very plot of *War and Peace*, the entire parade of characters depicted, is a very profound reflection of the historical conflict and social relations of that time. The thread of the narrative is a story about the fates of several

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[16] I. Pavlov, *Twenty-Year Experience*, 5th ed., p. 272.

The first half of the novel, up to the beginning of the Napoleonic invasion and the Patriotic War, gives a picture of Russian high society of the period, including all manner of diplomatic, political and philosophical controversies. It is, above all, a delineation of the personalities and lives of the characters.

The second half takes a different turn. The war engulfs and intermingles the lives of the characters. They flow, as it were, into the vast stream of the life of the whole people. We stand over this great stream, gazing spellbound at its separate runnels.

Tolstoy's attitude towards the transition of life in Russia from peace to the war forced on it by Napoleon deserves special mention. Tolstoy expresses his hatred of war on many pages.

At the beginning of the third volume of the novel we read: "On the twelfth of June the forces of Western Europe crossed the Russian frontier and war began, that is, an event took place opposed to human reason and to human nature. Millions of men perpetrated against one another such innumerable crimes, frauds, treacheries, thefts, forgeries, issues of false money, burglaries, incendiarisms and murders as in whole centuries are not recorded in the annals of the law courts of the world, but which those who committed them did not at the time regard as being crimes."

The people of the West moved eastwards to slay their fellow men, Tolstoy goes on to say. But he refuses, in effect, to examine the causes. The answer dissolves in a myriad of causes. The following answer cannot be called substantial: "We are forced to fall back on fatalism as an explanation of irrational events (that is to say, events the reasonableness of which we do not understand)."[17] But while Tolstoy comes to a stop before the possibility of seeking out the ultimate causes of war, there is absolute justice in one of his assertions: that wars are fought by people and not directed by separate individuals. Tolstoy had a particular dislike of the personality cult of army leaders. At the time when a regular cult of Napoleon as a historical genius deve-

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[17] *War and Peace*, Vol. III, Part I. Russian Edition.

The author himself considered *War and Peace* to be his most significant work. He wrote it from 1863 to 1869; wrote it, as he himself put it, in "unceasing and exceptional labour."[23] Tolstoy wrote the novel with tremendous enthusiasm while at the height of his physical and mental powers (he was 35 when he began work on the novel). Those were years of a big change in his life. Shortly before that he had married and settled on his estate at Yasnaya Polyana. He called them years of happy family life. He had given up, before then, his work as teacher in the school for young peasants which he had founded in his village. The 'sixties were, at the same time, years of a social upswing, a time when the question of the role of the popular masses in history was receiving particular prominence. A participant in the Crimean War and a defender of Sevastopol, Tolstoy had already then arrived at the conviction that he must bow before the silent, unconscious greatness and firmness of spirit of the Russian peasant soldier.

Dwelling in detail on various problems and aspects of the novel in his article "A Few Words About the Book *War and Peace*" (1868) Tolstoy admits that the only thing in which he let himself be carried away was in reproducing the French speech of his characters from the world of high society. At the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th, French was the language of the Russian aristocracy, and Tolstoy therefore considered it necessary to reproduce it in his book.

Tolstoy read a large number of historical material and visited the battlefields. He rewrote parts of the novel several times. Some 5,000 pages of the manuscript have survived. In the 90-volume edition of his complete works the rough drafts of *War and Peace* occupy three large volumes (13, 14 and 15), which is more than the final version of the novel itself. Tolstoy's wife, Sofia Andreyevna, his sisters, he himself, and members of the household were drawn into the tremendous work of recopying *War and Peace* from beginning to end seven times. Throughout

23 "Complete Works," Vol. XVI, p. 7. Russian Edition.

the feeling that he had gone into the depths of his Mother Earth without having told something of the greatest importance to people who lived in different parts of the world and were proud of having lived together with him.

In the late autumn of 1941, war, which he had despised with such magnificent human scorn, rolled up to that mound on the clanking treads of Guderian's tanks. The Hitlerites did not dare to touch this grave so sacred to mankind. But they desecrated it by burying about a hundred and fifty of their corpses round it. They tried to burn down Lev Tolstoy's house—and then, as if out of the earth, there arose a giant, the people Tolstoy had glorified in *War and Peace.* At first they hurled the new invaders from the west far back from the Moscow defence lines, then expelled them from their land altogether.

And now again the branches of the trees bend in the quiet over the grave of the artist and thinker, to which comes the distant hum of the people's tireless work in building a new society on earth, a free society of peace, labour and brotherhood.

In Press

War and Peace
in
Assamese and Oriya

Lev Tolstoy's 'War and Peace' is one of the thirty-six world-classics which Sahitya Akademi has taken on its programme for translation in the major languages of India. Translations in Assamese and Oriya are in press and those in other languages are under preparation.

Pasternak was anguished at thoughts of how his novel, *Doctor Zhivago,* had been made a tool in the cold war. There were many reasons for his rejection of the Nobel prize, he told me, and it was under no outside dictation that he determined on that rejection. His firm refusal to be identified with a nation-state, he explained, went wide and deep; it would apply to *any* organized government monolithic or otherwise. But he was devoted to the Russian people, his people, and could not bear the thought of separation from them. The excited children playing with snowballs, the good neighbours hard at work—how could the glare of publicity hide them from him? He complained that because of publicity he now found it hard to attain that obscurity which an artist needs if he is to be creative.

I

We talked of Pasternak's startling use of imagery, particularly apparent in his earlier poems but present also in his prose. He agreed that in his poetry there are traces of Rimbaud, of Rilke, of the strange clarity of the symbolist world, along with insights observable in Russian authors of the past who looked on the steppes and prairies and peopled their novels with thousands of characters. But the Pasternak blend, he pointed out, was his own. He insisted that he had no philosophy of art except that gained from stark experience. I reminded him of his "escape" from a philosopher's degree at Marburg, of how his curiosity bout "secondary thoughts" had made his primary thesis slip from his mind. Perhaps it was his growing into his own concept of art and otherness, his immersion in a complex interior world of his own, that in his youth protected him from collective indoctrination but at the same time separated him from direct encounter with historical change.

Pasternak explained that *Doctor Zhivago* was written "with his heart's blood." In it he was neither "proving nor attacking." His words and images were the result of "the reaction of a life to Life." His unforgettable characters depicted many types of people, with different political ideas and different personal tastes, but the drama was humanity's. Though the novel, many

again pointed out that his novel "lived beyond all that," and that it ends with light spreading over his beloved city. In the new play which he was writing, he said, he was dealing with a blind girl who regains her sight.

III

Then, dwelling on the agony of his age, Pasternak said quietly: "I could not have endured it without my discovery of Jesus, the Christ." And he added: "He came to me." I knew that his parents were of the Jewish faith—his mother a gifted musician, his father a famous painter and friend of Tolstoy. As a youth Boris Pasternak absorbed the religion of his parents, but later, on his own, he turned toward the Christ. Thereafter his outlook changed, a change revealed patricularly in his later poems. Together we read an essay by Dean Walter Muelder of Boston University that I had brought with me: "The Idea of the Responsible Society." Pasternak was struck with its reference to the eternal testimony of the community of Christ. He wrote a note for me to send to Dean Muelder: "Your splendid essay.... touches me closely and intimately. I thank you for this honour and joy. I also believe that men are united by love to God and to each other. I wish for your theological school, students and faculty alike, all that is good—success and discoveries."

In silence I walked to the waiting car which was to take me back to Moscow, whose lights were reflected on the distant skyline. As I reflected on the character of the poet whose love so obviously reached out to the entire human community, I recalled Yurii Zhivago's cry[2]:

"The nameless ones are part of me.
Children also, the trees, and stay-at-homes,
All these are victors over me—
And therein lies my sole victory."

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[2] In "The Poems of Yurii Zhivago," in *Doctor Zhivago* (Pantheon, 1958). Translated by B. G. Guerney.

marks out between the divinities of our letters Pushkin and Tchekov.

Is it I who regards as of paramount importance the good, the conformity of opinions, the union of men in their common love to God, the mutual understanding leading to peace? These are self evident and established imperative truths.... Characters like L. Tolstoi or Gandhi or Rom. Rolland or Alb. Schweitzer stand head and shoulder above me.

I donot like the general, the infinite, the pure moralistic. Works of charity are real, are something for me, works of genius are all in my eyes.

My warm wishes,
Yours
B. PASTERNAK

(2)

Peredelkino, January 30, 1960

Dear Mr Chakravarty,

In our conversation you asked me whether the prototype of the Larissa was not a poetess. Impulsively I denied it, since I assumed, you must have meant the late Marina Tsvetazeva, who is not this original person. But my quick denial included another misunderstanding which I deem my duty to correct in our particular case, because one of the best if not simply the best translation in a Russian Tagore-volume, namely that of the poem "The Clock Strikes" (I retranslate the title back from the Russian, I don't know the original name) is by Olga Ivinskaya, the woman full of selfsacrifice we spoke of, whose many features are embodied in the figure of L. along with other traits from other origins. She is an endowed poetess translatress and this is

Mountain Interval

A Visit with Robert Frost in Ripton, Vermont

Donald Junkins

Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys have long since laid down their rifles, and a modern pilgrim to northern Vermont, even on July Fourth, hears no cannon reverberating through the mountains, nor even a firecracker echoing from the towns. The shouting revolution is 183 years old, and the modern celebration of Independence Day is more quiet, more reverential. For a visit, one prefers the Covered Bridge to Fort Ticonderoga. And so we[1] chose to celebrate this holiday by a pilgrimage from Boston to visit Robert Frost in his mountain cabin in Ripton.

As our car rolled up and down and over, musky Vermont barns mellowed red beside shade elms, tractors churned across grooved fields, and birches and pines and maples moped in the summer sun. The sun greened the mountains in a warm, distant mist and dried the bundled hay in fields like brown, rectangular watermelons. We passed abandoned homes where "The mountain pushed us off her knees/ and now her lap is full of trees." We passed through the land of forest pools and woodpiles and oven birds, but also the land of home burials and hill wives and an old man's winter night. We knew our need of being versed in country things.

For the last mile up to Robert Frost's there is only one road to choose, a country dirt road. We parked our car and walked up the last few hundred yards through the high grass; he was standing full in the cabin doorway and stepped out to greet us when we came to the porch. In the distance Breadloaf Mountain looked tumblingly lazy in the early afternoon sun. His two little dogs eagerly sniffed and yipped around and then made friends, and Frost brought us inside for a friendly visit.

We asked him about his recent trip to Washington as Poetry

[1] Amiya Chakravarty and Krishna Kripalani were in this group.

heard the bullet whistle fine.' But there's a kind of British who's not John Bull at all, the kind John Bull knocked down—his name was Shelley." When someone asked him about Winston Churchill, he said, "He's more of a cross between John Bull and Shelley. More like a Gibbon."

Three of our party were from India, and when 'translation' was mentioned, Frost said, "Tagore was a translator of his own thoughts, and that diminishes them. There is a difficulty of getting exact words and phrases." He talked about translations of the *Odyssey*. I read the *Odyssey* twice in Greek with the idea of rubbing it into myself. Well, Greek and Latin are dead languages, that's what it means. And every generation has to translate it. Gilbert Murray is going out; Ezra hated it from the beginning. And Edith Hamilton's is too ladylike. I saw one of my poems translated into Spanish and then back into English. It was something. I say, 'Translation—oh, ruining some more poetry!' But you sit back and let them do it; it's an honour to be translated. I have one here done in Japanese. Chances are it's remote from me; maybe it's better. I don't know."

Cookies were passed around but Frost declined. "At banquets where I have to take part, I don't eat a thing. I find a lonely hall to walk up and down. A doctor friend came after me one night and said, 'Are you all right, Robert?' I told him yes. 'Do you need company?' No, I was trying to get away from it." And when we asked him about his health, he said, "When you're sickly when you are young, you grow out of it. Till I was nearly forty I was delicate. When I came home in 1915 from England I was still delicate and I still had some symptoms. It was fortunate that way; when I was young I escaped all education. They couldn't teach me at home. I was like India"; (joking with the Indian members of our party) "I hadn't been put in order. I came East and went to a country school. Becase of the recesses and noon hour, I wouldn't miss a day afraid I'd miss something. Then I got going and got my pride up about doing well."

We asked him when he wrote his first poem. "The same year I read my first book through: the second year in high school. My

"Then I worked in a mill, but I didn't try to get along. There were those who favoured me but I didn't bite. One day they wanted me to come into the glass office; when I wouldn't they got mad at me. Then one afternoon, a sea-captain friend of my father's came to see me and save me from myself. He found me with my shoes off, blowsy, hair uncombed, reading. He was disgusted and went away; I never saw him again. He wanted to take me to sea.

"Once in a while when I thought how poor we were, I thought I ought to write a big novel and sell it. I wrote half a chapter. Poetry, though, you could call my 'indulgence.' It was my weakness; I couldn't let it alone. I thought about plays, but it was all poetry. I have none of that feeling that poetry is at variance with business and things. Poetry is inclusive of all. But then, everybody thinks that theirs is inclusive. I heard a young thing the other day tell me anthropology included it all.

"Back in those days I didn't see the way; I didn't know what you did. I just wrote poems when they came into my head. And of course you get more self-conscious about it. When I went to England I had never thought of a book, but I put them into a certain order. I avoided the big publishers; I wanted to be tried. David Nutt publishers took it. As soon as that succeeded, I didn't have to write another book—I had another book. Then the war came and we came home.

"But there in England there were six of us; we made the trip to and from, were gone three years. We lived those three years on $3600; lived in one house and had chickens. We paid fifty dollars a year rent for that ancient house, an old keeper's house three or four hundred years old. Even the stove was an inconvenience. First I lived near London, then I wanted to get away from the social part of literature. The country got me away from Ezra too. They all used to meet once a week and rewrite each others poems. I told Ezra, 'It sounds like a parlor game.' Pound said, 'We squeeze the water out of our poems.'" Jokingly, Frost said, "I told him I was a *serious* artist. When Ezra read *North of Boston,* he said to me, 'What your're trying to write is

liked my things. There's something there in Ezra, something of the friend. Something of the troubadour in him.

"The first time I saw Tagore was in London; Ezra gave me the ticket. Tagore gave a reading to a very meagre audience; he wasn't known then. After, I met him at Williamstown and talked with him against the British, who know as well as can be you got to belong to the land that belongs to you. And I told them. When I mentioned the American Revolution, they said to me, 'You fell off unripe; the rest are ripening off.'"

We asked Frost about the title of his next book and he said, "'The Great Misgiving' is when you pile up material you won't get the meaning into; a doctor's thesis that you can't make meaning enough. That's what I think you mean by the fear of God: the fear that God isn't in it."

One of us mentioned space travel to the moon. "I hope if they go they won't come back with a terrible travelogue. You see," (to the Indian members of our party) "we were brought up on the nursery rhyme, 'The cow jumped over the moon.' Oh, they can get as scientific as they want about the material universe. I object to getting scientific about spiritual things. You look at an ameba and think it's one thing, but it's cloudy inside and then another ameba comes along with another self and it needs a psychiatrist. If we go to those other planets, all we'll have is what we take with us—our own lunch."

The late afternoon sun was softening on the Green Mountain National Forest and it was time to leave. From inside the little screened-in porch we looked out over the high golden grass and heard the shrill, sizzling noises of summer. The dogs were again skittering about, and there was no place for any forced emotion. We had come and had been here and now were leaving. But one cannot be with Robert Frost without feeling a deep sense of humanity. He is of Promethean temper and one can only be grateful for him: kind, wise, gentle. He walked with us through the grass and led the way, single-file, down to the car. And we said good-bye. On the way home we drove through towns held

The Black Girl in Search of God

Navakant Barua

God
came down from a Negro drama
with a costly cigar between his teeth
and muttered in a drawl:
"Let there be light!"

The scratch of the match put the spring ablaze...
    flower and blood and green darkness
    of the forest...
    time is dead
    and the death-absorbing poison of the blue...
    the black satin skin of our sweet hearts...
    the saffron desire of the matted manes
    of the golden lion...
    child of the sun
    whose nerves are painted with death...
flower and blood and the hibernation of the dry sand.

O Africa, pregnant with a new creation.

Here,
our wings flutter in the way the storm passes
light, where is the light?
Alas, history.

Translated from Assamese by the author.

Isolate

Anil

darkling night
a fringe of sea
a lone myself –
fallen breeze
avoiding gaze
unknown, unnamed
a setting star

a languid quiver
in listless waters
mingling black with blue
froth and foam
a tale of stress
to grains of sand
confide

none heeds the other presence
looks on, does not see
hears but listens not
none conscious, self-aware

a moment void
devoid of cognition
for sounding deeps
within

an expanse unattached
and me
an isolate

Translated from Marathi by Kusumavati Deshpande,
from the poem 'Tatastha.'

For I know Visvakarma[1] despises idleness.
God is labour's friend. This I know is true.
I do not understand the shastras; I know no theories.
With one who calls you constantly
You may well be angry. Will you keep awake
Just to listen to my flattery?
As compassion in the human heart
You will be where the starving sick
Lie weeping beside the road, rolling in the dust,
And you yourself will nurse them.
The oppressed peasant beseeches you
With tears. You are the king of all
And give your ear to the prayers of each of the afflicted.
I will not weary you with worry
For my sake. Work is life. Work is duty.
With my work I worship you.
For I know no theories; I am ignorant.
But I do know that you belong to the worker.
This is the truth.

Translated from Oriya by Lila Ray.

[1] God in the aspect of Lord of Labour.

The Earth is Ours

[Title-deeds in India were, for a long time, written on palmyra-leaf with a sharp iron stylus. In this verse the poet imagines the king's elephant as a novel scribe with more novel writing material. This is taken from *Muttollaayiram,* a few verses of which are fortunately preserved in *Purathirattu,* an anthology compiled during the middle period of Tamil literature.]

With its tusks
For writing stylus,
And the broad, fair chests
of enemy kings
For scrolls to write on,
The war-elephant
Of Maran makes it clear:
'This earth entire,
Fertile and fair,
Is ours indeed.'
For Maran wields a mighty spear
Whose blade is like a leaf.

Translated from Tamil by P. N. Appuswami.

1. "O the Sky-god, O the Earth-mother, O the brother Flame and all the 'vasus', make us full of bliss. O the sons of Aditi and Aditi Yourself, be united to make us plentiful. (R.V., 6-51-15; the hymn has been incorporated into the 'Antistrophe' of the first Chorus.)

2. "We extol the Many-named Adityadeva who moves everywhere with his brilliant pair of wings. Remaining essentially one, he becomes many and therefore is extolled as Agni, Yama and Matarisva alike. (R.V., 1-164-46; a part hereof has been used in the beginning of the sixth Chorus.)

3. "O the gods, render our sacrifice efficacious. Let the Adityas give us possession of palatial buildings. Humbly we are asking Fire to attend to our beasts, children, grandchildren and this lease of life. (R.V., 10-35-12; assigned to Tiresius, perturbed with the premonition of the foreboding catastrophe.)

4. "Agnideva should cure this dead body of all its wounds, because this body has been mutilated by crows, vultures, ants, snakes and ferocious beasts.

"O Earth, please do not torture this dead body, but give him honour instead. Bestow luxury and enchanting temptations on him. Wrap him with motherly affection." (R.V., 10-16-6 and 10-18-11; these *mantras* are to be uttered in the background, when Polynices's dead body has been put on the funeral pyre.)

Zeus in course of time, evolved into Jupiter who is equivalent to Brhaspati. Besides, there is one more reason of infusing the tristubha-stotra relating to Brhaspati into the first Chorus. The Choral Ode begins with the nervous after-image of a war and in this ode it is not the sun but the sunrays which have been referred to. Furthermore, it should be taken into account that the bond of singers cannot praise the sun directly as the devastating impact of the war is still lingering on their minds. Incidentally, there is also a tradition that Brhaspati, as Devaguru, can appear in any shape he likes and that in any part of night. He, therefore, has been introduced first in order of associative

that the above-mentioned coins point to the aforementioned affinity between Hellenic and Indian gods. In the first coin Zeus is akin to Indra and in the second coin his attitude toward Pallas, the City-goddess, reminds us of many such similar Indian eikons of amoretti gods with their goddesses. This search for similarity is not for transubstantiation, but for the sake of translation. The gods of Greek Pantheon have evolved from one stage to other assuming new colours from time to time. Uranus, for instance, gave way to Cronos, who again in his turn yielded place to Zeus. And not quite dissimilar is the transmigratory evolution of the Indian gods. Beginning from the Vedic antiquities down to the puranic era, our gods and goddesses had been all the time renewing and rehabilitating themselves. And that is why they could have been equally accessible to radically opposite religious sects. This similitude has made it possible for me to correlate Vishnu, Aditya or some kindred gods to Zeus. It may be remembered in this connection that Vishnu in the Vedas was equated with Aditya, the Sun-god, and some such striking likeness have allowed me to associate Indra and Atanu with Ares and Eros, respectively. But certainly we have not strained everywhere to thrust Indian synonyms on all the Greek deities.

Action (ergon) and dialogue (mythos) are equally important and they are reciprocal in a Greek drama. The element of Chorus, furthermore, is essential because it unites them. In the dramas like *The Supplices* or *The Eumenides,* we have only to concentrate on the Choral Odes which are responsible for the organic unity. Sophocles is very particular about the composition of Choral Odes and his odes, in that respect, compare to Rabindranath's *Muktadhara,* where the followers of Bhairaba and Baul enliven the episodical interest with songs. "The Chorus directly assist the progress.... thus in *Antigone* the subjects of the six Choral Odes are, the past peril of Thebes from the Argive allies of Polynices; the power of love as shown by Haemon's intercession; the prison of Danaee, Lycurgus and Cleopatra as compared with the rock-tomb which awaits Antigone; and the beneficences of Dionysus, whom the Chorus, in a brief gloom of delusive hope, summon to share the anticipated joy of his favourite Thebes. Each of these six themes has a direct

dying words) is one of the attractions of *Antigone* and while translating this type of dialogues, I have found that Letters is justified in his assessment concerning Sophoclean language.

As regards the number of lines, I have not exceeded those of the original except in one or two instances where the problem of precision has impelled me. Greek names of places and persons, unless cacophony disturbs, have been retained in tact.

The drama ends with a Choral Ode consisting only of six lines. Formerly I inserted some Rigvedic hymns (2-62-10, 1-94-7, and 8-60-30) in order to heighten the latent effect of those laconic lines. The chief inspiration behind this insertion was perhaps my preoccupation with Rabindranath, the spirit of India. His *Muktadhara* can again be remembered in this connection. In *Antigone* there is a coercion between two almost equipollent ethical values, as there is in *Muktadhara*. Moreover the Catharsis after Abhijit's death needs the ode of the followers of Bhairaba to sublimate the effect of awe. We find a similar device in *Natir-puja*: The intercommunicating songs of Sreemati and those of the Bhikshu gradually merge into Ratnavali's Buddha Sarana mantra which brings about a pacifying atmosphere at the end. But this design will be alien to a Greek tragedy where there is stroke after stroke, torture following torture, and there is no scope of transmuting the horror of catastrophe into general emotion (Santa Rasa). Seneca cleverly isolated the chorus to avoid its interference into the dramatic design. Sophocles did not do so, but the necessity of dramatic stress is solely responsible for such lack of words in the concluding portion of *Antigone*. After going through the last short scene of Racine's *Athalia* (5/8) I have omitted those three *RV* Mantras from the Bengali translation. After all, translation is not adaptation.

The experience of a translator is not that of renovation but of recognition. He has to stand *vis-a-vis* with, to quote Rabindranath, 'a personal reality, belonging to all time and place in the human world.' While translating *Antigone*, the present translator also discovers that the Sophoclean sense of Reality can still acclimatize itself with the India of the mid-twentieth century.

is not so very, very tasty! But I'm on the run again, this time after a bigger carrot. You have joined the race too. You are luckier. You will not have to wait so long. But in the last analysis the game is the same. It is not one's due. It is fascination."

Atanu was new to his job. What did he know! He dared not argue with a man so much older. Though comfortably seated in the chair beside Bardhan he felt ill at ease. Now and then he straightened himself and sat up as he listened. He listened attentively. They had both halted for the night at the Dak bungalow and were dining together.

"Look at Charu Saday Dutta. What an insult! Demoted from a Commissioner to a Magistrate. As if that was not enough he was transferred from Mymensingh to Birbhum! I would have taken my pension that very day if it had been me."
"His patriotism," said Atanu dejectedly, " was objectionable."

Bit by bit Bardhan told him the story of his life and his dream of the future. His interests had been wide and varied in his youth. One by one he had been forced to shelve them by successive and troublesome transfers from one place to another. One cannot live as one likes without settling down somewhere! First one must settle down. At one address.

He had already purchased a bit of land near Barrackpore. A plot of five bighas. He had built a small bungalow. He could extend the bungalow later. This was as much as could be done from a distance. His presence on the spot was necessary for the rest. He planned to cultivate flowers and sell them in the Calcutta market, a hobby he hoped to make self-supporting. He had read any number of books on gardening. And he wanted, side by side with his programme for growing flowers, to keep bees. He had also studied books on bee-keeping. Proceeds from the sale of honey would cover the cost of keeping the bees.

And he would have a laboratory, a scientific laboratory where

individual. They live in flocks so all is neither known nor said about them."

Atanu agreed. What a wonderful idea! An aviary.
"And fish," Bardhan went on. "We know only how to catch them, how to eat them. There is no unselfish interest in fish. A fish is a living creature just as man is. How will we ever understand why the mysterious life force takes the form of a fish in water and the form of a man on dry land unless we study fish from day to day, watch them, learn to know them from infancy. The fish is the first *avatar*, the original *avatar*, but where is there a temple dedicated to fish? Malik, if it were left to you, what would you do?"
Mallik had become Malik. An anglicisation. "Fishery," he answered.

"No, no, no!" Bardhan let the stem of his pipe drop as he lifted both hands to touch his brow. "Not a fishery!" he exclaimed. "I like to grow flowers, not fish. I am a vegetarian."
"Then what—?" a word hung on the tip of Atanu's tongue, a Latin word. It refused to drop off.

"Aquarium!" Bardhan said it and laughed. It pleased him to be able to tell off a man educated in England. Just see, the fellow did not know what an aquarium is!
"Grand! Grand!" Atanu exclaimed as he wondered to himself how Bardhan had guessed the word he was looking for. "If I could, I'd join you," he said. "Plants and birds and fish! The stars above! What more do you need?"

"I need some one to join me! How much can I see to myself? But I shall not ask you to be my colleague. You have a brilliant future ahead of you. Malik, whenever you feel like it take a couple of months off and come to visit me. Don't hesitate. I need the companionship of my fellow men."

"Why? Your family?" Atanu was on the point of asking the question but he checked himself. Bardhan had never introduced him to his wife even though Atanu had left two cards at their

from Midnapore to Noakhali and from Noakhali to Dinajpore! Let the children reach school age. You'll have to take them out of school in the middle of the term. All this is yet to be for you, Malik. All yet to be. Your top will not stop spinning for another twenty-two or twenty-three years. You won't get your pension before then."

Atanu looked at him closely. He was the same person but he had an air of dejection. He seemed to wish to tell Atanu something but he could not bring himself to do it. He was a grave man by nature. Atanu also did not have the courage to question a man twice his age about his private life.

"How long will it be before you are made a Divisional Commissioner?" Atanu finally managed to ask as they made their way into the living room, seated themselves and lit cigarettes.

"Are you crazy? Me a Commissioner?" Bardhan showed no pleasure. He was pessimistic. "Only one officer from our service cadre is made a Commissioner. Barrett has become one. I don't know what they saw in him. Perhaps it was his colour." It sounded like a lament. After running after the carrot all his life he had discovered that it was beyond his reach. Bardhan was an ass.

"A rotten old Commissioner's job!" Atanu tried to console him. "Who is sorry to miss it? Throw a stick at it and quit. That's what I would do. When you have a garden house like yours what do you care? You qualified for your pension long ago."

"I wanted to resign," Bardhan said, "but the Chief Secretary slapped me on the back and said, 'Bardhan, don't take it to heart. I'll make you an Excise Commissioner.' I said, 'Thanks very much but an Excise Commissioner is no more a Commissioner than a cockroach is a bird. Permit me to go with honour. I realise that under your administration a white skin gets preference. In what other way is Barrett more qualified than I am?' "

Atanu felt pained, not only for him, but for all Indians. "Don't

as bad. There was no place for him to stay. He was permitted to put up temporarily in the Circuit House but he had to share it with a Gurkha regiment. There was a constant probability of insult being offered to his family. And before three months had passed he was politely asked to move out. "Nobody is permitted to stay in the Circuit House more than three months," the Nazir said. Stated bluntly, he was thrown out by the neck.

Another transfer enabled him to escape from the situation, a transfer after only a three months' posting. In the new station he was again without a place to stay. Quarters allotted to an officer on leave were lent him temporarily but when the officer concerned returned he was told to take shelter under a tree. If a bare acquaintance had not invited him to put up with them at that moment he would literally have been on the street. He, his wife, his infant son. Later a house was found for them, with a great deal of effort.

He remembered Bardhan in his trouble. He remembered what Bardhan had said. But they were not in touch with each other. And how long had he known him after all! Government officials do not remember each other. Had Bardhan remembered Atanu? Bardhan was living a new life now. Why should he look back at the official life which, like the skin of a snake, he had cast behind him?

Atanu met Bardhan again nearly six years later. Bardhan was back in a job though not a Government job. He was working for a wealthy landowner. The landowner was a good man. He left the management of the estate to Bardhan and lived in Benares. Bardhan was all in all. Whatever he wished to do was done. He had opened a hospital for the tenants and taken other measures for their welfare. He had arranged for the distribution of fertilizer, for the storage of seeds. He allotted the lands. As for education, he had little faith in it. Once a boy learns to read and write he takes a dislike to ploughing. Educated peasants threaten to abolish landed estates. The school had remained as before.

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children had left him earlier. His wife's turn came. She went to live with her daughter in Calcutta. A grandson provided an excuse.

He was losing his self-confidence. He felt most depressed after his wife left. With whom was he to spend his life? Was his life his alone? Did it not also belong to his nearest and dearest? He worried so much he fell ill. His wife brought him to Calcutta. In Calcutta watch was kept over him.

Like other pensioners he went for an outing to the lakes twice a day and chatted with the others. Since they had retired, they said, the government no longer functioned properly. Who was there to run it? Is administration a job for toddlers? Can goats thresh paddy? Look at all those Muslims in high positions! Had Sirajuddoula come back? Or Mirjafar? If only somebody had consulted them! They were no more effective than ghosts even though they were alive!

Bardhan also would have become a thing of the past in a short time if the Board of Revenue had not unexpectedly sent for him. Would he be willing to accept the responsibility of administering an estate which the Court of Wards did not wish to take over? He thought about it. There was a debt of twelve lakhs. Part of the estate was in the United Provinces, part in Bihar, part in Orissa and part in Assam. The remainder was in Bengal. He would have to be on the move fifteen days of the month. There was still hope of saving the estate if it fell into the hands of a competent manager. But Bardhan would not work as a subordinate of the Board nor would he work under the Commissioner or the Collector.

In the end an agreement was reached. Bardhan took charge on his own terms. He was given a house and a car in Calcutta free. His head office was in Calcutta. In its size and furnishings, in the number of clerks and orderlies, the office outshone the office of the Commissioner at Charnock Place. Within a year Bardhan had plugged all wasteful leakages and corrected the minutest failings of the management. Savings began to grow. The debt

To Atanu what he said sounded like an outbreak of grief. Atanu suffered with him. He wanted to give Bardhan hope. What hope could he give him? "Is there no way out?" he asked distractedly.

"What can be done? No, there is no way out." Bardhan gave up, "If there were would I have to run about from Ghazipur to Hajipur, from Jangipur to Rangipur? I would settle down somewhere, a place that would be my address. Half of my time I spend in Calcutta, looking after the work of the Head Office. If I don't watch them they'll malinger, they'll steal. Don't imagine that I'm held here by the attraction of the city," and he added, lowering his voice, "or my family."

Atanu suggested, "Come home with me. Let's lunch together." "Not today," Bardhan was moved, "Some other time. Please give my greetings to your wife."

The next day he called. He stayed only a few minutes. A meal could not be fitted into his programme this trip. He promised to dine the next time he came. "We shall enjoy ourselves the way we used to do," he said.
As Atanu walked with him to his car that day he asked, "Is there nothing to which you can look forward?"

He thought for a moment and said, "Why not? This is just the beginning. A grandson has arrived. A granddaughter is on the way. *They have to be brought up. A job must be found for* him, a marriage arranged for her. There'll be no let up in my labour if I live for another twenty years. When I die, I'll die in harness like a horse!"

The car drove off, taking Bardhan away. In Atanu's hand was left the strong pressure of his grip. Bardhan was old but he played tennis with the force of a young man. Although Atanu fought hard he lost the game to him. Bardhan won.

Atanu had not the slightest doubt that a man so strong would easily live another twenty years. But his life would not be the

Tibetan Studies[1]

Rahula Sankrityayana

Introductory

Tibetan is one of the 400 different dialects coming under the Sino-Tibetan group of languages, and being nearest to the Burmese, belongs to the Tibeto-Burman branch of the Sino-Tibetan. In spite of the large area of Tibet which till recently was an unknown country, the number of the Tibetan-speaking people is less than three millions, including even those who live in Nepal and the Indian Himalayas. The cultural value of the Tibetan language is great, inasmuch as thousands of very important Indian works, of which the originals have been lost, are still preserved only in Tibetan. In Tibet proper, Tibetan is spoken by 1.2 million people, while 1.6 million Tibetans live in Eastern Tibet (Kham) and Chinghai-Kansu provinces. Among the five main Tibetan dialects, viz., (1) Standard (central) Tibetan, (2) Amdo (Tangut), (3) Kham, (4) Ladakh and (5) Balti, the Amdo dialect was the first to be used for literary purposes, although for a very limited scope. The Tanguts in Amdo were the first to open the door for feudalism, while it was left to the Tibetans of the lower Tsang-po valley to establish a full-fledged feudal monarchy.

The message of the Shakyamuni reached Tibet, a next door neighbour to India, only after A.D. 640, although it had reached China in A.D. 80, Korea in A.D. 372 and even Japan in A.D. 538, the reason for this being that the Tibetan people were then still in a nomadic tribal stage. It was the young conqueror of Tsethang, Srong-tsan-sgam-po, who first united the whole of the

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[1] We are grateful to the distinguished and versatile Indian scholar, Sri Rahula Sankrityayana, for his learned article, written at our request, reviewing the position of Tibetan studies. As the original article was a little too long for this journal, we requested Dr V. V. Gokhale of the Department of Tibetan Studies, Delhi University, to edit it for us. We are grateful to him for having done so and for having added a paragraph at the end, relating to the development of these studies in India.—*Ed.*

mage to India. The last of the Lo-tsa-ba's (translators) was Nga-bang-phun-tshog-lhun-grub, who was sent to India for Sanskrit studies by the fifth Dalai Lama, Lob-sang-rgya-mtsho (1617-1682). Lhun-grub translated "Prakriyakaumudi" (a commentary on Panini by Ramachandra) into Tibetan with the help of Gokulanatha and Balabhadra Mishra in 1658. He also translated the 'Saraswata' grammar in A.D. 1665.

EXTANT WORKS

There are 4,464 Indian works translated into Tibetan, of which the total number of stanzas in the *anustubh* metre comes to about 2.57 millions, as follows:

(1) *Bkah-hgyur:*

	Subject	*Tohoku No.*	*Books*	*Volumes*	*Metres*
1.	Vinaya	1—7	7	13	1,00,000
2.	Prajnaparamita	8—43	36	21	1,82,000
3.	Vaipulya Sutras	44	1	4	36,000
4.	Ratnakuta Sutras	45—93	49	6	30,000
5.	Other Sutras	94—359	260	32	1,82,000
6.	Tantras	360—827	469	20	1,43,000
7.	Other Tantras	828—844	17	3	22,000
8.	Kalacakra	845	1	1	1,000
9.	Dharanis	846—1108	263	2	13,000
			1,103	102	7,09,000

(2) *Bstan-hgyur:*

	Subject	*Tohoku No.*	*Books*	*Volumes*	*Metres*
1.	Stotras	1109–1179	71	1	6,000
2.	Tantra-Tika	1180–3785	2606	78	5,80,000
3.	Prajna-Tika	3786–3823	38	16	1,14,000
4.	Madhyamaka	3824–3980	157	17	13,000
5.	Sutra-Tika	3981-4019	39	10	70,000
6.	Vijnana-vada	4020-4085	66	16	1,06,000
7.	Abhidharma-Tika	4086–4103	18	11	79,000

from the Altai to the Volga, while during the same time, the Russians were making the whole of Siberia upto the Pacific their own. From time to time there were clashes between the two powers; but China became interested in checking rather the Zungar (kalmuk) expansion than the other one, and ultimately it was China, that crushed the last nomad empire in 1757.

The second Kalmuk Khan Batur-thaichi (1634-'53) was the first to have closer contacts with the Russians in Siberia. He not only united all the Kalmuks into one single state, but it was with his help, that the Khosat chief, Gushi Khan, was able to offer a united Tibet to the Fifth Dalai Lama, the first ruling Dalai Lama of Tibet. During this period, the Russian and the Mongol envoys were meeting each other and the Russian and the Mongolian languages were being used for their correspondence. This was the time, when the Russians inspired by Peter the Great had begun to take interest in scientific inquiries. Peter's ambassador, Williamov, gave the Czar's letter to Rab-tan, the fifth Khan of the Kalmuks in the spring of 1718. In this very year, the Russians built the fort of Semiplatinsk on the bank of the Irtish upon the ruins of a Buddhist monastery. While digging the foundations some religious books were found, which represented the first Tibetan manuscripts ever sent to Europe. In their expansion to the East, the Russians became the overlords of the Buryat (Mongol) territory alongside of the Lake Baikal. The Buryat lamas being well versed in the Tibetan literature, no difficulty was found in deciphering the documents mentioned above, but it took some time before systematic studies could be started. Thus it was in Russia, that modern studies in Tibetan Buddhism and literature began in the middle of the eighteenth century. An excerpt of a letter, received recently from Dr Roerich, throwing some further light on this subect, is reproduced below:-

Moscow,
20-2-60.

Dear Friend,
Many thanks for your letter of the 16th instant. In the XVII century Tibetan was used in diplomatic correspondence between

print translations of the Bible in many Indian languages and dialects. Although it was many years since Fredric C. G. Schroeter had compiled a Dictionary of the Bhotanta language, it had remained unpublished till Cary took it up for editing and printing it. It was helpful in translating the Bible into Tibetan. The East India Company had then enunciated a forward policy in respect of Tibet, and British emmisaries were traversing Tibetan territories including Ladakh. They might have made use of the above-mentioned dictionary and grammar, although the general effect of that publication has not been ascertained.

(i) *Alexander Csoma de Koros*: This great Hungarian savant was the father of modern Tibetology. He came to the East in search of the original home of his people. There was no doubt that the Magyars (Hungarians) had come from the East, but their ancestral identity could not be easily established. Attila's Huns were descendents of ancient Hun nomads, against whom the Chinese built their Great Wall. From his childhood Csoma had heard, that the forefathers of Magyars had come from the East, and yet the modern Hungarian language has the least similarity with the Hunnish language. In their physiognomy also, the present Magyars have no Mongoloid features; they look like any other Balkan people.

In 1819, Csoma decided to go to the East, but wanting to know something about it before he ventured out, he first went to Gottingen in Germany, which was then becoming the centre of studies in Orientology. After some study, he went to Croatia, to Constantinople and lastly to Alexandria (Egypt), where he learnt some Arabic. Then he took the caravan route to Aleppo and Baghdad. In the winter of 1820-'21, he was in Teheran, and in January 1822, he crossed the Bamian Pass. Through the Khyber he entered Ranjit Singh's dominion and reached Lahoul in the March of the same year. Now his goal was the Tibetan-speaking Ladakh, which was still independent. There was no difficulty in entering Kashmir, because it was a part of the Sikh Kingdom. He reached Leh in the month of June (1822), where he met the famous explorer Moorcraft, who gave him a Tibetan-English Dictionary compiled by a Catholic priest a century ago.

SECOND PERIOD (1860-1900)

(i) *Heinrich August Jaschke*: After Csoma this missionary scholar contributed substantially to Tibetan studies. Jaschke and Francke (see no. xi below) were both stationed in Ladakh and they fully utilised their time for Tibetological studies. Like Csoma, Jaschke wrote both a Dictionary and a Grammar. His Tibetan-English Dictionary is so important that it was reprinted in London in 1934. Some of his other writings are: (1) Ueber das tibetische Lautsystem, (BAW, 1860, Pp. 257-279); (2) Ueber die ostliche Aussprache des Tibetischen im Vergleich zu der fruher behandelten Westlinchen (BAW, 1865, Pp. 441-454); (3) Ueber die phonetik der tibetischen Sprache (BAW, 1867, Pp. 148-182); (4) Handworterbuch der tibetischen Sprache, (Gnadau, 1871-1876, Pp. xx+671); (5) Tibetan Grammar, (Reprinted, Berlin, 1929, Pp. vi+161).

(ii) *A. Schiefner* (1877): This Russian scholar worked on various grammatical problems, e.g., (1) Tibetische Studien, Bull. Acad. St. Petersburg, Vol. viii, (1851), col. 212-222, 259-272, 292-305, 333-334, 337-352; (2) Buddhistische Triglotte, d.h., Sanskrit-Tibetisch-Mongolisches Worterverzeichnis, St. Petersberg, 1859; (3) Ueber Pluralbezeichnungen im Tibetischen, Mem. Acad. Sci., St. Petersburg, VIIe Series, Vol. 25 (1877), No. 1, Pp. 5-17.

(iii) *Belai Szechenvi* (1877): As Csoma's compatriot, he was the last Hungarian Tibetologist of the 19th century. During 1877 and 1880, he published "Die wissenschaftlichen Ergennisse der Reise des Grafen Bela Szechenyi in Ostasien" (Vienna, 1899), Pp. 420-426. He also compared the data compiled from various Tangut (i.e. Eastern Tibetan) dialects with words from the Vocabularies of Przhevalskii (See below) and Klaproth.

(iv) *N. M. Przhevalskii* (1880): This greatest Russian explorer of the nineteenth century travelled through Central Asia and Tibet. His "Mongolia i Strana Tongutov" is a mine of information on Tanguts (Amdo) and Mongols. (New Edition, Moscow

dakhi Songs, Leh (1899-1903); (5) A collection of Ladakhi proverbs, JASB. Vol. 69 (1900), Pp. 135-148; (6) The Ladakhi pre-Buddhist marriage ritual, IA. Vol. 30 (1901), Pp. 131-149 (also songs); (7) A Ladakhi bon-po hymnal, *ibid*, Pp. 359-364; (8) The Paladins of the Kesar-Saga, JASB. Vol. 2 (n.s.) (1906), Pp. 467-490; *ibid.*, Vol. 3 (1907), Pp. 67-77, 261-319, 321-388; (9) Ten ancient historical songs from Western Tibet, I.A. Vol. 38 (1909), Pp. 57-68; (10) Wa.tse'i. sgruns, Fuchsgeschichten, erzahlt von Dkon.mchog.bkra.shis, aus Ka-la-tse (Asia Major, Vol. 2(1925), Pp. 408-432); (11) Buddhistische Volkslieder aus Ladakh, Mii. Sem. Or.Spr., Vol. 30, pt. 1(1927), Pp. 111-122+ map; (12) Tibetische Lieder aus dem Gebiet des ehemaligen West-Tibetischen Konigsreiches, Mitt. Sem. Or. Spr., Vol. 34 (1931), pt. 1, Pp. 93-136; (13) Die historischen und mythologischen Erinnerungen der Lahouler, (hectographed) 1907; Pp. 23; (14) Some more rock-carvings from Lower Ladakh, IA. Vol. 32 (1903), Pp. 361-363+3 pts; (15) Similarity of the Tibetan to the Kashgar-Brahmi alphabet, Mem. ASBI. No. 3 (1905) Pp. 43-45+pts. II-VI; (16) The Kingdom of Gnys. khri. tsan. po, the first king of Tibet, JASB. (1910), Pp. 93-99 (17) Notes on Sir A. Stein's collection of Tibetan documents from Chinese Turkistan, JRAS. (1914) Pp. 37-59; (18) A language map of West Tibet, wtih Notes and Plate, JASB, Vol. 73 (1904).

(xi) *William Woodville Rockhill* (1893): American Tibetologist, who travelled in the Kham (Eastern Tibet) province and wrote "The Land of the Lamas", New York, (1891).

(xii) *Gabriel Deveria* (1896): The interest of this French scholar in the Hsi Hsia dynasty is shown by his article: "L'Ecriture du Royaume Si-Hia ou Tangout", Acad.d.Inscr.et B.L., Paris 1898, (Vol. 2, pt. 1).

(xiii) *A. Desgodins* (1899): He wrote: Dictionnaire-Thibetain-Latin-Francais, Hong-Kong (1899), Pp. 12+1091.

By the end of the nineteenth century, Tibetan studies were far advanced. Russian, German, French and English scholars were in the field. Many grammars and dictionaries had been pub-

The Language of the Hsi-hsia, J. Sinological, I (1923) Pp. 675-686 (in Chinese).

(v) *L. A. Waddell* (1910): He accompanied the British Military Mission to Lhasa and was one of the first Englishmen to see the capital of Lamaism with his own eyes. He published an article on ancient historical edicts at Lhasa, JRAS. (1910) Pp. 1247-1282. He also wrote a popular book on Lhasa and the British adventure.

(vi) *Lobzang Mingyur and E. Dennison Ross* (1911): They published a Matriculation Course in Classical Tibetan (Calcutta, 1911), which show that the British Government was encouraging Tibetan studies in the Indian schools.

(vii) *John van Manen* (1919): As Secretary of the Bengal Asiatic Society, he was interested in Tibetan Studies, and wrote many articles and a Grammar of Tibetan. One of his articles on Tibetan literature was severely criticised by the brilliant Russian scholar, Vostrikov. Manen also edited "Minor Tibetan Texts" (Bibliotheca Indica), New Series, No. 1426; Calcutta, 1919.

(viii) *Kazi Dawa Samdup* (1919): His "English-Tibetan Dictionary" is the only dictionary of its kind.

(ix) *Max Walleser* (1926): This great German Indologist passed away in Heidelberg in 1954. He wrote: Zur Aussprache des Sanskrit und Tibetischen, Heidelberg, 1926.

(x) *Nicolas Nevsky* (1926): He is known for his "A Brief Mannual of the Si-Hia Characters with Tibetan transcriptions" (Res. Review of the Osaka Asiatic Society, No. 4 (1926)—Rev. by Paul Pelliot, TP. 24 (1926) Pp. 399-403.

(xi) *Boris Vladimirtsov* (1926): A brilliant pupil of Stcherbatsky, died very early as the youngest Academician. He wrote: (1) O Tibetsko Mongolskom slovare Li.sihi.gur.khan, (Doklady Akademii Nauk USSR, Ser.B. Leningrad, 1926, Pp. 27-30; (2)

nantal finals of Si-hia, as evidenced by their Chinese and Tibetan transcriptions, JRAS (1934); (5) Specimen of a Khambu dialect from Dilpa, Nepal, JRAS (1933), Pp. 845-856; (6) Notes on the Gyaron dialect of Eastern Tibet, TP. Vol. 32 (1936), Pp. 167-204; (7) On certain alterations between dental finals in Tibetan and Chinese, JRAS (1936), Pp. 401-416; (8) Concerning the variation of final consonants in the word-families of Tibetan, Kachin and Chinese, JRAS. (1957), Pp. 625-655; (9) Concerning the origin of Tibetan brgyad and Chinese *pwat* =eight, TP. Vol. 34(1939), Pp. 165-173.

(xv) *Johannes Rahder* (1928): He edited the Dasabhumika-Sutra and also a Glossary of the same, Buddhica, Documents, Vol. I (Paris, 1928), Pp. vii+202.

(xvi) *Enga Teramoto* (1929): The Japanese scholar, who wrote: (1) Chibettogo Bumpa (Tibetan Grammar in Japanese), 1929; (2) Dokoshu Jitsungo Chibetto Bunten (Practical Tibetan Grammar), 1940.

(xvii) *Johannes Schubert* (1928): He wrote in German the "Tibetische National-Grammatik", Mitt. Sem. Or. Spr. 31 (1928), I-59, 32 (1929), Pp. 1-54.

(xviii) *Jacqes Bacot* (1928): The greatest French Tibetologist, who wrote: (1) Les Mo-so. Ethnographie des Mo-so, leur religions, Leur Langue at leur Ecriture, (Leiden, 1913); (2) Les Slokas Grammaticaux de Thonmi Sambhota, avec leurs Commentaires, Annales du Musee Guimet, Bibl. d'Etudes, Vol. 37 (Paris, 1928); (3) Grammaire due tibetain litteraire, 2 Vols. (Paris, 1948); (4) La structure du tibetaine, Conferences Inst. Lang. Univ. Paris, Ii (1953), Pp. 115-135.

THE PRESENT PERIOD (1930 ff.)

At present the scope of Tibetan Studies has been broadened by scholars of the East and the West, who are taking part in it. After the Second World War, Chinese scholars and their Tibetan compatriots are engaged in different aspects of Tibetan

(v) *Li Fang-kuei* (1933): The Chinese scholar, who has done great work on Tibetan, Chinese and Thai languages: (1) Certain phonetic influences of the Tibetan prefixes upon root-initials, Acad. Sin. 4(1933) Pp. 135-157; (2) The methodology of Sino-Tibetan linguistics, J. Sinolog. St. 7, No. 2 (1951), Pp. 165-175; (3) The inscription of Sino-Tibetan treaty of 821-822. TP. 44 (1956).

(vi) *A. E. Read* (1934): He has worked on Balti, the Tibetan dialect spoken by a Muslim people, living in the West of Ladakh:- (1) Balti Grammar, London (1934), Pp. iv+108; (2) Balti Proverbs, BSOS. 7 (1934), Pp. 499-502.

(vii) *C. A. Bell* (1920): Bell was the British Political Agent to Tibet. He wrote two books for the use of the British officials:- (1) Grammar of Colloquial Tibetan, (Calcutta 1939) Pp. 184; (2) English-Tibetan Coll. Dictionary, Pp. xxxvi+562.

(viii) *Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya* (1933): One of the greatest Sanskrit savants of the century (died 1959), who wrote and edited several Tibetan Sanskrit works, like: (1) Bhotaprakasa (containing elements of grammar, texts, Tibetan-Sanskrit and Sanskrit-Tibetan vocabularies), Calcutta (1939), Pp. lix+578; (2) Kavyadarsa (Sanskrit and Tibetan texts, critically edited) Calcutta (1939), Pp. xxiv+286; (3) Nagananda (Sanskrit and Tibetan texts), Calcutta (1957), Pp. xiii+258.

(ix) *R. Sankrityayana* (1934): He wrote: (1) In collaboration with Tse.rtan.phun.tshogs, "Sgra.la.Hjug.pa" (Grammar), Calcutta (1932), Pp. 2+58; (2) Tibetan Primer (in Tibetan), Calcutta (1932), Pp. 2+22; (3) Tibetan Readers, I, II, III (in Tibetan), Kashmir (Lithoprint); (4) Hetubindu by Dharmakirti, restored into Sanskrit from Tibetan, Baroda (1949), Appendix, Pp. 52-72; (5) Sambandhapariksha of Dharmakirti, restored into Sanskrit from Tibetan, Patna (1953), in the Introduction to the Pramanavartikabhashya. He also translated half of Pramanavartika with Dr. Roerick.

(x) *Hakuju Ui* (1934): Japanese Indologist, who, in collabo-

of which one each is in the Library of Congress (Washington, DC), the Library of the University of California (Berkeley), etc.; (8) Prefixes in Tibeto-Burmic, HJAS, 9(1945), Pp. 45-50; (9) "Hruso", BSOAS. 12(1947), Pp. 148-196; (10) Le Vietnamien et le Tibeto-birman, (Dan Viet nam, I (1948), Pp. 1-10; (11) Phonetique comparee de quelques prefixes simples en Sino-Tibetain, PSL. 46(1950), Pp. 144-171; (12) The initials of Sino-Tibetan, JAVS. 70(1950), Pp. 96-103; (13) Classification of some languages of the Himalayas, J. Bihar Res. Soc. 34 (1950), Pp. 192-214; (14) Studies in the morphology of bodic verbs, BSVAS. 13(1951), Pp. 702-724; 1017-1031; (15) Phonetique historique des langues 10-10, TP. 41 (1952), Pp. 191-229; (16) Newari and Sino-Tibetan, (Studia Linguistica, 6 (Lond. 1952), Pp. 92-104; (17) Phonetik der alt-kuki-Mundarten, ZDMG. 102 (1952), Pp. 262-274; (18) Athapaskan and Sino-Tibetan, Intern. J. Amer. Ling 18(1952), Pp. 12-14; (19) Etudes sur l'austroasien, BSL. 48 (1952) pt. 2, paralleles avec le Sino-Tibetain, Pp. 133-158; (20) Classification of the northernmost Naga languages, J. Bihar Res. Soc. 34 (1953), pt. 3, Pp. 225-264; (21) East-Himalayish, BSOAS. 15(1953), Pp. 356-374; (22) Ethnography of ancient India, (Wiesbaden 1954).

(xvi) *Walter Simon* (1929): The Sinologist, who also wrote some articles on Tibetan:- (1) Tibetisch-Chinesische Wortgleichungen, ein Versuch, Mitt. Sem. Or. Spr. 32(1929), pt. 1. Pp. 157-228; (2) Certain Tibetan suffixes and their combinations, HJAS (1940) Pp. 372-391; (3) Tibetan dan.cin.kyan, yin and ham, BSOAS. 10(1942) (4) The range of sound alterations in Tibetan word families, AM. Vol. 5(1949), Pp. 3-15.

(xvii) *Rolf Stein* (1934): He wrote: Trente-trois fiches de divination tibetaines, HJAS. 4(1939), Pp. 297-371+8 pls; (2) Notes d'etymologic tibetaine, BEEFO 41(1941), fasc. 2, Pp. 203-231.

(xviii) *R. A. Stein* (1955): He wrote: "L'epopee Tibetaine de Gesar dans sa version lamaique de Ling", Bibl. de Etudes du Musee Guimet, Paris, 1955.

beria), he resided for more than forty years in Lhasa (Sera), where he obtained the degree of Doctor (Lha. ram. pa). He visited India twice with me. His Dictionary: Brda. dag. ming. tsig. gsal. ba, Tibetan into Tibetan) was published in 2 Vols. (Lhasa, 1950). The same was again published with addition of Chinese in Peking (1956), Pp. 19+971.

(xxvi) *Pavel Poncha* (1950): He wrote "Le vers Tibetain", Arch. Orient. 18, pt. 4 (1950), Pp. 188-235 (1954), Pp. 563-585.

(xxvii) *M. Hermanns* (1952): wrote: Tibetische Dialekte von Amdo, Anthropos, Vol. 47 (1952), Pp. 193-202.

(xxviii) *Friedrich Weller* (1952): This German Indologist published "Tibetisch-Sanskritischer Index zun Bodhicarya-vatara", pt. i, Abh. Leipzig. Akad. Wiss., 46, No. 3 (1952), Pp. 304.

(xxix) *Jozsef Verkerdi* (1952): This Hungarian Tibetologist wrote: Some remarks on Tibetan prosody, Acta Or. Hung. 2 (1952), Pp. 221-234 (with Russian summary).

(xxx) *Nils Simonsson* (1953): He criticises Poucha and Verkerdi in his article: Zur into-tibetischen Text-kritik, Orientalia suecana, Pp. 129-152.

(xxxi) *V. S. Vorobiev Desiatovskii* (1953): He wrote in Russian: (1) Kollektsii Tibetskiki dokumentov na dereve, sobrannaia S. E. Malovym (Collection of Tibetan documents on wood, collected by S. E. Malov), Uchenye Zapiski Instituta vostokovedennia, Akademiia Nauk, 6(1953), Pp. 167-175(2) Tibetskii document na dereve raimona ozera Lob-nor, (Epigrafika Vostoka, 7(1953), Pp. 70-76+8 (1953), Pp. 68-73+pl.; (3) Tibetskie document na dereve os raimona ozera Lob-nor, (Epigrafika Vostoka, 10 (1955) Pp. 68-72+pl.

(xxxii) *R. K. Sprigg* (1954): wrote: (1) Verbal phrases in Lhasa Tibetan (BSOAS. 16(1954), Pp. 134-156, 320-350, 566 ff;.

of Indian and Nepalese paintings and many wooden and bronze images originally taken from India are still preserved in the above monasteries. The Tibetans have entered the modern age, and in the time to come, the Tibetan scholars will be mainly responsible for revealing to the world at large, the treasures which lie concealed in the country.

(The writer is greatly indebted to the authors of *Bibliography of Sino-Tibetan Languages,* (Wiesbaden, 1957).

(The older Universities of India, which mainly aimed at preparing young Indians for services in the lower administrative, legal and educational departments under the British Government, had never felt the need of conducting courses in languages, like the Tibetan, which belonged to politically insignificant regions. The struggle of the Indian people for freedom of learning, however, began to reflect itself in the establishment of national Universities by the leaders of Indian thought at various centres in the country. The credit of introducing the Tibetan language and literature as a subject of academic study in India and of creating the necessary facilities for the same goes undoubtedly to the Visva-Bharati University, founded by Rabindranath Tagore at Santiniketan in 1922. It acquired the huge collections of Tibetan Buddhist Canonical literature, called: Tenjur and Kanjur for its Library, a learned Tibetan teacher was appointed and regular classes in Tibetan were opened in 1924. Since then, Tibetan studies have remained a special feature of the Research Department of the Visva-Bharati University, of which the well-known Mm. Pandit Vidhushekhara Bhattacharya was the pioneering Director. Several scholars, trained in Tibetan at this centre of learning, have contributed to the advancement of Tibetan studies in India, and now other Universities and Research Institutes in India, including those at Calcutta, Delhi, Banaras and Nalanda, which have already taken the initiative, can well look forward to developing this important branch of knowledge, which is so vitally connected with Indological research in all its aspects. — V. V. Gokhale.)

The seventh chapter of the *Sangitaratnakara* by Sarngadeva is a very valuable chapter for the students of the dance and its translation into English is a welcome addition. It has been translated by persons who are well versed both in the Sanskrit literary tradition and the practical traditions of the classical dance. The translators have also had the advantage of translating from a well edited text of Pandit S. Subrahmanya Sastri and the opportunity to examine many manuscripts and commentaries of Kallinatha and Simhabhupala; what is more, the authors have attempted to "bring out clearly the ideas contained in the text in readable English rather than to make a strictly literal word for word translation." The result of these efforts is a refreshing contrast to Manmohan Ghosh's translation of *Natyasastra* chapters on dancing. The translators have been obviously aware that it was not only the faithfulness to the laws of Sanskrit grammar which would give them the correct meanings, but more an eye on the laws of human movement which would result in the right interpretation of a verse. It is this difference in approach that makes the present translation of many verses more readable and understandable than that of corresponding verses by Manmohan Ghosh though it still has certain ambiguities which could have been easily avoided. To quote only one example, the *Vidyubhranta chari* as translated by Ghosh reads "One foot turned to the back and after touching its top part to be stretched and the head moved in a circle" (N.S.X40), the *Sangitaratnakara* translation reads "One foot touches the head which is turned back, is turned round in all directions and stretched. This is *Vidyubhranta*" (S.R.VII 957). In spite of differences in the original texts, it is clear from the Sanskrit readings of both the works that the foot is taken back and touches the head; the first translation is correct in so far as it says that the foot is turned to the back, but beyond that it is too literal in spite of the clarity provided by Abhinavagupta's commentary that it is the head which is touched and not the top of the foot (which may be the thigh, or the hip). The second translation is more readable though this too misses a very important direction indication of the original texts. The foot can touch the head either from the front or the back and the Sanskrit text makes it clear that the movement is initiated by a foot (leg) which is taken back and raised

vast surprises about the little that is known and the much that can never be known. The Mayas, we are told by Anne Terry White, "were supreme sculptors ... supreme artists ... the most original people who ever lived. ... They invented also a symbol for zero and a place value system of reckoning. They manipulated vast figures. They were first class astronomers. They calculated time so perfectly that for 2148 years their calendar ran without the loss of a day." Later, perhaps, the Aztecs, a sturdy race, dominated central Mexico, and reared a civilisation of their own. Soil-exhausting farming methods, priest-rule with its suicidal secrecies, and human sacrifice on a fairly massive scale were the bane of these Mexican civilisations; and the unscrupulous, rapacious Spanish adventurer, Don Hernando Cortes, the Clive of the Mexican conquest, found it easy enough to end the rule of Monetezuma and establish Spanish rule in Mexico by 1821. For another 300 years, Mexico remained a Spanish colony. The ruling race, the Spaniards, often intermarried with the indigenous population, and gradually the Mexicans became a polyglot people. In 1821 the country at last shook itself free from Spanish rule. But even that was but the beginning of a new chapter of trial and frustration. A war with the U.S.A. in 1846-8, an 'Empire' under Maximilian of Austria in 1864-7, and a revolution in 1911 are among the milestones of Mexico's chequered career; the land problem, the religious problem, the Church problem, the racial problem, the language problem, all are still there; and whatever politicians may think, there seems to be no easy canter to the destination. The population (which is about 30 millions) consists of nearly 60% *mestizos* (mixed blood), 30% Indians (pure Mexican blood), and 10% *creoles* (pure Spanish or European blood). The 'official' language of the country is Spanish, but the Aztec, the Mexican, the Otomi, the Tarascan, the Huastecan, etc. are also spoken. The people are mostly Roman Catholics, but other denominations and perhaps primitive religions also thrive here and there. The cities are as modern as you please, but the interior may have a hoary and timeless quality. In short, a most interesting, colourful, and distracting country and people.

In some respects Mexican history forms a distant parallel to

that can readily be conceded to the present *Anthology of Mexican Poetry*, an undertaking jointly sponsored by Unesco and the Government of Mexico. The Indiana University Press, too, is entitled to our gratitude for its share in the good work.

The French literary historian, M. Taine, said that the race, the milieu and the moment are the determinants of a literature. The race that has produced Mexican poetry is a mixed one,—mixed and yet not a completely harmonised one; the lines of historic division, faint perhaps with the passage of time, are by no means completely obliterated. The milieu has been described succinctly by George B. Witnon as "high, dry and cool." Highland and lowland give variety and picturesqueness: the volcanic peaks, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, are said to strike awe into the beholders: "the panorama", says Winton, "is a splendid one still." The Mexican poets are pardonably excited by the beauty of their fatherland and are properly proud of it. Thus Bernardo de Balbuena (1561-1627):

> ... in this paradise of Mexico
> freshness has set its kingdom and its court ...
> here by the supreme giver one and all
> in stintless grace and beauty are bestowed.
> This is their dwelling, these their native fields,
> and this the tide of spring in Mexico.

Balbuena spent his childhood and youth in Mexico, and those impressionable years were among the abiding sources of his poetic inspiration. There is an extravagant richness in this description of spring in Mexico, but evidently the subject is worthy of this affectionate attention and poetic elaboration. A more recent poet, Ignacio Manuel Altamirano (1834-93), a "pure-blooded Indian and a peasant's son," is equally enthusiastic about Mexico:

> This heavenly-Eden that here the coast secludes
> is sheltered from the sun'scandescent rays;
> its light falls warm and gentle through the trees
> and takes a green tinge from their spreading boughs...

here, and poets have from time to time given expression to all this fever and fervour, all this love and hate, all this failure and achievement. The religious poetry and the baroque of the earlier times gave place to 19th century romanticism—to the 'storm and stress' which, strangely enough, managed somehow to co-exist with classicism of a sort. The poets often turned to politics, and translated their experience of politics into poetry. As Paz says, "The poets wrote. They wrote incessantly, but above all they fought, also without respite ... The greatness of these writers is to be found in their lives, which were consecrated to the defence of liberty." Ignacio Ramirez, Vicente Riva Palacio, Altamirano, Manuel M. Flores, and others were poets doubled with fighters, and it is only with difficulty that one can dissociate the poetry from the poetolatry. On the other hand, 19th century Romanticism has itself been overtaken by 20th century 'modernism' inspired, at least partly, by the Parnassian and Symbolist movements in France. 'Modern' is a curious house with many curious apartments. Gonzalez Martinez (1871-1952) seems to be the best of the 'moderns.' Martinez, says Paz, "confers upon modernism a Mexican originality, that is to say, he gives it consciousness and links it to a tradition. He is ... the only true modernist poet Mexico has had." Martinez, described as a "recluse," is here represented by seven pieces. There is much austerity in Martinez's writing, and his poetry is often a laceration that somehow becomes an ecstasy. In 'Pain', for example, the change of tone is sudden, and from the nightmare of the entire firmament crashing down we pass on to the vision of the earth at peace,

> at peace the heavens,
> the fields serene, limpid the running stream,
> blue the mountain and the wind at rest.

Martinez would forge—if he could—the links between the individual and the world; and he would discover—if he could—the saving 'clue' that might lead us out of the labyrinth, and guide us back to felicity.

Many, indeed, are these Mexican voices; they are of different

While, on the one hand, there are poets like Luis G. Urbina (1868-1934) and Amada Nervo (1870-1919) who are almost obsessed by the Past, intrigued by its insoluble mystery, and its links with the Present, there are other poets who are helplessly and strangely fascinated by the image of the "corpse." Manuel Acuna (1849-73), Salvador Diaz Miron (1853-1928), and Gonzalez Martinez have all made poetry about the "corpse." Acuna's 'Before the Corpse' is an excruciating piece but it has moments of revelation like

> Existence is a circle, and we err
> when we assign to it for measurement
> the limits of the cradle and the grave.
> The mother is the mould, and nothing more,
> that gives us form, the transitory form
> with which we make our thankless way through life.

Miron's picture is more painfully personal, while Martinez's 'Romance of the Living Corpse' is more imaginatively sustained.

One of the best pieces included in the anthology—amazing in its lyrical beauty and sensuous enchantment—is 'Eve' by Manuel M. Flores (1840-85). It is a poem of reminiscence and reverie and is full of the undertones of *dhwani*. Looking at Adam asleep in his innocence the poet muses:

> The spotless world
> was born in grandeur and serenity;
> God looked upon creation
> and saw that it was good.

The evil comes later, but in her beginnings Eve is merely glorious and resplendent:

> white and luminous a figure rose
> by the side of Adam, sleeping Adam.
> The first of womankind! Effulgent sky
> that with thy light didst bathe this firstling morn,
> hast thou beheld from that time forth to now,

directness and intellectual vigour and personal integrity of this rare poetess who became a nun at eighteen and turned her cell into a library, music room and laboratory in addition to being a place of refuge and prayer.

The Warden of Wadham, as is appropriate, makes in his Foreword a spirited plea for the continuing noble role of poetry in civilisation. This art of the *scop*, by itself a civilising force, is also necessary for preserving a nation's greatness, for a nation shorn of its poetry perishes unhonoured and unmourned. Dr. Bowra also stresses the important part played by translations and anthologies in a free give-and-take between cultures:

> Just because it is in some respects different from our own, this culture, by exciting our interest in it, enables us at the same time to shift our familiar point of view and to look at our own tradition with fresh eyes. And that, after all, is what anyone desires who believes that the art of life is to be as alive as possible and that for this task poetry is an indispensable means of refreshment and renewal.

And Paz, too, declares pertinently:

> Poetry ... continues to be an exorcism for preserving us from the sorcery of force and numbers. It has been said that poetry is one of the means by which modern man can say *NO* to all those powers which, not content with disposing of our lives, also want to rule our consciences. But this negation carries within it a *YES* which is greater than itself.

Better than mere financial or material "foreign aid" or "mutual aid" is this universal currency of the human spirit. And any agency, any undertaking, that helps the free flow of this currency deserves our warmest welcome.

Prema Nandakumar

Sanskrit literature is also not easy to make for the materials pertaining to these are scattered and still mostly in manuscripts and known only in the respective localities or regional scripts. A series of intensive surveys of later Sanskrit literature would serve ultimately to give us a full view of the extensive literary development in Sanskrit in the post-classical ages." I fully agree that regional surveys of Sanskrit literature, similar to Dr. Raja's work, would serve to give us a general idea of post-classical Sanskrit literature in India. But to get a really comprehensive view, it seems necessary to have companion volume to each regional study. I mean an anthology of the best literary works in each region with translation and notes in English. Only when these regional studies and anthologies are published, will we be in a position to write a comprehensive history of modern Sanskrit literature. I hope the lovers of Sanskrit will give a serious thought to this suggestion.

K. M. George

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Pp. 479, Rs. 7

illusion of reality, to fuse experience and insight in the crucible of *imagination* and to mould the mixture in such a way as to induce that "willing suspension of disbelief" in the reader which ever remains the despair of lesser artists. He excels in the delineation of the subtler shades of human emotion and in the exploration of the hidden by-ways of minds and motives. He is a born storyteller as well. He has writtten a whole novel on the problem of education in modern Bengal and has succeeded in making it as interesting as a story of romantic love. Time and again he has proved his power of breathing life into the dry bones of history and making the past live again.

Kalkatar Kachhei is in many ways an exceptional book. All the principal characters in it are women, and the whole story is a continuous chronicle of the heart-breaking odds against which they have to wage a lifelong struggle. The menfolk are all briefly sketched and seem definitely to be creatures of lesser importance, with the solitary exception of Naren, an unmitigated rascal, who succeeds in impressing us by his sheer vitality. The *milieu* chosen by the author is the lower middle-class Bengali family with its precarious pretensions to respectability. And here naturally women are the dominating figures, for, whatever the nature and dimensions of the circle, the centripetal in them ever forces them inwards, while the eccentric male tends to fly away to wider and less cramping fields of activity.

Rich in incidents which reveal the author's immense range of experience and intimate acquaintance with the day-to-day minutiae of the feminine world of little joys and little cares, there is, however, nothing episodic about the novel. There is an unbroken continuity in the stream of events, and consequently, a three-dimensioned reality in the characters which evolve with evolving time. The book, in fact, is pre-eminently a novel of character, and the central characters at least have about them an aura of glory and grandeur which, in spite of the humdrum and even sordid nature of the environments, lifts them up into regions of the truest tragedy. Rashmoni, the mother, slowly develops into a rock-like dignity of despair, which is in sharp contrast to the restless battling spirit of Shyama who is determined to triumph

with vitality, hope and sincerity of the man, but also one whose pleasant personality keeps bitterness away. It is a sheer joy to hear him reciting his own poems in a clear voice without histrionics. Besides being a poet Dinkar is a discriminating reader, enjoys good jokes and food too, and is a socialite who bores none—a rare trait in a littérateur-cum-politician. However, I had only known Dinkar as a poet and to a certain extent as a critic, but I never suspected him struggling with problems of cultural history till I learnt about the publication of his *Samskriti ke Char Adhyaya*, acclaimed as an important work in Hindi.

Dinkar in his work has chosen a vast canvas covering a period of almost five thousand years which would make even a stalwart historian shudder. If, therefore, his picture is at times blurred, the fault is not so much his as that of the vast panorama he has tried to cover within the limited space. Moreover, there may be people who would not agree with the title of the book itself which divides the cultural history of India into four compartments each ushering in new revolutionary urges which moulded the character of Indian thought and culture. To them history and culture are a continuous process with their own progressions and retrogressions and the division of history into periods is only for the sake of convenience. But of course Dinkar is not concerned with the philosophy of history. The author himself is quite modest about the aim of the book. He remarks in his foreword: "I do not call this book as a book on history, but a literary work. Yet there is every likelihood that doubts will be raised about its authenticity and some may question that certain conclusions of mine are based on mere conjecture, and that certain statements are only half-truths. However, even after the rigorous pruning, whatever material is left over is bound to be fairly authentic and helpful in understanding our country better. Whatever half-truths and conjectures there may be in the work, I am sure the image it creates is not lifeless." After this apology even a hardened critic would find it difficult to castigate the work as a second-hand compilation of facts. Of those critics who still persist in sharpening their wits on the work, one may ask how many scholars there are who have got their sources first-hand. And even if they have been able to do so, their dis-

of Hindu states calls for certain observations. It has been mentioned by the learned author that the decline of Hindu supremacy began after the death of king Harsha and that he was the last great paramount king of India. Historically speaking, Harsha's period definitely shows signs of decline, but the process of empire-building did not stop with him. The Gurjara-Pratiharas in their heyday formed a much bigger empire than that of Harsha and stood as a bulwark against the rising power of Islam. A common cause with the Rashtrakutas who befriended the Arabs perhaps to spite their enemy, the Gurjara-Pratiharas, might have avoided the tragedies which overtook India a few centuries later. But that was not to be. The disintegration of the mighty empires followed by the formation of smaller states was almost a continuous process in Indian history. This natural process should have fulfilled itself after the fall of the Gurjara-Pratiharas and the subsequent formation of smaller states, but before this could happen the Turks charged through the north-western gap left unguarded after the fall of the valiant Shahis and the Hindu dream of empire-building vanished for ever. Mutual jealosy among the ruling states was no doubt an important factor in the sweeping victories of Islam over northern India, but deeper socio-religious causes had rendered the framework of administration so weak and the people so apathetic that perhaps the country could not be saved.

The fourth chapter deals with Indian culture and Europe. It discusses the advent of Europeans on the scene and the consequent effects of European culture on the Indian ways of life and thought, education, religion etc. It also deals with the rise of Indian nationalism and the part played by Mahatma Gandhi in giving a new philosophy of life and self-respect to the nation. The author treats sympathetically the rise of resurgent Hinduism and the part played by the Brahma Samaja, the Arya Samaja, Swami Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo in uplifting the people from the social and religious degradation to which they had sunk. This revival stressed the dignity of man and condemned the gross superstitions which masqueraded under the garb of religion. These religious forces by encouraging free-thinking and laying stress on the removal

his, Sri K. R. Karanth, was for some time Minister for Revenue in the State of Madras. Young Karanth left home with just a change, telling his parents that they need not worry about his marriage or his share of property. He came down to Mangalore and later to Puttur where, under the wings of Sri M. Siva Rao, a lawyer and illustrious public worker, he settled down to work.

His work has been of many kinds. From volunteering, organizing camps for training public workers, to education of children, from providing entertainment of almost every kind to the public with a view not only to delight but to instruct, his work extends to many fields. He wrote, he spoke, he sketched and painted; he sang and danced. And, more than once, he travelled over India camera in hand, photographing works of art and of nature and of human kind. He has had, therefore, opportunity to observe and study mankind in many places and aspects. All over India he has friends who value him for what he is and does. His home in Puttur has become a centre for friendly gatherings from all over Karnatak. All those interested in Karnatak folk arts and culture have come to him for aid in their different needs. They have come from foreign countries as well. He himself has travelled widely in the West with a view to studying European life and art at first hand. So that his life has been rich with a variety of experience which is normally not given to a writer in the Indian languages.

To this extensive observation he brings a mind which is at once sensitive and penetrating, gift of imagination and a power to interpret experience pointedly and with persuasive force. A personal point of view and an earnest idealism give colour to all that he does. A moral fervour and sense of social responsibility direct his understanding and presentation. Yet he is tender to a degree and human, with a gift for friendship, genial and child-like. Karanth as a person is one of the warmest of friends on whom one can always rely.

For more than thirty years now, he has written plays, social criticism, essays, novels, short stories and sketches. And there is much of pointed criticism and satire in his work, though there

disintegration of that little community owing to factors internal and external to it.

He has written many travel sketches and some expressions of personal faith, as in *Moga Padeda Mana* ("The Mind as embodied in Art") and *Balveye Belaku* ("Life is its own light") which represent his credo personally and in general.

His love of drama, song and dance, of painting and costume has naturally made him love Yakshagana, the art form *par excellence* of the Kanara districts. He has studied it like a lover and, like all lovers, is impatient of any hand that meddles with it from outside. Without such love, no art can remain pure or true. Though many people have written about Yakshagana, his is perhaps the most thorough-going and illuminating account we have of it. He elucidates the term for both its constituents of Yaksha and Gana, and has very wise, if pointed, and discriminating things to say of each of them. His notes on the Gandhara Grama as it appertains to this genre deserves further study. This work started with three lectures delivered on the subject a few years ago for the Karnatak University, Dharwar. It gathered bulk and purpose later. Karnath's instinct for gathering in all that he can to expound, interpret and stand for finds forceful expression in it.

The book is in two parts, the first dealing with the nature of this dramatic form and the peculiar charm and technique of it which has made it the most distinctive folk-form of the Kannada dramatic contribution. The content of the Yakshagana, its modality, the contributing factors which make it unique, *viz.* the Bhagavata (the projecting, participating engineer), the clown, the dancing characters, the Rama Krishna characters, the peculiar make-up in colour and costume of the characters, the music from behind—the entire scheme from beginning to end is described with a view to distinguishing the true from the pseudo, the authentic from the borrowed. He speaks of what makes for the purity of the *tala* or the dance-modes, in this form, and how the essence of Yakshagana is preserved between the singing of the Bhagavata and the dramatic dance of the charac-

G. T. Deshpande

G. T. Deshpande's *Bharatiya Sahitya Shastra* on Sanskrit Poetics won the Sahitya Akademi award as the most outstanding Marathi work between 1956 and 1958. The author, who is at present reader in Sanskrit at the Nagpur University is an erudite scholar and has a number of miscellaneous papers and writings to his credit, chiefly dealing with problems connected with Sanskrit and Prakrit literatures.

There are already a number of books on Sanskrit Poetics and particularly on the *Rasa* theory in Marathi. Many of these suffer from a common defect. In expounding the *Rasa* theory, there is too often an easy temptation to compare it with European Aesthetics or to draw facile parallels with modern psychological theories. Deshpande's approach is historical and he interprets faithfully the authentic Sanskrit texts, without any gloss or interpolation of his own. Of the two parts of the book, the first narrates the whole history of Sanskrit Poetics from its early beginning in Bharata's *Natyashastra* (200 B.C.) down to Jagannatha Pandita's *Rasagangadhara* (A.D. 1700). The second part deals with the topics that fall under Poetics, especially those that have been treated in the first six chapters by Mammata in his *Kavyaprakasha*.

In the beginning, Deshpande points out how the word Alankara was limited in meaning and denoted only a figure of speech. Gradually, it acquired a much wider connotation and came to stand for the entire field of Poetic Beauty. In regarding Alankara as synonymous with poetic beauty (p. 10) the Sanskrit critics regarded beauty as the soul of poetry. Here Deshpande sounds a timely note of warning. Though the meaning of Alankara was extended, it cannot be identified with modern Aesthetics, which is far wider. Sanskrit poetics is strictly empirical and confines itself mainly to the enjoyment of a work of art and discusses aesthetic problems such as the creative process, literary appreciation etc., not independently for themselves but only in an incidental manner. Modern Aesthetics, with its wider connotation, takes into account the entire field of arts, both sensory and

ventional meaning (*Abhidha*) and that to indicate a metaphorical sense (*Lakshana*), are more or less familiar even in the everyday use of language. It was the power of suggestion (*Vyanjana*) that Anandavardhana (9th century A.D.) conceived as the special mode of poetic utterance and to the treatment of which as giving rise to *Dhvani* or the suggested sense that he devoted his entire work *Dhvanyaloka* on poetics. Although Mammata (11th century A.D.) has based his definition of Kavya on as broad a basis as possible, he is undoubtedly an astute follower of Anandavardhana's Dhvani theory and he strives to establish Vyanjana as a distinct function of words, distinguishing it from 'Expression' and 'Indication' on the one hand, and from the process of 'Inference' on the other. Once Dhvani or suggestion is admitted as a significant mark of poetic beauty, the variety it assumes in written poetry is not difficult to be demonstrated.

In a sense the principle of Dhvani is an extension of the Rasa principle and a result of the application of the Vyanjana process. For, Rasa itself is not directly expressed but only suggested (*Vyanjana*) and it is through the process of suggestion that it is carried to the reader as an aesthetic experience. But the recognition of Dhvani proved to be a significant landmark in the development of Sanskrit Poetics. Later writers accepted it, or turned to older theories without disapproving it, or simply by juxtaposing the two. Earlier, the Sanskrit Poetics passed through such principles as Rhetorical figures (*Alankara*), Periphrastic or Hyperbolic expression (*Vakrokti*) and suitable style or manner of literary expression (*Riti*), which were taken as the distinguishing features of Kavya. It was realised that these were, more or less, forms of external embellishment and a search for the essence of poetry must be directed towards the discovery of internal elements. It was here that Bharata's principle of Rasa as extended from drama to literature in general and its new enunciation by Anandavardhana in the form of Dhvani came to be propounded. And these came to stay. Deshpande rightly observes (Ch. 13-14) that Dhvani as pertaining to *Rasa* and *Bhava* constitute the soul of poetry.

from Sanskritised compound words and forms. This is in a way unavoidable. However, it is hoped that Deshpande will follow the success of this book with another, which treats independently some of the important problems of Aesthetics and shows how some of the conclusions reached by Sanskrit critics like Abhinavagupta are still valid today.

A. K. Bhagwat and *G. K. Bhat*

MOHAN SINGH

The fifty-four year old Mohan Singh who was presented with Akademi Award for *Wadda Vela* (Early Morning), a collection of poems, is a poet of love, nature and beauty. In life he is hard, unsentimental and businesslike. In his sea-green turban, khaki jacket, grizzled beard, spectacled with sharp, searching glances he looks rather like an Excise Inspector. This detachment, this absence of romantic, sentimental approach to life, give his poetry solidness, muscle and a bronze-like quality.

His first book, *Green Leaves* (1936), brought him into the limelight. These poems describe the rocky tableland of Pothohar, its rivulets, gullies, variegated layers of soil, the hard sun-baked earth and express the longings of a woman's heart and the passion of a man, impatient like a stallion. His poems have tripping meters and move like a hill stream jumping from ledge to ledge. By the repetition of some words he creates music. He crystallised the existing metrical forms, gave them a new sheen and added a number of new rhythm patterns. Sixteen editions of this book (over 55,000 copies) have been sold — a formidable number for a book of poems in a regional language.

In 1939, he gave up his job at Khalsa College, Amritsar, and shifted to Lahore. Here he started 'Panj Darya', a monthly journal which soon attracted the attention of writers and poets. He took part in literary discussions of a more cosmopolitan nature. He

Tired is non-violence of its gentle flow
and tired the violence of its overflow,
darkness of blind ignorance as ever.
I do not see the sun,
thought stands half-way,
my heart stands half-way,
Faith stands half-way
And no-faith half-way.

Does it matter if my love is half-way?

He mocks at erudition, learning, abstract philosophy, and again and again speaks of the deep furrowing love. These overtones, broodings, doubts give his poetry a certain richness of texture and tone. In the 'forties, a woman's love set in inhibited social order, dominated Mohan Singh's mind. The idea that a woman is the possession of a husband, a product of heredity and environment is beautifully described in 'Jaidad' (The Property). The poem, a powerful indictment on the social order, is a burning furnace of desire and is a challenge. Mohan Singh's deep sincerity was the sailing point of his work during this period.

Out of the deeper waters of his metaphysical and love poetry, his ballads stand out like sparkling emerald islands. 'Gajjan Singh', a heroic ballad about the fight of an exploited peasant, is full of unusual charm, simplicity and touches our heart. We see the faces of militant peasants, their bloodshot eyes, their twirled moustaches and their solid arms. Mohan Singh has an uncanny power of observation. Stars winking at night, grass-hoppers hopping in the fields, green sugar-cane turning into purple rust and its tassels swaying in the wind and a number of minute observations make this ballad one of his richest and intensest poems.

In *Wadda Vela* (Early Morning, 1958), his latest work, we find Mohan Singh come back to love poetry with his horizon widened with more confidence, clarity and self-reliance, and he feels the intense joy of living once again, the new dawn in his inner growth.

of Kanwar at dead of night, in December 1939, at a wayside junction, north of Sukkur, filled the Hindu populace with speechless sorrow, and the enlightened Muslims with a sense of unspeakable shame. Kanwar's whole life was passed in acts of charity and service which knew no distinctions of caste and creed. No one had gathered crowds of Hindus and Muslims like him to listen to enrapturing and soul-elevating songs and hymns. He was the darling and idol of the illiterate village folk, to whom he taught the lesson that Allah and Ram were the same, and that God required from his devotees not ritual or formal prayers but selfless service of the needy and the poor. Kanwar's voice stirred the congregation as no Sindhi's has done before or since, and even now the records of his songs move the hearers to rapturous stillness.

It was really strange that such a loved minstrel should have received a gunshot. But religious fanaticism knows no bounds. An event like this could not but give rise to dirges and compositions in prose and verse. Sindhi newspapers and magazines were full of these outpourings. Of all these spontaneous outbursts, the one that touched the hearts of the readers the most was the description of the last journey of Kanwar as given by Tirth Basant in the Sindhi literary magazine, *The Sindhu*. Tirth Basant had won reputation as a writer of essays in the personal vein (*Chingun* or Sparks) and as a translator and adapter in Sindhi of Nehru's *Autobiography*, but he had not written anything like the moving tale of Kanwar's death and funeral. His stock rose at once in the field of Sindhi letters.

It seems that Tirth kept brooding over this theme ever afterwards, and even imagined that Kanwar was beside him, urging him to give his story to the world. He had come under the spell of Kanwar's melody, and he had also spent a few years in the land of Hafiz and Jami. He was thoroughly conversant with Sufism and the literature of mysticism. After the Partition he drank deep of the well undefiled of medieval saints–singers of Northern India, and saw in Kanwar one who could adorn the assembly where the four immortals — Tulsi, Mira, Sur, Kabir — held their court. He began to plan a book about Kanwar in

hitherto unknown details about the royal patronage of arts and letters that ultimately culminated into something of a stage and drama in Avadh during the forties and fifties of the last century. It is a known fact that India had a glorious tradition of drama and threatre in the remote past, but it broke up as soon as the courts that patronized and sustained it on religious and cultural grounds lost their entity. For more than a thousand years there are no traces of real drama and stage for reasons which have not so far been carefully discussed and analysed. The Prakrits, *i.e.*, the Middle Indo-Aryan languages and the Apabhramsas are devoid of drama; most of the Modern Indo-Aryan *bhashas* and dialects seem to have no form resembling drama till the 18th century. The rich Sanskrit heritage was lost and there remained only the *lilas, ras* or *rahas* and certain other crude varieties of entertainment that lacked artistic presentation and literary flavour. Hence a search for the drama in its renewed form has great literary and cultural significance. The work under consideration gives glimpses of the life that could create drama and stage due to the patronage and participation of the kings and nobles of Avadh in the cultural pursuits of the common man.

It was usual with Urdu writers and scholars, some years ago, to begin the history of Urdu drama with the production and publication of *Inder Sabha*, a poetic play by the Lucknow poet Agha Hasan 'Amanat', during 1852 and 1855. It was the age of Wajid Ali Shah, the last king of Avadh, who was a great patron of dance and music and was known to have organised *rahas* in his palace. These facts were mixed up and certain misconceptions such as (1) *Inder Sabha* was written on the model of some French opera, (2) on the behest of the king, (3) to whose court he was attached, came to be taken for granted. It was also believed that (4) the play was enacted in the royal palace where (5) the royal patron himself played the role of Raja Inder.

Masud Hasan Rizavi was among the first to challenge all the five presumptions and to refute them by using authentic sources. He had discoursed almost all the earlier editions of *Inder Sabha*, including the one, containing a long explanatory note written for the first edition by 'Amanat' himself. This gave the main

plays, called *rahas* throughout, has been dated 1843 after due consideration of facts, examination of contemporary writings and accounts of those who had access to the royal play-house, the *Rahas Manzil.* Wajid Ali Shah was so passionately devoted to this hobby that he continued the writing and performing of his *rahasas* even during his captivity in Calcutta, of which he has left very intimate and interesting account in his writings. Rizavi has given details of these activities for the first time.

The second part of the book deals with the life and works of 'Amanant' with particular reference to *Inder Sabha.* On the basis of Poet's own confession it is assumed that the popularity of the royal *rahas* inspired him to compose his popular musical drama to please one of his friends. It was so much liked by the people who heard it that 'Amanat' had to allow his admirers to stage it for public in 1854. The stage of *Inder Sabha* was not an elaborate theatre; all the emphasis was laid on music, dance, costume and make-up. 'Amanat' has given all the details with minute care in his introduction, mentioned already. This introduction—*Sharh-e-Inder Sabha*—removes not only all the doubts but gives also the technique of its production. Full text of this valuable and rare document has been included in the book. There can be no doubt that *Inder Sabha* gained extraordinary popularity and it was published five times during the last five years that the author lived after its first publication. The performance of *Inder Sabha* became the vogue of the day and within a short time many other *Sabhas* came into existence, imitating the first one. As already mentioned, Rizavi has given us a correct and authoritative text of *Inder Sabha* in this part and compared its story and dramatic peculiarities with some other *Sabhas* written later.

The two parts together give a vivid picture of the beginning of Urdu drama in Avadh in the mid-nineteenth century. Looking critically, there may be some doubt about the claim of Wajid Ali Shah's *rahas* or Amanat's *Inder Sabha* to be the first Urdu dramas in the sense in which we speak of drama and stage today. However reluctantly the modern mind may accept them, they are plays in their own way and technique. The material avail-

Books in Kashmiri

In November 1956 Sahitya Akademi had organised an Exhibition of Indian Literature where books in all the major languages of India covering a variety of subjects were exhibited. Each language section formed a sort of visual bibliography of the reading material available in that language, excluding ephemeral literature. The bibliography was by no means complete, since only such books as were available in the market or on loan from libraries could be exhibited. But such as it was, the effort was widely commended and many scholars and lovers of books suggested that the lists of books exhibited subject-wise should be printed for the benefit of the general reader. It is in response to this request that these lists are being published serially and language-wise, in alphabetical order. The lists of Assamese, Bengali, Gujarati, Hindi and Kannada books were published in the previous five numbers respectively.

It is important to bear in mind that the lists include only a part of books as were actually exhibited. But even then no claim is made as to their bibliographical value. A full and proper bibliography of books published in Indian languages in the twentieth century is in press and expected to be ready shortly.

Our thanks are due to many publishers, booksellers, individuals and institutions who had kindly lent the books for the Exhibition, and to Sri P. N. Pushp and Sri G. N. Khayal who were good enough to go through the list of books published here and edit it, supplying fuller and more authentic information in many cases. The following abbreviations have been used in the list to indicate the names of the respective publishers:

AB: Amin Book Depot, Badgam.
AM: Ali Mohammad & Sons, Srinagar.
ASB: Asiatic Society of Bengal, Calcutta.
CA: Cultural Academy, Srinagar.
GN: Gh. Mohd. Noor Mohd., Srinagar.
LRP: Lalla Rookh Publications, Srinagar.
PD: *Publications Division*, Delhi.
RAS: Royal Asiatic Society, London.
SG. Sheikh Gh. Mohd. & Sons, Srinagar.

requires to be thoroughly re-examined in the light of new linguistic data available today. The hypothesis that Kashmiri like other modern Indian languages evolved out of the *Apabhramsha* prevalent in the valley between the 9th and the 12th centuries, referred to by Kshemendra (11th cent.) and Bilhana (12th cent.), is fairly corroborated by both the internal and external evidences.

Anyway, the development of Kashmiri literature may be conveniently considered according to the following five periods:

I. A.D. 1250-1400: BEGINNINGS:
The age of popular saints and mystics like Shitikantha (13th cent.), Lal De'd (early 14th) and Nund Rishi (late 14th).

II. A.D. 1400-1550: THE NARRATIVE VERSE:
Sultan Zainul-abidin's (c. 1450) patronage to Kashmiri language and literature seems to have aided the emergence of mythological, pseudo-historical and didactic narratives in verse but only the *Banasura Vadha* of Bhattavatara and the *Sukhadukhacharita* of Ganaka Prashasta (in the reign of Sultan Hassan Shah) have come down to us. Works like the *Zainacharita* and *Zainavilasa* have yet to be recovered.

III. A.D. 1550-1750: THE LYRIC:
Haba Khotan (c. 1560) and Arnimal (c. 1750) poured forth a rich variety of lyrics throbbing with the thrills of life and overflowing with the sad melody of smiles and tears. In between, Habibullah Navshehri (c. 1600) voiced Sufi mysticism and Sahib Kaul (c. 1650) wrote his *Krishna Lila* in folk cadences.

IV. A.D. 1750-1900: MYSTICAL ALLEGORY:
The fusion of the lyric and the narrative led to a new genre which encouraged the craze for translation or adaptation from the Persian mathnavi, and quite a number of mystical romances was inspired by works in Arabic, Urdu, Sanskrit, Punjabi and even Bhasha (old Hindi). Thus besides Mahmood Gaamee's *Yoosaf Zulaikhaa*, *Sheereen-Khusrav* and *Lailaa Majnoon*, *Waamiq Azraa* by Saifud Din, *Gulrez* by Maqbool, *Heemaal* by Waliullah Mattoo and Zareef and *Mumtaaz-o-Benazeer* by Haq-



Wahab Pare (19th Cent.)



Mahjoor (1885-1952)

Portraits in crayon specially made

while Fazil and Ambardar went on with their romantic trends.

It was, moreover, in this post-1947 period that Kashmiri prose began to crawl and the Kashmiri drama also made a promising start. The Radio has helped a great deal in this direction. But it is only with the establishment of a National Theatre and a sound tradition in Kashmiri journalism that Kashmiri literature can take rapid strides in the direction of prose and drama too. That, no doubt, is the most urgent need of the Kashmiri language today.

P. N. Pushp

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3. *Laila Majnoon*, Dilsoz Kashmiri, pp. 16, GN.
4. *Satu'ch Kahva't*, Nand Lal Kaul Mandlu, 1927.
5. *Sharaa'by*, Fazil Kashmiri, pp. 16, SG.
6. *Sheereen Farhaad*, Dilsoz Kashmiri, pp. 16, 1942, GN.
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12. *Tabruk*, Autar Kishan Rahbar, pp. 152, 1958.

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2. *Aqaaid Naama*, Ed., pp. 84, GN.

11. *Ahwalul Aakhirah*, Sanaulla Kreri, pp. 48, GN.
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14. *Aku' Nandun*, Mumin Shah, pp. 16, 1936, Ab. Jabbar, Srinagar.
15. *Aku' Nandun*, Ramzan Butt, pp. 16, GN.
16. *Aku' Nandun*, Samad Mir, pp. 32, GN.
17. *Amnuk Paighaam*, D. N. Nadim, Cultural Congress, Srinagar.
18. *Anwari Muhammadi*, Fazil Kashmiri, pp. 64, 1959.
19. *Asraar*, Gh. Rasul Mushtaq, pp. 16, 1954, SG.
20. *Asun Tu' Gindun*, Ed., pp. 32, 1349 A.H., GN.
21. *A'shqu' Baagh*, Ulfat Sopori, pp. 32, GN.
22. *A'shqu' Pecaan*, Gh. Mohd. Tsura, pp. 16, 1364 A.H., GN.
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Editor



Rabindranath Tagore
Self-Portrait

Rabindra-Sada

abrupt ruins of prodigal pride,–
fragments of a bridge over the oblivion of a vanished stream,
godless shrines that shelter reptiles,
marble steps that lead to blankness.
Sudden tumults rise in the sky and wrestle
and a startled shudder runs along the sleepless hours.
Are they from desperate floods
hammering against their cave walls,
or from some fanatic storms
whirling and howling incantations?
Are they the cry of an ancient forest
flinging up its hoarded fire in a last extravagant suicide,
or screams of a paralytic crowd scourged by lunatics
blind and deaf?
Underneath the noisy terror a stealthy hum creeps up
like bubbling volcanic mud,
a mixture of sinister whispers, rumours and
slanders, and hisses of derision.
The men gathered there are vague like torn pages of an epic.
Groping in groups or single, their torchlight tattoos
their faces in chequered lines, in patterns of frightfulness.
The maniacs suddenly strike their neighbours on suspicion
and a hubbub of an indiscriminate fight bursts forth
echoing from hill to hill.
The women weep and wail,
they cry that their children are lost in a wilderness
of contrary paths with confusion at the end.
Others defiantly ribald shake with raucous laughter
their lascivious limbs unshrinkingly loud,
for they think that nothing matters.

II

There on the crest of the hill
stands the Man of faith amid the snow-white silence,
He scans the sky for some signal of light,
and when the clouds thicken and the nightbirds
scream as they fly,
he cries, 'Brothers, despair not, for Man is great.'

They come from the valley of the Nile and the banks
of the Ganges,
from the snow-sunk uplands of Thibet,
from high-walled cities of glittering towers,
from the dense dark tangle of savage wilderness.
Some walk, some ride on camels, horses and elephants,
on chariots with banners vieing with the clouds of dawn,
The priests of all creeds burn incense, chanting verses as they go.
The monarchs march at the head of their armies,
lances flashing in the sun and drums beating loud.
Ragged beggars and courtiers pompously decorated,
agile young scholars and teachers burdened with
learned age jostle each other in the crowd.
Women come chatting and laughing,
mothers, maidens and brides,
with offerings of flowers and fruit,
sandal paste and scented water.
Mingled with them is the harlot,
shrill of voice and loud in tint and tinsel.
The gossip is there who secretly poisons the well
of human sympathy and chuckles.
The maimed and the cripple join the throng with the
blind and the sick,
the dissolute, the thief and the man who makes a
trade of his God for profit and mimics the saint.
'The fulfilment !'
They dare not talk aloud,
but in their minds they magnify their own greed,
and dream of boundless power,
of unlimited impunity for pilfering and plunder,
and eternity of feast for their unclean gluttonous flesh.

V

The Man of faith moves on along pitiless paths strewn
with flints over scorching sands and steep
mountainous tracks.
They follow him, the strong and the weak, the aged and young,
the rulers of realms, the tillers of the soil.

The women begin to cry, the men in an agony of
wretchedness
shout at them to stop.
Dogs break out barking and are cruelly whipped into
silence broken by moans.
The night seems endless and men and women begin to
wrangle as to who among them was to blame.
They shriek and shout and as they are ready
to unsheathe their knives
the darkness pales, the morning light overflows
the mountain tops.
Suddenly they become still and gasp for breath as they
gaze at the figure lying dead.
The women sob out loud and men hide their faces in their hands.
A few try to slink away unnoticed,
but their crime keeps them chained to their victim.
They ask each other in bewilderment,
'Who will show us the path?'

The old man from the East bends his head and says:
'The Victim.'
They sit still and silent.
Again speaks the old man,
'We refused him in doubt, we killed him in anger,
now we shall accept him in love,
for in his death he lives in the life of us all, the
great Victim.'
And they all stand up and mingle their voices and sing,
'Victory to the Victim.'

VIII

'To the pilgrimage,' calls the young,
'to love, to power,' to knowledge, to wealth overflowing.'
'We shall conquer the world and the world beyond this,'
they all cry exultant in a thundering cataract of voices.
The meaning is not the same to them all, but only the impulse,
the moving confluence of wills that recks not death
and disaster.
No longer they ask for their way,

between the village near the hill and the one
by the river bank.
The potter's wheel goes round, the woodcutter brings
fuel to the market,
the cow-herd takes his cattle to the pasture,
and the woman with the pitcher on her head
walks to the well.
But where is the King's castle, the mine of gold,
the secret book of magic,
the sage who knows love's utter wisdom?
'The stars cannot be wrong,' assures the reader of the sky.
'Their signal points to that spot.'
And reverently he walks to a wayside spring
from which wells up a stream of water, a liquid light,
like the morning melting into a chorus of tears and laughter.
Near it in a palm grove surrounded by a strange hush
stands a leaf-thatched hut,
at whose portal sits the poet of the unknown shore, and sings:
'Mother, open the gate!'

X

A ray of morning sun strikes aslant at the door.
The assembled crowd feel in their blood the primæval
chant of creation:
'Mother, open the gate!'
The gate opens.
The mother is seated on a straw bed with the babe on her lap,
like the dawn with the morning star.
The sun's ray that was waiting at the door outside
falls on the head of the child.
The poet strikes his lute and sings out:
'Victory to Man, the new-born, the ever-living!'
They kneel down, — the king and the beggar, the saint
and the sinner,
the wise and the fool, — and cry:
'Victory to Man, the new-born, the ever-living!'
The old man from the East murmurs to himself:
'I have seen!'

"Shall we find new life there beyond?
Does hope yield there its golden harvest?"
You looked at my face and smiled without a word.

Since then sometimes we saw the sun and sometimes clouds.
Sometimes the sea was rough and sometimes calm.
Time flows on and the wind strikes the sails.
The golden boat moves blithely forward.
Now the sun descends in the western sky.
Once again I ask you, Lady of mystery,
Is cool death to be found there beyond?
Is there peace, is there sleep in the depths of the dark?
Again you lift your eyes and smile silently.

Soon the dark night will spread her wings
The golden light will be lost in the evening sky.
Your body's fragrance comes floating in the air,
In my ears there is the murmur of moving waters,
Your hair flies in the wind and touches my face.
With faint heart and tired frame,
Once again I shall ask you impatiently,
'Where are you? Come and touch me once.'
You will say no word and I shall not see your silent smile.

Translated by Humayun Kabir, May 1961. *The original Bengali poem, entitled "Nirudesh Yatra", was written on* 11 *December* 1893, *and was included in the volume of poems,* SONAR TARI, 1894.

At all events this is the only point of view from which the work can be understood — it may or may not come up to the required standard.

Rabindranath Tagore is an Indian saint — so say Yeats' Bengali informants, of a famous and revered family, and he is recognised as his country's master in the poetic art as no European poet can be said to be; he is, in fact, the object of an admiration of which we are no longer capable. His type has little of what we connect with the conception of Sanyasi. Whether he is new or not in his native country, he is to us a revival of a religious enthusiasm and a spiritual life whose counterpart is to be found in Roman Catholic mysticism. Compared with that of the Psalms, his spirit is Christian, but in all the wonderful gentleness of his soul he can approach the Psalms in naïve and fresh beauty. Still more, however, does he resemble St. Francis in his rapturous attitude towards God and his love of all life, all his love being directed towards the creator of life. We need only read two or three of the first songs to realise this, and we cannot doubt the genuineness — such things cannot be imitated. There is no mistaking the exceptional poetic beauty. The mode of expression is of classical simplicity, the image is only the spontaneous language of thought, and it does not need to be moulded into shape, it is even complete through the mere mention of the word. One thinks of the Brahman lady in Goethe's poem, who scooped up water from a flowing stream with her hands, and the water became solid and malleable in her hands.

The beauty of this style is almost always equally astonishing. It is true that the contents have not the variety one demands from secular poetry. Every poem is a prayer and a concentration of unity and harmony — it may be said that it forms a monotonous whole, but that is to reject this kind of poetry, which has never laboured to invent new expressions or images for its God.

It is not worth while wasting words on something that needs no explanation; I only wish to draw attention to some of the most captivating songs: 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, 13, 19, 26 — but when one glances at them one sees again that they are all equally beautiful. I should like to point out two more — 90 and 95.

Earlier he has written love-poetry, that too admired as the best of its kind, plays that are performed in his native country, and the poem that has become the national anthem of Bengal in our own days.

All the English reviewers express the opinion that they are the witnesses of a truly epoch-making phenomenon, not only as regards the understanding of Oriental life, but also as far as its possible influence on European art is concerned.

II

In the short preface to the *The Gardener*, a collection of poems, the author tells us that most of the contents date from a much earlier period than the religious songs in *Gitanjali.* Every reader would be able to guess by himself that this is the case, but we have perhaps a right to take the words as a hint that these early songs, in the poet's opinion, are inferior in value to the fully-ripe fruits of his pious and world-redeeming conception of life with which he chose to appear before the Western world.

It is easy to understand that this should be his view, but it ought to be possible to predict with fair certainty that the admiring appreciation that has been accorded to *Gitanjali* in England and America will not be in the least diminished by *The Gardener.* On the contrary, it will perhaps be acclaimed still more warmly and spontaneously. Tagore's religious lyrics, however deeply and simply they speak to ordinary human feelings, do not find it *so* easy to meet with such a perfect response as the charming secular songs, more varied in content and still more immediately attractive in form.

There is, however, no sharp difference between the two worlds. The same simple and sublime soulfulness is to be found in both, the world is viewed with the same mild and clear eye. It is easy to sense in the youthful joy caused by the beautiful things of this world, the mystically speculative tranquillity which in the grown man has dissolved the phenomenon into the divinity of the Eternal.

In poem No. 2: "Ah, poet, the evening draws near: your hair is turning grey." We have from the transition between the two periods Tagore's own answer to the question as to how he is

anything special in common.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing inaccessible and strange to us in this love, but it has its own special atmosphere so very different from ours.

The Indian seems to us passive, as it were, in his very passion, lost in a sweet and great reverie by himself in a space that cannot be reached by anxiety or the soul-searing rigours of life but which is also free from everything that is coarse and savage, which in this field seems to be the latest trend.

He expresses himself in a curiosly discreet way. His voice can seem toned down like that of a woman, but we are still more struck by its nobleness and elegance. Perhaps it is the tact of the national character that we hear here as much as the individuality of the poet. The confession must not go beyond a certain limit—it must play cautiously with fire when no phlegm protects the blood.

Very often the song is put into the woman's mouth. Here is an example of the tone: (No. 7):

O, mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door, — how can I attend to my work this morning?

Show me how to braid up my hair; tell me what garment to put on.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

I know well he will not glance up once at my window; I know he will pass out of my sight in the twinkling of an eye; only the vanishing strain of the flute will come sobbing to me from afar.

But the young Prince will pass by our door, and I will put on my best for the moment.

O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door, and the morning sun flashed from his chariot.

I swept aside the veil from my face, I tore the ruby chain from my neck and flung it in his path.

Why do you look at me amazed, mother?

I know well he did not pick up my chain; I know it was crushed under his wheels leaving a red stain upon the dust, and no one knows what my gift was nor to whom.

But the young Prince did pass by our door, and I flung

these poems that depict numerous little idylls taken from everyday life. For want of space and time I cannot quote more than I have, but it strikes me that I could have chosen all seven, instead of merely five, of the first poems of the collection, so rich are they in beauty.

The whole book does not maintain quite the same high standard. There are songs which, at least in translation, with its unavoidable weakening of the charm of rhythm and melody, do not have the same impact. The subjects, too, have not all the same power to captivate strangers like ourselves. A small part of it may be called reflective poetry. But, as I have already said, everything is genuine, everything is true art. Nowhere has Tagore borrowed the smallest ornament for his poem that has not fitted in with ease. The sparingly used metaphors are of the very greatest beauty a metaphor can have. Take for example the following:

> The water is still in the river like the sword on the knees of a sentry fallen asleep.

In such lines there is a primitive greatness, a flexible and a myth-creating imagination which makes us think of the best that the poetry of any time has achieved.

These very few examples of the great and varied riches of this love lyric will have to suffice, and I shall only briefly express my firm conviction that they are unique poetic values that are here submitted to the judgement of the Nobel Prize Committee.

The end of the collection is also taken up by other things than love-poems.

There is the simple, profound and curiously moving parable (No. 66) about the eternally seeking soul who finds the touchstone, and only when he has thrown it away does he understand what he has had in his hand. There is a song about the soul's longing for immortality which dies away in all that the dream of Nirvana suggests of deliverance, purity and lightness —that is to say, divine in the highest degree.

There is also (in No. 62) a retrospective survey of the earlier intoxication of love as it appears to those who have now been initiated into other worlds. It is a beautiful poem tinged with melancholy which, of all that Tagore gives, most approaches modern European poetry, e.g., Maeterlinck. But in its terseness

"The Myriad-minded Poet"

[We are glad to reproduce here the English text of the Citation read on the occasion of the conferment by the Oxford University of its D.Litt. (*honoris causa*) on Rabindranath Tagore at a special Convocation held in Santiniketan on 7 August 1940. The original Latin text was read out by the Hon'ble Mr Justice Henderson in the capacity of Public Orator, after which Sir Maurice Gwyer conferred the degree on behalf of the Oxford University. — *Ed.*]

Honoured Sir, on whom the choice of your mother Oxford has fallen to sit to-day in the place of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, you have before you India's most distinguished son, in whose family no more perfect illustration can be found of that verse of Horace: "A noble line gives proof of noble sires."

Let me recall his grand-father, the member of a new religious faith and a new fraternity, who was one of the first of his countrymen to cross the estranging sea and visit the distant land of Britain; his father, a religious leader of singular rectitude and burning faith, whose piety and wisdom distinguished him among all his countrymen. I recall his gifted sister, and the first of her sex in India to attempt a novel of Indian life; his three brothers of whom one was the first Indian member of the Indian Civil Service, a second was distinguished among his contemporaries in philosophy and a third in literature and the arts. But the fourth brother who is present before you now has by his life, his genius and his character augmented so greatly the fame of his house that, did his piety and modesty not forbid, none would have a better right to say in Scipio's famous phrase: "My life has crowned the virtues of my line."

You see in him a great scholar and a great artist, both in prose and in verse; one who has written poetry, romance, satire, history; who has left scarcely any field of literature untouched and has touched nothing that he has not adorned. How rarely has such richness of imagination been combined with such elegance of style! How astonishing is the range of his versatile genius, wisdom and laughter, terror and delight, the power of stirring our deepest emotions! And yet we are always conscious of his essential humanity, of a man who thinks nothing beneath

Songs of Rabindranath Tagore

Indira Devi Choudhurani

THOSE who are acquainted with the Poet's life are well aware of the influence exercised by his elder brother Jyotirindranath over his early musical training. The picture of Jyotirindranath sitting at the piano composing light music, with his brother Rabindranath on the one hand and his friend Akshoy Chowdhury on the other, setting words to the same, is well known to all Rabindra-devotees. Even before that, the Poet must have joined in composing the music for the family theatricals performed at home, but it is not possible for us to identify his share at this distance of time, though we still remember the tunes.

But we must not forget that round about this time a totally different atmosphere pervaded the family-house at Jorasanko, viz., that of our Hindusthani, or what is now called classical, music. Maharshi Devendranath Tagore was a great patron of this school and many were the master-singers who visited his house. The Poet himself has described how his elder brothers, *tanpura* slung on shoulder, used to go and take lessons from these masters. Though the Poet never formally registered himself as the disciple of any preceptor by tying the coloured thread round his wrist, as was the prevailing custom, yet he naturally imbibed the spirit of Hindusthani music from the surrounding atmosphere, just as a tree, though standing still, draws sustenance from the surrounding air and sky and earth. Among these master-singers may be mentioned the names of Jadu Bhatta and Moulabuksh and later on Radhika Goswami of Bishtupur and Bishhnuram Chakraborti of his boyhood days. He also received some singing lessons in childhood from the music-mad Srikantha Singha of Raipur.

This short history of the Poet's musical training has been considered necessary, in view of the fact that even geniuses do not

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[1] This article by the late Indira Devi Choudhurani, who was Rabindranath Tagore's niece, was originally written as an Introduction to *Gita-panchasati* (500 Songs of Tagore), published by Sahitya Akademi, and is reproduced here with some minor modifications. —*Ed.*

based on such a high moral altitude that ordinary human beings find it difficult to breathe in such a rarefied atmosphere or obtain comfort and consolation in their grief. Into this negative and arid expanse the devotional songs of the Poet have instilled the warmth and tenderness of human affection, and made the Supreme Lord accessible to human sentiments of love and devotion, friendship and reverence. Many such examples can be cited from the religious songs of Rabindranath.

In most of his earlier compositions the Poet has naturally followed the rules laid down in our orthodox system of music as regards melody and rhythm. He was especially attracted to the simple and stately form of the *dhrupad,* with its division into four distinct parts, and many of his songs are based on this style. Whilst in his thirties his father the Maharshi sent him to Shelidah to supervise the family estate, where for a time he combined home and office in a house-boat moored to the sand-banks of the river Padma. It was here that he got the opportunity of becoming closely acquainted with the indigenous folk-music of Bengal, viz., *sari, baul, kirtan,* etc., which he incorporated in various ways in his later compositions. More especially his soul-stirring songs composed during the Swadeshi movement in Bengal almost all bear the stamp of this simple and heartfelt Baul idiom, of which the well-known song *My Golden Bengal* is a fine example.

During his last years, when he came to settle finally in Santiniketan, he composed many seasonal songs and musical playlets for the pupils. He also introduced many a new combination of Baul tunes with *ragas,* of hitherto unmixed *ragas* etc.; and also some innovations in rhythm, viz., *shashthi* or 2:4 time; *navami* variations of 5:4 or 3:2:2:2 time; *jhampak* or *jhamptal* in reverse, or 3:2:3:2; *ekadasi* or 3:2:2:4; *rupakda* or 3:2:3, etc.

Rabindranath has not much used the classical form of *kheyal* in his own compositions probabaly because the *kheyal* is adorned with trills and flourishes which interfere with the natural flow of the words, to which the Poet assigned as much importance as to the tune. To my mind, his light songs other than *dhrupad* or classical may conveniently be placed under the category of *thumri.* Though he may not have composed original *tuppas,* yet Rabindranath has set words of his own to a few fine Hindu-

spirit, and it is this spirit which forms one of the chief sources of variety in his songs.

An outstanding characteristic of Rabindra Sangeet may be deduced from the above, viz., the wonderfully happy union between the words and music of his songs. Whether the words are being spoken musically or whether the music is speaking the words itself, is difficult to distinguish. Of course this art attains its highest pitch in the field of opera, particularly on account of the musical repartees in conversational style.

To the list of qualities enumerated above may be added the immense volume of Rabindranath's music. Not only with regard to the number of songs, but it is doubtful whether any composer in any country has composed so many songs expressing such a variety of sentiments, both concerning the feelings of the individual as well as the ceremonies and rituals current in society.

In my humble opinion, one of the chief attainments of Rabindranath's musical genius is that he has succeeded in partially simplifying and reducing for his countrymen the arduous, complex and lengthy study of our classical Indian music. He has adopted practically all the *ragas* and *talas* of our orthodox Hindusthani system, yet instead of the lifelong strenuous training undergone by the chosen few, he has made the beauty and sweetness of music available to the general public through a few years of intensive culture.

Music is but one of the departments of Rabindranath's vast genius, but it is one that is very near and dear to his heart. Let me quote his own words:

> Whatever fate may be in store in the judgement of the future for my poems, my stories and my plays, I know for certain that the Bengali race must needs accept my songs, they must all sing my songs in every Bengali home, in the fields and by the rivers.... I feel as if music wells up from within some unconscious depth of my mind, that is why it has a certain completeness.

The University Community was, of course, very excited when it learned about the impending visit of India's foremost poet. "Poet To Visit University: Famous Indian Writer Coming Soon," read the large type prefacing an article about Tagore on page two of the *Daily Illini* for October 1, 1912.[1] The article then gave a little more information about Tagore and his forthcoming visit:

> Rabindra Nath Tagore, who is recognized as the foremost poet of India, is soon to pay the University a visit. The date for his visit has not yet been definitely learned but at present Mr. Tagore, his son, R. N. Tagore, and wife, are in England where they are being entertained by English writers and artists.

On October 30, 1912, the Tagores arrived in Urbana, Illinois, and the local newspapers took quick cognizance of the fact. "India's First Poet Arrives," noted the *Daily Illini* for November 2, 1912. "Son, A Former Student, Will Resume Studies," continued the headlines. The Tagores were greeted upon their arrival in Urbana by several Illinois students and faculty members, including the late Professor Morgan Brooks of the Department of Electrical Engineering, and the Late Dr. A. R. Seymour, former adviser to foreign students. The elder Tagore, in fact, went to live with the Brooks family, while Rathindranath and his wife were guests of the Seymours.[2] Also among the students on hand to greet the Tagores were two former graduates of Santiniketan, S. Barman and N. K. Deiral, both of whom were taking graduate work at the University, and Bankim Roy, a former teacher at Santiniketan.[3]

Almost immediately, Tagore's presence in Champaign-Urbana aroused a great deal of excitement and interest. Tagore, always retiring, hoped for rest and quiet there, but, instead, he soon found himself surrounded by a group of admirers almost as fervent as the ones he had recently had in London. Soon he was

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[1] The *Daily Illini* is the University of Illinois' daily newspaper.

[2] See the *Daily Illini* for Saturday, November 2, 1912, p. 4.

[3] See the *Daily Illini* for October 1, 1912. Also, *On the Edges of Time*. p. 124.

I remember it very well. He was truly a great man."[1] Mrs. Esther G. Harding was another local resident who attended this lecture series and she was also very impressed by Tagore. "I don't remember exactly what he said," remarked Mrs. Harding, "but I do remember that he had an extremely handsome face—an enlightened face. He read poetry in his lectures. It was beautiful. He seemed to have spirit behind him."[2]

Tagore's circle of followers in Urbana was enlarged by a series of poetry readings that the Indian gave at the home of Dr. Seymour during the winter of 1912-13. Dr. Seymour invited many of his friends on the faculty, in the community, and among the student body, to these Tagore evenings at his home. Tagore read from his own work, some of which he had translated while living in Urbana. "He read mostly from *Gitanjali* at these meetings," remarked Professor Paine to the author recently. "It was a great privilege to be present though and to see and hear a poet of world renown. It was like being behind the scenes of a great play. It was a wonderful opportunity."[3]

Of the many people who attended these Tagore readings, there are several besides Professor Paine who still live in Champaign-Urbana. Miss Paine, now living with her brother Ellery, was an undergraduate in education at the time of Tagore's first visit, and she too was a faithful attender at the poetry evenings held at Dr. Seymour's. "It was hard to get to know him; he was so deep," she said in a recent conversation. "Yet it was inspiring to sit near him and look at him." Mrs. Bessie Smith of Urbana also used to hear Tagore read at Dr. Seymour's, and she echoed the high praise of the others: "It was quite thrilling. I've never forgotten it. He had the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. The whole world seemed to be in his eyes."[4]

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[1] All of the conversations recorded here were held during the summer of 1958.

[2] In a conversation with the present writer in August, 1958.

[3] Conversation. August, 1958.

[4] Conversation with the author held in August, 1958. Mrs. Smith was the wife of the late Dr. Louis Smith of the University's Agronomy Department.

Tagore heartily seconded Professor Paine's description of the Indian poet:

> He was gentle in spirit but forceful of ideas. When you heard Tagore speak it was no ordinary man. A handsome man, Tagore had a character different from any other man I ever met.[1]

Tagore's personality and work made such a deep impression on some members of the Champaign-Urbana community that a Tagore club was formed there after the poet left. This group, not wishing to abandon the Tagore evenings founded by Dr. Seymour, decided to meet once a month in one another's homes and spend the evening reading Tagore's poetry. As these evenings became more popular, the members began to be referred to as the 'Tagore Circle,' and soon they themselves adopted this title. Included in the Tagore Circle were Dr. and Mrs. Seymour, Professor and Mrs. Kunz, Dr. and Mrs. Louis Smith, Professor and Mrs. Ellery Paine, and several other faculty members and students.

Few of those in the Tagore Circle expected to see the poet again, but in 1916 Tagore returned to the United States to lecture and, to the delight of the Tagore Circle and his many friends in the area, the Indian poet agreed to lecture at the University of Illinois. He was originally scheduled to appear there on the thirteenth of January under the auspices of the Tagore Circle, but at the last minute he changed his plans and asked to be allowed to come earlier. The Tagore Circle then hurriedly made arrangements for the poet to appear on campus on the twenty-ninth of December. The *Daily Illini* for Tuesday, December 19, gave Tagore's impending visit headline notice:

TAGORE MAY COME DURING VACATION
NOTED HINDU POET AND EDUCATOR
IS FORCED TO CANCEL PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT
TICKETS ON SALE IMMEDIATELY

Tagore arrived in Urbana on Friday, December 22, 1916, and although only scheduled to deliver one public lecture, he was

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[1] Quoted in the Champaign-Urbana *Courier,* May 25, 1952.

to hear him merely out of curiosity or because they wished to see a Nobel Prize winner in the flesh; but Tagore's personality still came through as positively and as attractively as it had done four years previously to much smaller groups. "He was the most beautiful person I ever saw. Physically he was magnificent," said Miss Elizabeth Hackley who was then a senior in the College of Liberal Arts and Science.[1] "His lecture was excellent and his English magnificent." On December 31, Tagore, who still had a busy lecture schedule ahead of him, bid his friends farewell and left Urbana.

After Tagore left, the Tagore Circle continued their meetings, and thus kept Tagore's name and memory alive in the Champaign-Urbana community. New members joined the group, and the Tagore Circle remained the focal point for those in the community interested in the work of the Indian poet. These Tagore evenings continued until 1920,[2] when, because of a gradual lessening of interest in Tagore and because several key members left the community,[3] they were discontinued.

The Tagore Circle, in fact, had long since disbanded at the time the poet made his third and last visit to the Illinois campus in late February or early March, 1921.[4] Many of its members did not even know that the poet was speaking on campus then, and the newspapers carried no reports of his address there. However, Professor Garetta Busey of the English Department of the University of Illinois clearly remembered his speaking there during the winter of 1920-21.[5] "He spoke some place on campus," she said recently. "I believe it was at the Wesley Foundation. His topic was "Indian Nationalism." He was beautiful to look at. Rather tall for an Indian. He had on sweeping

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[1] Conversation.

[2] According to Mrs. Smith.

[3] Mrs. Smith feels that the demise of the Tagore Circle was due to the fact that the Seymours were no longer able to participate.

[4] Tagore left Houston, Texas, on the 23rd of February for Chicago where he stayed until the 13th of March. (See Tagore, *Letters From Abroad*, pp. 67-69). He might have stopped of *en route* from Houston to Chicago or come down during his stay in Chicago.

[5] Dr. Busey was then a graduate student at the University.

poet in Illinois surely demonstrates the universality of human emotions and the similarity of men's longings.

The enthusiastic welcome that Tagore received in Illinois was typical of the general American reaction to the Indian poet's three visits to the United States. In these dark days of international tension and animosity, it is heartening to recall the love that went out in America to this gentle Indian pleading for international cooperation and understanding.

Wealth is the burden of bigness,
Welfare the fullness of being.

Rabindranath Tagore

guided and comforted him and shared their secrets and listened to his own. Interpersonal situations arose in his stories, songs and poems as parts of a cosmological exixstence. Not that human emotions were anything but warm and meaningful, but their significance depended on man's power to relate himself with the ultimate images of his being. The Krishna legend provided him with many images both pastoral and sublime; the flute of Krishna called him from the Great Beyond and keen was his separation from the home away from home. Tagore had strong Vedic and especially Rig-Vedic affiliations; the celestial gods and goddesses which of course had no religious meaning to his monotheistic faith, supplied him with shining images. He drew continually from this unspent source of early inspiration, peopling his songs and poems and dramatic sketches with primal emotions which took the form of radiant Vedic emblems. Supreme among such images was Urvasi, the spirit of eternal beauty, lighting the human heart with her super-personal attraction. Vedic or other forms of primordial myth were by no means a poetic stereotype; considerable variations in the use of images can be found in every period of his poetic growth. But the earlier visionary patterns became less true to him as he lived and worked in closer relationship with the societal and human context.

A curious transposed form of imagery increasingly found its way into his stories and poems; a homeless wandering boy in a riverside market could become the image of love and detachment. A sick child looking outside the window at the passers by, and waiting for a letter from the King was the lonely innocent soul waiting for God. The girl who brings her flowers of remembrance to his death bed is love lifted up to an eternal human level. Bullock carts creaking along the dark lane with swinging lanterns became the wakeful spirit in rural loneliness. Boatmen and boats, the river and the shore, the crossing and the waters, changed their imaging associations and filled his poetry with variations of the theme. Yeats, the Irish poet, deeply responded to this symbolic imagery of Tagore's poems which drew from the reservoir of a whole people's consciousness and were yet peculiarly modern and Tagorean.

Increasingly Tagore's imageries became humanized. The

usage. The earthly rituals of man's daily life did not have to be imaged or depend on extra-territorial imagery but became wondrous in their own simple and unfathomable poetry of human reality. His imageries became increasingly earth-bound and simple though often one can trace the returning tide of early cosmic imagery. A perfect example of his latest images is to be found in one of his later poems where "Dhulir Tilak" (The Consecration with Dust) combines in itself the last touch of mother dust, the auspicious Hindu mark placed on the forehead of the journeying relative and Tagore's own feeling of the nearing end of his life. Life itself had become an image with the poet's faith sustaining it.

(B) Form

As to 'form' in Tagore's poetry, two points can be made here. Tagore tried with rich success practically all the lyrical molds known to *Vaishnava* poetry and adapted elegiac, ode and blank verse models drawn from his Bengali predecessors and contemporaries. The Sanskrit poets, especially Kalidasa, influenced him so deeply that in paying tribute to the classical poet's *Meghaduta,* Tagore's own poem (named *Meghdut*) carried the ancient resonance and form-effects of the old master. Tagore used the traditional grandeur of Sanskritised *Sadhubhasha* Bengali and blended it with the exquisite inlaid resources of modern Bengali speech; the felicities of his verse-forms were seemingly inexhaustible. Versatility and masterly craftsmanship have placed Tagore in a supreme and unreachable place in Bengali poetry, and indeed, in the world of poetry. It would be no exaggeration to say that the ballads and odes of Keats, the lyrics of Blake and Shelley and Burns, the dramatic and descriptive poetic forms of Browning and Wordsworth, and in our day, of Frost, find their compeers in Tagore's repertoire in verse. And this list, even in terms of English poetry alone, does not account for many of his poignant, intellected creations. But he never tried the Terza-rima, and he did not pay any serious attention to the sonnet form. While Tagore improvised on a great variety of European, Chinese, Indian and Japanese poetic forms, he never felt challenged by the sonnet structure though he knew it well

he would write them down in large, faltering letters, later he dictated them to friends who attended him. A poem like 'Pratham diner surya' (The First day's Sun) he perhaps could not have written before. In the eleven short lines of this poem he was able to construct a basic form, organize a great idea and hold a vision, and he had space enough for two powerful imageries. The words move in a delicate, non-rhymed assonance.

Some have argued, following a casual remark made by Tagore, that he had already in his teen-age written "*vers libre* poems, though rhymed," in *Sandhya Sangit.* But this would be the same as referring to Matthew Arnold's 'The Stray Reveller' as the prototype of Pound's 'Be With Me' or H. D's 'The Pines'. The *vers libre* technique was not suited to Tagore's genius, and even in his last poems he invests the spare form with an almost traditional, rhythmic grace. The cold, clear beauty of grey rocks and white foam in the Ionian sea, the utter and objective transference of a memoried dance or a musical echo did not belong to his world excepting as a part of an ampler vision. But it is amazing that the creator of great polyphonic music, of architectured rhythm and exquisitely elaborate rhyme which are intrinsically organized in the great poems of *Sonar Tari, Kshanika, Balaka* or *Puravi* could yet find comfort in the newly created domain of partly *vers libre* poems. His last poems are spare and intense, invariably short and often rhymeless, and yet they are as sunset-hued and night-starred as one would imagine any last poems to be.



schools and trends. The previous year *The Gardener* had been translated into Ukrainian, and was soon afterwards published in Armenian, in a translation by a well-known Armenian poet, Ovanes Tumanyan.

After the Great October Socialist Revolution, the work of this Indian writer was taken up by the reading public, in the broadest sense of those words. The extent of his popularity is shown by the fact that from 1917 to 1941, Rabindranath Tagore's works were published in Russian alone in over forty separate editions; selection of poems and stories, and such novels as *Gora, The Wreck* and *The Home and the World* were printed separately. Some years ago an eight-volume collection of Rabindranath Tagore's works was published, containing his most important prose, poetry, drama, literary criticism, and social, political and pedagogical writings; the edition was not a small one – 90,000 copies of each volume, and it was sold out at once. Altogether, Rabindranath Tagore's books have been published here in the years of Soviet power in a total print of 2,500,000 copies in many languages of the USSR: Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian, Uzbek, Latvian, Tatar and others. These figures, I think, speak for themselves: Rabindranath Tagore has been brought into this great, multi-national Soviet family as a real friend, an artist of the world welcomed by all.

In Rabindranath Tagore's work Soviet people see a brilliant embodiment of the artistic genius of the Indians, for whom the working people of our country have always felt a deep, sincere sympathy. The apologists of imperialism, the philosophical crusaders of colonialism and social reaction are still trying, even to-day, to propagate a haughty, contemptuous attitude to the cultural heritage of the Eastern peoples, those peoples who have suffered, and in some cases still suffer, the heavy yoke of colonial slavery. It is surely hardly necessary to point out the groundlessness of such attempts in general, still less their utter absurdity with respect to the great, ancient Indian literary tradition, which for untold ages has contributed so largely to world art. The peoples of our country–Russians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Uzbeks, Tajiks, Georgians, Armenians, Turkmenians–are well acquainted with this tradition. Even a superficial study of our ancient rhymed legends and stories, with the great epics of

regime imposed on the Indian people.

With a penetrating eye Rabindranath Tagore surveyed contemporary Indian society, the struggle in progress between the new and the old. In his works he exposed and opposed the remnants of feudalism, he condemned the caste system, spoke out strongly for the social and human rights of Indian women and showed the foolishness and harm of outworn customs. What a close sympathy progressively-minded people feel with the spiritual and moral victory of the characters in Rabindranath Tagore's *Gora*, who boldly broke through caste, religious and other prejudices in the name of sense and human happiness! What tragic, indignant fire breathes from 'A Woman's Letter', one of the most powerful works of world literature, a bitter protest against the oppression, the lack of rights of women in the family and in society! Works like *Sacrifice* are vibrant with passionate social satire. And the point of such satire in a number of Rabindranath Tagore's writings is directed not only against medieval hangovers, but against the power of money, against the subservience of some of his 'enlightened' fellow-countrymen to the colonialists, against the hypocrisy and venality of those public leaders who ranted about patriotism but were in fact utterly blind and deaf to the hard lot of the masses. The whole of Rabindranath Tagore's work was essentially a summons to a new, free life shaped by sense and wisdom, filled with the light of great humane ideals.

The profound patriotism of Rabindranath Tagore himself, in contrast to those who merely used patriotic phrases, was filled with a sincere love and concern for the working people, whom the writer regarded as the very foundation of all science. There is ardent, democratic and very real sympathy for the plain people in the words which the writer gives to Chandranath Babu in *The Home and the World*. 'The country does not mean the soil, but the men on it,' says Chandranath to those whose concern for their country is only outward, a matter of show. 'Have you wasted so much as a glance on what was happening to them? ...Every moment of theirs is a life-and-death struggle for a bare living...I, an old man, am ready to hail you and even to follow you. But if, as you wave your banner of freedom, you crush the freedom of the poor, I shall stand against you, if need

Rabindranath Tagore's words, vibrant with hatred for imperialism and war, aroused the human conscience and humane feelings just as did those of Romain Rolland, the Manns, Bernard Shaw and other progressive representatives of world culture. There was widespread response of Asia and Africa, attacked by the imperialists, and call for struggle against fascist barbarism. During the Second World War Rabindranath Tagore wrote his splendid poem 'The People Work', filled with unshakable faith in the victory of the forces of peaceful creation over those of destruction:

They, ever,
pull the oars, keep holding the helm;
they, in the fields,
sow seeds, cut the corn.
They go on working.
The kingly sceptre breaks, the war-drums
no longer resound;
columns of victory gape, stupidly oblivious
of their own meaning;
blood-stained weapons, and blood-shot
eyes and faces
hide their annals in children's story-books.
They go on working;
in *Anga*, in *Banga*, in *Kalinga's* seas and
river-ghats,
in Punjab, Bombay, and Gujarat.
The myriad hum of voices thunderous,
woven together, night and day,
makes resonant the great world's
livelihood.
Sorrows and joys unceasing
blend in chant raising the mighty hymn
of life.
On the ruins of hundreds of empires,
they go on working.

It is good to know that to-day champions of peace over the whole world are working to make that splendid dream a reality, working for a life without wars, without armaments, for all mankind.

and his personal charm. Lev Nikulin, the writer, who met him in Moscow, wrote a little while ago in the magazine *Foreign Literature* that he, like all present, was captured by Rabindranath Tagore's noble beauty, his lofty, thoughtful speech, 'his eyes, glowing with wisdom.' Evidently Tagore had that great happiness given to but few – to embody in his outer and inner form the spiritual beauty of his people.

The lofty tradition of Rabindranath Tagore lives on to-day, in the work of leading Indian writers, and in the hearts of all progressive men and women who are fighting for peace, for freedom and the hapiness of all people on earth.

(By courtesy of Soviet Writers' Union, Moscow)

Invocation

Rabindranath Tagore

I invoke all those
who are eager of soul
and joyous of heart.
Let them come and take their seat.

May our days and nights
endow them with new life.

May the spirit of harmony
spread far and wide
from the sky to the forest,
and may their hearts unite in a song.

Thus, will they have a seat
in His court Who is beauty and grace,
Whose footstool is illumed
by the steady flame of goodness.

Translated by Kshitis Roy from the original Bengali song, SABARE KARI.

Not the logic of careful plotting but the music of ideas and symbols is the 'soul' of this drama. Not the apparent meaning but its echoing cadence of suggestion—*dhwani,* as the Sanskrit rhetoricians called it—in other words, the richness of the undertones is what matters, for this alone kindles the sluggish soul to a new awareness of life's "deep magic".

Sanyasi is a study of the failure of what Sri Aurobindo would call the 'Refusal of the Ascetic'. In the *Vishnupurana* we learn that Jada Bharata, although he readily gives up the cares and pomp of kingship and retires to the forest, is unable to resist the play of pity which presently flames up into immaculate love. The Sanyasi, by withdrawing from the world as he thinks, has merely developed a negative virtue. Salvation comes, however, not from negation, but from wise acceptance, purification, and inner transformation. When the Sanyasi boastfully declares,

> The division of days and nights is not for me, nor that of months and years ... I sit chanting the incantation of nothingness ... I am free, I am the great solitary one,

he is non-engagement for victory in battle. The first stir and rustle of actuality disturbs him not a little, though emphasis is still his line of defence:

> The earth breathes hot sighs, and the whirling sands dance by. What sights of man have I seen! Can I ever again shrink back into the smallness of these creatures, and become one of them? No, I am free....

The girl Vasanti disturbs him even more, but at first he tries to be stern: "I have deserted both gods and men." She asks for bread, in his obtuseness he gives her a stone instead! Yet the springs of humanity, not being dried up completely, assert themselves at last. There are vague stirrings within, Vasanti's little trusting hand seems to touch his soul "with the wand of the eternal", she is to him like the 'moth of the daylight". Even so he makes one more attempt to reject humanity and love; he blows furiously hot and icy cold; in panic he runs away from her. But wherever he may go, life and the claims of life and the lure of beauty and love pursue him. Another child meets him and completes the education Vasanti had begun. He decides he will break the staff of negation and lean on the tree of life:

> Let my vows of Sanyasi go ... Oh, the fool, who wanted

to dwindle into mere mistress and wife, but will also readily bear the responsibilities of Queen, the patroness of her people. But Vikram is given to self-indulgence and sloth, he has made himself the monarch of a sensual heaven, and he will not worry about the condition of his people. His Brahmin friend Devadatta tells him in vain about the plight of the masses. The country is governed by parasites (who also happen to be the Queen's relatives), and to try to change the system is to invite rebellion. When the testing time comes, Vikram merely says that he will offer the rebels "terms of peace" to purchase his own peace of mind! Sumitra cannot accept this humiliating position, and decides that she must herself fight the rebels, if necessary with help from her brother Kumarsen, Kashmir's Prince. The action of Sumitra is, perhaps, distantly parallelled by Nora (though for other reasons) walking out of her husband's house in Ibsen's play. Vikram at first merely blames Devadatta and Sumitra for waking up "the sleeping snake from its hole", and cannot even take Sumitra's decision seriously. But when he learns that she has gone indeed to seek Kashmir's help, the "insult" inflames him, he feeds on his frustration till it changes him into a monster. The force that had long dallied with thought of love is transformed into an irresistible engine of hate and destruction. In the interval between Acts I and II, we are to suppose that Vikram has both quelled the rebellion at home and thrust back the Kashmir forces. Kumarsen is in hiding, his uncle Chandrasen and aunt Revati are ready to seize his throne. But Vikram himself will not cry halt to the campaign. He is wedded to war and revenge, as he was once lost in thoughts of dalliance.

> Revenge is stronger than the thin wine of love. Revenge is freedom,—freedom from the coils of cloying sweetness.

He must seize alive Kumarsen and humble Sumitra to the dust. He is deaf to reason and sane counsel, stone deaf to the appeal of pity. He refuses audience to Sumitra, although she owns she alone is to blame and begs that her brother and his country may be spared. Chandrasen and Revati come to 'sound' Vikram about their future: the former is circumspect, but the latter is an utter vulturess. Vikram is almost startled to see reflected in Revati an image of his own lust for revenge.

> Oh, the red flame of hell-fire! The greed and hatred in a

shocked, or are apprehensive, or openly defiant. The beasts of sacrifice sent by the Queen to make her a mother are to be turned back, too, and she is furious and resorts to desperate measures. Jaising, Raghupati's ward, admires the King and loves Aparna; but his loyalty to his master is no less strong, and he has a vague dread of the sanctions of religion. Whereas the General, Narayan Rai, escapes from the developing predicament merely by surrendering his sword to the King, Jaising is caught deeper in the tangle of loyalties, he veers uncertainly between fanatic action and loving surrender, and flits to and fro in agonised indecision. Raghupati tempts him with sophistry:

> Sin has no meaning in reality. To kill is but to kill,—it is neither sin nor anything else. Do you not know that the dust of this earth is made of countless killings? Old Time is ever writing the chronicle of the transient life of creatures in letters of blood...

Jaising is shaken to the depths. Is Kali no more than a blood-thirsty Fury? Doesn't She rather thirst for human love?

> Is, then, love a falsehood and mercy a mockery, and the one thing true, from beginning of time, the lust for destruction? ...You are playing with my heart, my Master...

But Raghupati's is the stronger will, and Jaising agrees to kill the King secretly—"deeds are better", he says, "however cruel they may be, than the hell of thinking and doubting." There are other plottings also giving further sinister twists to the action. Prince Nakshatra is moved by Raghupati to kill the King; the Queen, on the other hand, asks him to kill the boy Druva, "the darling of the King's heart". Blood-lust is in the air, and maddens most of the characters. Only the King is firm, and so is the girl Aparna. All the rest think or at least fear that the Goddess demands some worthy sacrifice. If it is not the King, the boy Dhruva will do quite as well. The boy is trapped, he is to be 'sacrificed' before King or his new general, Chandpal, prevents it. As a matter of fact, they promptly arrest Nakshatra (who is banished) and Raghupati, who is also banished but is granted a day's grace. His hope that this one day will enable him to see the King's blood shed before Kali proves nought since Jaising, driven to desperation, kills himself. Raghupati realises at last the vanity of priestly megalomania and the criminal folly of

to the new faith and hail her as Goddess and Mother and the "divine soul of this world". Only Kemankar and Supriya stand apart, but the latter is not quite sure that what he has seen is mere illusion. But Kemankar's is the stronger will, he decides to leave the country and try to secure foreign aid to root out the Buddhist heresy, and asks Supriya to keep him informed of developments. Presently Supriya also is drawn to Malini, and he betrays Kemankar's secret to the King. Kemankar is captured, and the King is full of gratitude to Supriya. But Supriya, although he has done what he has done willingly, knows also that he has played the traitor. Malini sees his plight and makes the King agree to granting a reprieve to Kemankar. But Kemankar is like a "god defying his captivity", and only wants to see Supriya. The friends talk at cross purposes, and vain is Supriya's appeal to his former friend:

> My friend, is not this world wide enough to hold men whose natures are widely different? Those countless stars of the sky, do they fight for the mastery of the One? Cannot faiths holds their separate lights in peace for the separate worlds of minds that need them?

Kemankar cannot see things that way, and feels that "all truths must be tested in death's court", embraces Supriya and in the act strikes him with his chains and kills him. But before the King can strike the murderer, Malini appeals again—"Father, forgive Kemankar"! Why does Malini plead for Kemankar? Readers and critics of the play are puzzled. Professor Mahalanobis (as quoted by Dr. Edward Thompson) sees some sort of conflict:

> She is torn between two impulses—or perhaps an ideal and an impulse, the life preached by Gautama and the other life of love and friendship. Both were vague, I think. Was she in love with Supriya? Or was it Kemankar? Or was she in love with neither? I do not know; but you feel as if there were a deeper conflict.

For one thing, Malini makes her final appeal without a moment's hesitation. For another, she had even earlier secured a promise from the King that Kemankar would be pardoned. If one crime could be pardoned, so could another be. Malini is meant to be the new revelation—Forgive, whatever the crime! Killing doesn't

can be effectively exorcised away by the magic of Spring. The objection thus is not to the Prelude itself but rather to its length. Still there are many good things in the Prelude—beautiful images, pointed exchanges, perennial situations. The sight of the first gray hair on one's head has always caused a shudder. The consolations of philosophy can be no more than dead sea fruit, while poetry without trying to console may really heal the wounds of the heart. The main play has a few symbolic characters, including the Blind Minstrel—physically blind, and therefore "he sees with his whole body and mind and soul". When the dramatist enters into a truce with realism, fancy and imagination can take wings, the actual can shade off into the Empyrean, and movement, sound and symbol can waft us into delectable universes of meaning. All Nature is involved in the drama, for life undergoes the throes of rebirth. April (or Phalgun) "pulls hard", "April pulls very hard"; Spring is striving to be born, though Winter is reluctant to leave. It seems to be a war of attrition, but by and by Winter is forced into a rearguard action, and presently he is nowhere to be found. Spring is the reality, lost Winter is only a dim memory. The Minstrel sings:

Victory to life, to joy, to love,
To eternal light.
The night shall wane, the darkness shall vanish,
Have faith, brave heart.

And the play concludes with the choral song of the Festival of Spring:

April is awake.
Life's shoreless sea
is heaving in the sun before you.
All the losses are lost,
and death is drowned in its waves...

When the play in its original Bengali version was first acted, the poet rendered the parts of both Chandra who typifies youth and life and the Blind Minstrel who is old and blind, yet, strangely enough, the prophet of life's renewal. One may quarrel with the play because it is a fantasy, but it is woven with ritual that is part of the popular culture of India. In the right background and with the right actors the whole fantasy must come to thrilling life and the seeming lie become the splendorous truth.

flag which is the symbol of his own tyranny! Ranjan is dead, but his cause is taken up by others; the King is with Nandini, and so with the people; Nandini's marriage in the spirit to Ranjan as signified by the "red marriage tie" – Ranjan even in death grasping the bunch of red oleanders sent by Nandini–gives her the right to lead the fight till victory is won, and so she marches against the Governor's forces and is followed by King, Professor, Bishu, Phagulal, and the rest. The play concludes with Bishu's song of autumn and fruitfulness:

Hark 'tis Autumn calling,–
  Come, O come away!
The earth's mantle of dust is filled with ripe corn!
  O the joy! the joy!

There are, then, the plays or playlets inspired by the *Mahabharata*. *Chitra* was the earliest, *Gandhari's Prayer* and *Karna and Kunti* came later. Chitra is a succinct Tagorean version of Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*. In the course of a perceptive Introduction to an English version of *Sakuntala* Tagore wrote:

> In truth there are two unions in *Sakuntala;* and the motif of the play is the progress from the earlier union of the first Act, with its earthly unstable beauty and romance, to the higher union in the heavenly hermitage of eternal bliss described in the last Act . . . translating the whole subject from one world to another–to elevate love from the sphere of physical beauty to the eternal heavens of moral beauty.

In Tagore's play, Chitra first appears as an Atalanta, but when she sees Arjuna the ascetic, the warrior becomes a woman. She must win his love, even on false pretences. The God of Love and the God of Spring give her celestial beauty for the space of one year. Arjuna forgets his vows and surrenders to love. But each loves alas! only the falsity in the other–or what has become false. Chitra's beauty is but borrowed beauty (and so indeed is all physical beauty, with us for a term, but one day sure to be withdrawn), and Arjuna's is a flawed ardour–ardour that has surged as a result of this unfair attack of falsity. Neither is inwardly happy: she is unhappy because he doesn't really love *her,* and he is unhappy, ill at ease, because he senses that there is something wrong somewhere–and he is, besides, secretly

baby on the waters. It is a lacerating soul-searing scene. Kunti too is the Mother of Sorrows, she too is great because she has suffered as few have ever suffered, and Karna is great because fate has played with him and cast him for a cruelly difficult role. But now mother and son try to salvage what even at this late hour is possible from the general wreckage. Karna's concluding words show his humanity and magnanimity:

> Mother, have no fear! I know for certain that victory awaits the Pandavas. Peaceful and still though this night be, my heart is full of the music of a hopeless venture and baffled end. Ask me not to leave those who are doomed to defeat. Let the Pandavas win the throne, since they must: I remain *with the desperate and forlorn. On the night of my* birth you left me naked and unnamed to disgrace: leave me once again without pity to the calm expectation of defeat and death!

There remains *The Post Office.* A post office is opened in a little village. Amal the invalid child, who is ordered to remain within doors, has a limitless hunger for life, and the post office exercises his imagination to the uttermost. He sits at the window and makes friends with the passers-by, touching each with a new zest for life. Would the King send a letter to Amal? Could Amal become a postman and carry the King's message to one and all? There are many hazy happenings in the play, but Amal is the centre, and he glows with increasing purpose. Is *The Post Office* an allegory? Can we read it as we can, for example, Mr. T. F. Powys's *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* or Browning's *Pippa Passes*? It is one of the most deeply significant of Tagore's plays, which a child could read and understand, though it might intrigue the grown-ups.

After all, why must we bother about the *precise* meaning of this or that play? The meaning of a play is no rocky substance. And we know that even a rock is but hard in appearance. Break the rock into atoms: and the atoms into sub-atomic particles gyrating wildly—and where are we? We have to grope towards a meaning, and even if we have only a tenuous *something* to hold on, the adventure has not been in vain. So it is with Tagore's plays.

ment in Asia and India at the beginning of the twentieth century, Tagore's thinking further developed. He sang of the new fighting spirit of the people. He wrote a great number of patriotic poems and songs, one of which (No. 51 of *Collected Poems* in Chinese translation) became the national anthem of India after her independence. When the British colonialists attempted to suppress with an iron fist the earnest desire of the Indian people for national independence in 1919 which led to the 'Amritsar Massacre', he was so incensed at the cold-blooded slaughter that in a letter burning with righteous indignation to the British Government in India, he renounced the 'knighthood' conferred on him some time before. This fully demonstrated his patriotic spirit, and produced a tremendous effect on the people. When the Italian fascists invaded Ethiopia, the Japanese militarists invaded China and the German Nazis invaded Czechoslovakia, he condemned the aggressors in his poems which were full of abhorrence and indignation. The poem, 'To Africa', which he wrote in his later years, expressed his deep sympathy for the liberation and independence of the African people (No. 102 in Chinese translation). This fully shows that Tagore not only loved his own country and people, but also gave his deep sympathy and strong support to the oppressed peoples of other nations.

Rabindranath Tagore stood strongly for the development of cultural exchanges among nations. He visited Europe, Japan and the United States of America several times where he gave lectures to many audiences. Such activities played a part in the promotion of the mutual understanding between peoples of the East and West. He was not uncritical towards these countries either. His severe criticism of the ruling classes of Japan and the United States aroused the hostility of the reactionaries in these countries towards him. In order to promote cultural exchange among nations, he founded Visva-Bharati, an international university, where people from all nations can study together, absorbing knowledge from India's cultural treasures as well as learning from one another. Cheena-Bhavana, especially set up at the University, has contributed to the promotion of cultural exchange between China and India and the closer friendship between our two peoples.

lent sanctions of the State that are blest by its ally, the established Church. In Paris he had witnessed a public execution. His shock was so terrible that he took the morning train for Geneva.

This, along with what he had seen at Sevastopol during the Crimean War, provided the motivation for *War and Peace*. His mind was not at ease. He sought to ease it through marriage and family happiness. He sought ease in nature and the rural landscape. He worked among the peasants as one of them. He plunged into manual labour. He turned his sword into a ploughshare. And, amidst all these activities, he found time to write his *War and Peace*.

This book has been compared to the *Iliad*. It is more akin to the *Mahabharata*. For here also the author's aim is not to glorify violence but to underline its senselessness. While writing this novel Tolstoy was grappling with the problem of violence in human affairs. Should he admit it as valid? How can violence co-exist with love? How can one separate the spheres of love and violence? He was groping for an answer with all the strength of his being. We are moved by his book because the writer himself was profoundly stirred by both violence and love, the twin forces which are in perpetual tension throughout *War and Peace*. He was not writing as a man detached. He was a man swimming for his life who at the same time writes about it.

This dualism between violence and love persisted beyond *War and Peace*, continuing through *Anna Karenina*. The latter novel was the outcome of another tension which was even more central to the author's own life. In his boyhood he fell in love without any thought of impurity. He was unlucky. Afterwards he sought consolation in fornication, mostly promiscuous, with very little love on either side. He reached a sort of harmony between carnal desire and emotional satisfaction with a peasant woman who became his mistress and the mother of his son. But the peer could not marry a peasant, nor could the line be continued by a natural son. He abandoned her without any just reason and married a girl of his own class, sixteen years his junior, a paragon of virgin purity. Earlier, in his student days, he had wronged a servant girl. As he grew older his moral awareness also grew. He began to feel that a sex relationship

true Christian he saw no necessity for the Church. Thus he drew very near to the Anarchists and Syndicalists of the time.

Likewise he became a confirmed believer in the other commandment: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." He even condemned marital relations except for the strict purpose of preserving the race. Once this position was accepted there could be no excuse for birth control. He advocated abstention but this did not prevent him, an old man of seventy, from being husband to a woman of fifty-four who was long past her child-bearing age. Laying down the law for others exposed Tolstoy to the charge of inconsistency. In order to practise himself what he preached he discontinued marital relations. This widened the gulf between a couple already separated by age and mental and moral development. His wife also resented the part played in his past life by other women. She suspected him of unfaithfulness even at the age of eighty-two though the poor man had been an ideal husband.

The crisis that led to Tolstoy's flight and death was the inevitable consequence of living up to a third moral precept, a precept which Tolstoy began to preach after his "conversion". He wanted the rich to renounce their possessions and privileges, to cease to live by others' labour, to work with their own hands, and to be at peace with the poor and the downtrodden. As the Revolution drew closer his message became more and more urgent. He became aware that a revolution was impending about the time of his conversion. What he advocated was, in substance, a revolution by consent. He was more of a revolutionary than a reformist but his approach was strictly moral. He did not wish ill to the upper classes though his heart was with the hungry, hard-working millions of his vast country, the millions for whose sake he made fundamental changes in his own life.

He now called himself just plain Leo Tolstoy, dropping the title "Count". He dressed as a peasant and worked as a cobbler. For his wife it was, however, unthinkable to be anything but a countess and to live like one. "You were born counts and countesses," she would say to her children, "and counts and countesses, you shall remain." Titled personages could not live by manual labour. They needed their father's estates and his

teachings she thought belonged to her and her children because she and they had helped him to write his books. He, on the other hand, regarded his books as gifts of God. He wanted to bequeath them to the public. He wanted his message to circulate as widely as possible in order that a change of heart might be brought about in time to counteract the forces of war and revolution. At last he set out, faring forth as a pilgrim to an unknown destination. But he was a defeated man. He desired death with all his heart, for he saw that all was lost. He was taken ill in the train and forced to break journey at a small station. Countess Tolstoy was not permitted to go near her husband lest emotional excitement precipitate the end. The poor woman wandered about outside Tolstoy's room during the day and passed her nights in a railway van. At last she was admitted. "Forgive me," she whispered and kissed his hand. Tolstoy sighed deeply but did not regain consciousness. Two hours later he was dead.

The last phase of Tolstoy's life recalls Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress". It is as if Tolstoy were saying, "O! my dear wife and you, the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me. Moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven; in which fearful overthrow both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered." Like Bunyan's Christian he began to run. "Now he had not run far from his own door when his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! Life! eternal Life! So he looked not behind him...."

Within less than four years Russia was in the grip of a Great War, a war which Tolstoy had staked his life to avert. Within another three years a Revolution swept away his entire class, scattered the Tolstoys and made nonsense of the privileges and possessions and copyrights and wills over which a battle had raged for twenty years in their household—a Revolution which Tolstoy had striven to prepare people to face and meet half way. With these preoccupations he could not allow the artist

II

Tagore, like Tolstoy, belonged to a country which was outside and far removed from the main current of life and literature of his times. The Indian intelligentsia was also in the grip of a love-hate relationship with the West in the person of their British rulers. Subjugation and the humiliation which went with it gave rise to the hate. Love was felt for English literature, English law, the English parliamentary system, Western philosophy, modern science, modern communications, modern amenities. No one seriously believed that it was possible to return to the pre-British past. Yet they idealised it for to do so was the only way they could escape the humiliation of the present and bask in imaginary glory.

Obviously something new had to be created, something that would release India from the grip of hatred and win the respect of her rulers. This could not be accomplished either by imitating the West or by rejecting it. It could not be accomplished either by the revival of the past or its repudiation. It also was becoming increasingly clear that a third factor, the common people, were to be reckoned with. Nothing substantial could be achieved without taking their needs and existence into consideration.

Tagore grasped the situation very early. India was for him Indian only to the extent that it accepted and assimilated contributions of value from whatever source they came for he was in the great tradition of Ram Mohun Roy. He accepted the West as his forbears had accepted elements from the Islamic and Christian traditions. In a famous poem written in 1910 he said: "It is here that the Áryan, the Non-Aryan, the Dravidian, the Chinese, the Saka, the Hun, the Pathan and the Mogul merged to form a single body. The door was now opened on the West. Presents are pouring in. They will give. They will take. They will join. They will unite. They will not return. On the shore of the great sea of mankind, the shore that is India, they will dwell. Come, O Aryans! Come, O Non-Aryans! Come, Hindus! Come, Muslims! Come! Come, Englishmen, and, Come, Christians!" The same idea was expressed again in a song written not long after, a song which has become free India's national

In the third place he was the first, or very nearly the first, to draw upon the life of the common folk of the villages of Bengal. As a young man he spent many months living in a houseboat on the Padma river and was in daily contact with the fishermen, the artisans and the peasants. He also had a large manor on the banks of the river in which he lived with his wife and children. Endless material for both poetry and fiction constantly presented itself. His short stories enfranchised the lowly and the lost, giving them a value which no one in those days thought they had. For the writers and readers of the nineteenth century recognised only the gentry and heroes of the past as subjects suitable for literature. Tagore discovered the treasure of the humble: folk songs, Baul songs, nursery rhymes, adages and proverbs. He was deeply imbued with their spirit as his later songs and poems bear witness, his *Gitanjali* included.

During the second part of his life which began with the English *Gitanjali* Tagore continued his threefold task unabated but the stress fell increasingly on a synthesis between the East and the West. Towards this end he founded the Visva-Bharati and since the West was so largely occupied with Science he became increasingly interested in that subject. A few years before his death he wrote an "Introduction to the Universe", a book on popular science. He was also moving towards a definition of the Universal Man. He revised his religious beliefs, seeing that the Chinese did not believe in God and were nonetheless religious. Faith in Man was more important than faith in a personal God. He could not bear the idea of a Universe without Man. In *Laboratory*, a new type of short story written in his eightieth year he affirmed his faith in Science and at the same time discarded conventional morals. He died a liberated man.

It was not at all easy for Tagore to get a hearing in his home province of Bengal. He had to create his own circle of readers. Even in his old age he once confided that he had only three hundred readers constant enough to buy his books on publication. During the first fifty years of his life his fiction brought in very little financial return, his serious prose still less and his poetry nothing. It took twenty-five years to sell the first edition of one of his plays. Fortunately, he had a private income from

of his other prophecies have also proved true. Tagore was pleased with the arrival of Gandhi but the programme which Gandhi placed before the country dismayed him. The boycott of foreign goods, the burning of much needed cloth, non-co-operation carried to a point at which cultural ties with the West were apt to snap, seemed to him to be a campaign of hate and exclusion in the worst tradition of the nationalism which he had condemned in his book of that name.

Ten or twelve years were to pass before the two great men could approach each other with understanding. Tagore approved of passive resistance in principle. The South African campaign had won his heart. But why did the Sanyasi not act the part assigned to him by the the poet in one of his plays written before Gandhi returned to India. He was perplexed and pained. The two were reconciled in part during the remaining eight or ten years of the poet's life. The differences were no longer political. They connected art and its importance in the life of the common people even during periods of desperate struggle like the fight for independence. Tagore considered art as important as bread: it is not less vital in days of famine, pestilence and war. Joy, *ananda,* the stuff of which art is made, is no less important than *tapas.* Gandhi gave importance only to art that served a moral or religious purpose. He took this from the later Tolstoy.

Here we discover a fundamental difference between Tolstoy and Tagore. "The hero of my tale — whom I love with all the power of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all his beauty, who has been, is, and will be, beautiful — is Truth." Thus declared Tolstoy at the close of his *Sevastopol in May* written in 1855. Five years later his brother Nicholas died literally in his arms. Tolstoy wrote to the poet Fet: "As soon as man reaches the highest degree of development, he sees that it is all bunkum — deceit; and the truth which he still values above all, is terrible: that when you look at it well and clearly you awake with horror, and say as my brother did: 'But what is this?' But, of course, so long as the desire exists to know and to express truth, one tries to know and express it. This is all that remains to me from the moral world and higher than this I cannot rise. And this only shall I do: but not in the form of

Tagore : A Skeleton Poem

Tudor Arghezi

It is with emotion and shyness that I accept the suggestion of my fellow writers to offer this contribution of our language of the Danubian Carpathians to the memory of the poet Rabindranath Tagore. Time and his decease have intervened, but we have not forgotten his live words that Life and Death are twin sisters.

In a language as near as possible to the wide plain between our horizons, it has been my task – a most pleasurable one – to cull a few wild Rumanian flowers from corn-and-maize fields, to weave into Tagore's laurels. And I did it with awe of the halo that crowns his brow in the iconography of the great men of inspiration.

Tagore's gift is that ancient strain that distinguishes the deep, multi-millenary murmur of mankind as it wings its way onwards, ever struggling, ever aspiring, from usual literary efforts. And that prophetic, roving strain, he struck up mostly in the fervid lands of the ancient world, where miracles were normal, every day, almost homely experiences – lands thick with saints, dreams and unexpected revelations. In those lands, the elect looked God in the face and spoke to him without interpreter, as Moses did. Smiting the rock with his rod, a spring had gushed, fresh from the flint. Cleaving the Red Sea with a word of command, he allowed his people to cross upon dry ground from the wilderness to the opposite shore. From the days of the seer of the Mount Sinai Tables of the Law, to the time of Rabindranath's forefathers, in those lands the crippled, the palsied, the blind and the witless were healed at a sign, at a word spoken.

Under the impulse of the suggestion made to me and of the memory of the lyrics of this poet, whose fame was established nearly half a century ago in Europe, I conversed with my pen, a flustered pen eighty years of age:

'Listen, my pen,' I said. 'Do you think you're able to write a paean to Rabindranath Tagore, the poet? I would not have you turn academician or pedagogue. It is not within our province and, as far as I am concerned, I should willingly shirk such a task. But I should like us to walk in the white dress of

Tagore and Folklore

Sukumar Sen

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, as he tells us in his reminiscences, was a lonely boy from his early childhood days, in spite of the fact that he was born in a large family. Before he came to the school-going age he was left to himself during most part of the day. That meant he was confined in a rather narrow room in the servants' quarter which had a window overlooking a garden and a tank beyond. At night, after dinner, he went to bed in an inner apartment where a maid would recite nursery rhymes and fairy tales to put him to sleep quietly. These rhymes and tales made a deep impression on the mind and imagination of the boy and he would often lie awake and ruminate on the images evoked by the rhymes and tales. His fancy would trace images in the light and shade cast on the walls by the spluttering flame of the dim night-lamp.

The child had nothing to do during the long midday hours, and taking his seat by the window of the servants' room he would let his fancy work freely on the sights and sounds of the outside world gleaming through the window. Thus the fleeting clouds would conjure up for him a picture of the prince of the fairy tales riding on a winged horse and out to rescue the princess in distress. The dark under-growths at the foot of the banian tree standing in a corner of the tank beyond the garden would appear to him as the den of the dreadful demons that kept the princess confined. In this way the fancy and imagination of the contemplative child received nourishment from folklore imbibed at night and imaginatively reconstructed at day. But this was not all.

Some of the servants who were in charge of young Tagore had previously been members of itinerant parties purveying folk music to the village people in the neighbouring districts. One of them was a good performer of the popular songs of Dasarathi Ray (*d.* 1859) who was considered as the leading master of indigenous operas. This man would often entertain the child with the songs of Dasarathi and other writers whose compositions imitated the style and pattern of folk-songs and nursery rhymes. This was how the sense of rhyme and rhythm was first incul-

headquarters and he lived by rotation in the residential quarters attached to the three estate offices (at Sajadpur, Patisar and Silaidah), all situated on the branches or tributaries of the Padma. But most of his days and nights were passed in a house-boat which he considered as his real headquarters in riverain rural Bengal. On coming to live in this land of rivers Tagore was, as it were, forthwith admitted into the heart of the rural and eternal Bengal. He became deeply interested in his new surroundings where nature and man formed one complete whole, and his poetic inspiration found a fresh outlet. His poems now rang a hushed and quiet note of harmony with nature and man and his imagination found expression in symbolic pictures. He also began writing short stories, which till then was an unknown genre in Indian literature. Folklore which records the emotive process and the narrative manner of womenfolk who are the natural custodians of children's lore, naturally engaged his attention.

The publication of the literary monthly *Sadhana* synchronised with his residence in the river-fed rural Bengal, and Tagore's writings, prose and poetry, filled its pages. His attention to the emotional depth suggested by some of the nursery rhymes was drawn by a fantastic novel based partly on folklore and partly on *Alice in Wonderland.* It was *Kankavati* written by T. N. Mukherji and published in 1892. Rabindranath wrote an appreciative review of the book in *Sadhana* and in this review he gave his estimate of the value of folk-literature. He wrote:

> It is not that literature always delivers to us goods the value of which is palpable or solid. But at times it causes joyous disturbance in our mind and keeps it perceptive and lively. It makes our heart joyful as well tearful, surprised as well as stunned, and keeps it bouncing. Its function is to remove the narrowness and stolidity of our mind by giving us a taste of the manifold turns of the boundless heart of mankind.

About a year later Rabindranath wrote a long and magnificent article on nursery rhymes in Bengali which appeared in *Sadhana* (October 1894). Immediately after he published in the journal of Sahitya Parishad a good collection of such rhymes. In these two papers Tagore drew public attention to folklore, inviting

a peculiar form of folk-story and in a style that was midway between prose and poetry. These are collected in *Lipika* (Small Messages; 1882) of which the most remarkable are "Rajputtur" (The Prince), "Parir Parichay" (A Fairy Revealed), "Kartar Bhut" (The Ghost of the Master) and "Tota-Kahini" (The Story of a Parrot). "Rajputtur" deals with the humdrum activities of a poor college student, written in about six hundred words, but as an allegory of the indomitable spirit of man through trials and failures of life it has reached an epic stature. To quote from the story:

> All others in the world search for wealth, for fame, for comfort, but our Prince is determined to rescue the princess from the dungeon in the demon's palace. Storms gather, no boat is available, but still he is trying to find his way.
>
> This is the most basic fairy-tale of mankind at all times and in all countries. To the newly born, grandmothers must give this eternal and vital message that the princess is in captivity, the sea is impassable, the demon is invincible, while the little fellow stands all alone and takes the vow: "I will rescue the princess and bring her back."

"Kartar Bhut" is an indictment on our lack of initiative and our inherent tendency to avoid responsibility. "Tota-Kahini" is a pungent criticism of the kind of education that prevails in our country. It was written forty-two years ago but Tagore's criticism has not lost its validity even now.

Twenty years later, when Tagore was nearing eighty, he felt the urge of writing verses in the form and manner of folklore suitable for the young. These are collected in *Chharar Chhabi* (Picturesque Verse for Children) and *Khapchhara* (Absurdity). The fantastic verses in *Khapchhara* are profusely illustrated by the author himself. The poems avowedly meant for the young are not without interest for the grown-up. A companion volume in prose is *Se* (He, 1837) which tells a series of grotesque, amusing anecdotes from the adventures of the hero who is nameless but is indicated by the third personal pronoun. The poet and his granddaughter are the other protagonists. It is also illustrated by the author. In the dedicatory poem Tagore gives us the *raison d'être* of the grotesque stories and illustrations of *Se*:

Tagore and Germany

Thomas Silberstein

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was a household word in Germany during the 'twenties, but the Fascist era and the post-war period made people rather forget his name, and the younger generation never came to learn about him. It is only since 1955 that fresh efforts have been made in the German Democratic Republic to popularise Tagore's works amongst our people, these efforts receiving a great stimulus from the world-wide preparations for the Tagore Centenary this year. It is good to remember that neither Tagore nor Germany were indifferent towards each other, and it would be worthwhile to undertake a study of the many ties that linked both of them and of the impact Tagore had on German cultural life and vice versa.

The interest of the Tagore family in Germany dates back to as early as the mid-nineteenth century when Rabindranaths' grandfather Prince Dwarkanath visited several German cities while touring Europe and was very much impressed by that country. Rabindranath himself took interest in German culture in his teens when he started to learn German and tried to read Goethe's *Faust* in the original. The bilingual edition of Goethe's *Faust* bearing Rabindranath's pencilmarks on the German text is still preserved in the Rabindra Sadan at Santiniketan. That Tagore's interest in Goethe went deeper than merely reading a few lines of the original text is borne out by an article he contributed to the Bengali journal *Bharati* on Goethe in 1878, and this interest never subsided during his later life. Another favourite poet of Tagore was Heinrich Heine, some of whose poems he translated into Bengali from the original German. Of Lessing's work it was especially *Nathan The Wise* that impressed Rabindranath for its gospel of religious tolerance and deep humanism. Also well-known is the poet's love for German music. But this love for German culture never made him blind towards that country. It was as early as the nineties of the last century that the poet remarked that there were dangerous trends imminent in the German body politic that could lead to disaster — a prophecy that was to come true forty years later in almost tragic and brutal way.

went in for a proper scientific study of the poet's life and works that could compare with those of the Czech scholars Moritz Winternitz and Lesny or the study offered by the Englishman Edward Thompson. Partly this might be due to the fact that the German Indologists disliked the craze that accompanied Tagore's visits to Germany turning the whole thing into a *mela*.

After Hitler's advent to power only a few people like Einstein, Albert Schweitzer, Kurt Wolff and Count Keyserling maintained contact with Tagore while the majority of those who had worshipped him in the 'twenties were now quick to renounce him and did not mind his books being banned and him being called a "subversive element" or the "son-in-law of a Jewish bamboo dealer from Bombay".

Today the democratic public of the German Democratic Republic are trying to establish a true picture of the great Indian poet, avoiding both cheap appraisal and slanderous criticism. We are very much touched by the fact that for all his love of German culture and the welcome he was given in Germany during his three visits, Tagore was never taken in by the reactionary forces in our country and did not hesitate to denounce German fascism in sharp terms as early as in autumn 1933 when he protested against the cruel treatment accorded to Einstein by the fascists. He condemned unequivocally the Nazi Aryan theory, and whenever German and international fascism committed its crimes in Spain, in Czechoslovakia, at the outbreak of the Second World War or by attacking the Soviet Union, Tagore raised his voice in strong protest. The German Democratic Republic is an anti-fascist state, and its people are proud to know that when the most gallant and honest Germans went underground to fight Hitler and bravely faced concentration camps, torture and sure death, the great Indian poet was standing by them.

nature, internal and external.

Ya ekasevi sa naro jaghanyah.

His is a poor life who concentrates only on one of these great *Purusharthas.*

Our earlier philosophers and mystics declared the whole world as *maya* and hoped to find the peace of reality through renunciation and withdrawal from the world. But later philosophers and sages modified this position. They came to the conclusion that a harmonious life would help men, under proper discipline, to combine enjoyment and renunciation and thus attain full-fledged realisation.

Bhukti Muktincha Vindati.

(Enjoyment and renunciation are made into one).

Tagore thus became the very embodiment of the Aryan view of life, at once synthetic and detached.

It was this capacity of balancing and harmonising the different aspects of life that made Rabindranath the poet and votary of life in its entirety. He was a poet and philosopher of the acceptance of all and rejection of none. The only thing he rejected was rejection itself and everything that was ugly, discordant and disproportionate.

This attitude towards life, this conception and realisation of life is the vital element in Tagore's permanent contribution to the literature and the culture of India, and through India's to that of the world.

It is the beauty and grandeur of Indian culture that from the hoary past the Indian mind has sought this synthesis and fullness of life through the realisation of the immanence of God in the world. Our God is no tribal God, making a covenant with any particular tribe or race. Our God is no jealous God, pouring vengeance on those that offended Him or challenged His sovereignty. Our God is the God of totality, working for universal joy and satisfaction through all the conflicts and contradictions and even insolent disbeliefs. Our God is the all-suffering, patient, omnipotent, and all-loving God of perfect understanding. That is why it is possible for our sages and poets to understand life in manifold manifestation and live it in its fullness. Our conception of God and of life and our place in it are so very harmonious that our great men are able to preserve their equani-

content with observing and meditating on nature. They harass and torture nature in order to force her to reveal her secrets. No doubt they succeeded in finding some aspects of truth. But the curse of harassment was there and they found it difficult to proceed much further. It was only when they purified their means and sharpened their own intellect through severe discipline that they could develop their understanding through proper imagination, and began to discover the higher laws of nature. The earlier experiments were crude.

The mother on the other hand when she wants to understand the mind of her child doesn't threaten or harass the child. She simply makes love to the child with the intensity of a mother's heart. She resorts to no police-like interrogation and cross-examination. She simply fondles the child and the child comes out with its whole thought and experience. It becomes impossible for the child not to say what is in its heart. In fact, the hearts of the mother and the child become one and begin to resound, respond and react to each other's stimuli. The method of the crude scientist is called the *Prayoga Prakriya*. The method of the loving mother is known as the *Yoga Prakriya*. Yoga is union, unison, atonement.

Such a *yoga* of sympathy and heart-understanding is always natural to a true poet who by his living observation and constant meditation makes his heart sensitive. He has not then to go out in search of truth. Truth reveals itself to him in overflowing abundance. That is why the Upanishadic poet uttered the greatest truth of philosophy that the ultimate reality is understood through the heart and heart alone:

Hridayena hi satyam janati

(Truth is understood only through the heart).

Another Upanishadic sage wanting to explain the great hold all religions have on the hearts and lives of mankind said: "Religions and the codes of conduct revealed to men by the sages are at their source but mere precipitations in the hearts of the great sages."

Dharmasastram maharshinam antahkarana sambhritam

(Religions and codes are precipitations in the hearts of great sages).

The different religions were so many attempts at regulating

understanding and degradation for ages.

The white man of Europe and of America prides himself today on being the "Brahmin" of the present age. The pungent reminder of the poet goes to him also, that he has to shed first the pride of his colour, his sense of social superiority and insolence of power before he can take his place at the great gathering or home-coming of all the races of humanity. Rabindranath sang of this message untiringly from his childhood through his long and blessed life and he had the good fortune of seeing great men like Gandhi and Nehru carrying out this central message of Bharatvarsha through political upheavals, social reconstruction and cultural synthesis.

Children run out of the temple
and play in the dust.
God watches their games
and forgets the priest.
Rabindranath Tagore

the literary climate of his age. Tagore was extremely fortunate in his age. The great Indian literary Renaissance was breaking like a Polar dawn when Tagore was born. The *raison d'être* of the Renaissance was the combined result of its eager response to the impact of the West, of its passionate interest in a revival of ancient Indian thought and literature through modern methods of study, of its sensitiveness to the events of a new epoch as they unfolded themselves in India and in the world and of the urge to develop and enrich, with these aids, an aesthetic personality that could give, as through a prism, a new vision of the world, of Man and the Universe. It will generally be agreed that the Renaissance is one of the richest and most important epochs in the life of India. By an interesting array of circumstances, Tagore became the great literary spokesman of this epoch even as Gandhiji was its architect, Sri Aurobindo was its seer and Dr. Radhakrishnan has been its philosopher.

Each State in India felt the impact of the Renaissance in its own way. Bengal was privileged to experience this impact in a rather special way. Colleges imparting the New Education were established in Calcutta and in Delhi earlier than elsewhere. As the metropolis of the British in India for a long time, Calcutta felt the impact of the West intensely. Here it was that Warren Hastings and other Orientalists began their study of Sanskrit. A number of prophets—Raja Ram Mohun Roy, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and Swami Vivekananda—had arisen there, giving utterance and direction to some significant phases of the Renaissance. Tagore's own father, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, was one of the founders of the Brahmo Samaj which was indicative of the new synthesis that was emerging in life and thought. Renascent literature had already commenced its career in Bengal by the time Tagore began to write. It was this fortuitous pattern of circumstances, that combined with Tagore's genius to make him the literary spokesman of the Indian Renaissance *par excellence*. Some of the other States had their own poets who were more or less contemporaneous with Tagore and whose work revealed the emergence of a similar synthesis. Keshavsuta in Marathi, Ghalib and Hali in Urdu, Muddana in Kannada,—these and others were pioneers of the new poetry in their own languages. But they did not have the

Sivarama Shastri. But it was the Prize and the preface of Yeats to the English version of *Gitanjali* that made Tagore exert such a tremendous influence on modern Indian poetry.

We can say that this early crystallisation of the Indian Renaissance in classical form in Tagore's writings had its influence on the poetry in other provinces through personal contact and inspiration as well. We have already noted the impact on Kashmiri poets. Masti and other Kannada poets went in pilgrimage to Santiniketan to see Gurudev in his setting. Krishnakumar Kasyap, P. B. Naregal, Narayan Sangam, S. G. Kulkarni and other Kannada writers went to Santiniketan for higher education at a time when Santiniketan had no statutory status (in the twenties of this century), in order to study at the feet of Gurudev. They were more or less contemporaries there of the "three literary musketeers" (as described by their friends) that went to Santiniketan for a similar purpose from Andhra Pradesh—B. Gopala Reddy (now Union Minister), A. Chalamiah and M. Visweswara Rao. K. C. Pillai, also a student of Santiniketan, translated some of Tagore's writings into Malayalam from the original Bengali. He had also founded the Tagore Academy in Trivandrum. N. I. Patel of Gujarat was also in Santiniketan for some years and he translated Tagore's *Naivedya* into Gujarati. N. Subbarao, one of the pioneers of modern Telugu poetry, visited Santiniketan about 1916. The young men who went to Santiniketan as students learnt Bengali and translated Tagore into their languages from the original Bengali. B. Gopala Reddy translated *Chitrangada, Bisarjan* and other plays into Telugu prose. Chalamiah translated a good number of Tagore's philosophic talks into Telugu. M. Visweswara Rao has tried to preserve the original metrical patterns in his translations of some of Tagore's plays into Telugu. Naregal has translated *Gitanjali* from the original Bengali into Kannada and Sangam has translated into Kannada the novels of one or two other writers as well.

But traslation from the original Bengali was not confined only to those writers who had been to Santiniketan. Writers like Venkata Kavi, Parvateesa Kavi and Abburi Ramakrishna Rao in Telugu, 'Nirala' in Hindi, Madhura Chenna in Kannada and Moulvi Ziauddin of Santiniketan in Urdu learnt Bengali and either translated some of his writings into their languages or

Patel translated *Naivedya* from the original Bengali. In Kannada, we have the prose translation of *Gitanjali* by Budihalmath and Ananta Swamirao (unpublished) and the verse translation by P. B. Naregal. Padmaraj Hungund has translated some poems from *Gitanjali*, *The Gardener* and *The Crescent Moon*. *Stray Birds* has been translated into Kannada. Tagore's essay on Literature has also been translated into Kannada.

Critical evaluation is a step which presupposes the availability of translations or the inclusion of translated excerpts at least by way of illustration. Bijnori's critical essay appended to his translation and Makhdoom's book on Tagore's poetry (1935) in Urdu, the full-length biography of Tagore that Chalamiah has prepared in Telugu, Masti's critical essay on Tagore in Kannada—these are some of the early writings on Tagore's poetry in the Indian languages.

III

Imitation is but poor homage that a poet can pay to his master. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser. But he outdid Spenser in his poetic achievement. Bengali poetry, more than any other in India, seems to have suffered from an imitation of Tagore. This is but natural, for Bengali poets stood too close to the sun not to feel the scorching effect of his lustre. Tagore's influence on Bengali literature is mainly confined to poetry, for his achievement in other departments of literature is too original and unique to lend itself to imitation. A host of followers arose in the wake of Tagore in Bengali poetry. But they selected a trait here and a trait there, not the total quality of his poetry. Some of these followers are but "domestic versions of the world-poet."

This does not mean that there have been no imitators of Tagore's poetry in other Indian languages. There have been very few respectable imitators. Their imitative writings are too poor in literary quality to be mentioned at all. But there have been a number of followers, i.e., poets who had similar literary aims and inclinations and recognised their leader in Tagore who had blazed the trail before them and saved them from a great deal of trial and error. An imitator is one who models himself too closely

Indian themes to be handled in modern times? Which of the themes from modern life and civilisation can be presented effectively in literature?

(4) How are the claims of the Western literary forms like lyric, ode, elegy, tragedy, novel, short story, the personal essay, etc. to be reconciled with their counterparts in Indian literature? If they are altogether new, how are they to be adapted to Indian literary needs? With what modifications can Indian literary forms like epic, song, ballad, prose romance and romantic comedy can still be cultivated?

(5) How much of the old Indian imagery is still vital? What are the criteria by which new poetic imagery can be justified?

(6) What are the new rhythms and metrical patterns that can be evolved in our languages? How far can these be regarded as natural offshoots of our indigenous rhythms and verse patterns?

(7) What will the new style and language of poetry be like? Will it draw mainly on poetic and learned words or accept scientific terms and simple words from the spoken language? How many of the *alankaras* or figures of speech enumerated by ancient rhetoricians are still valid? Should they be brought in deliberately or allowed to develop according to the needs of the theme?

It will be seen that renascent Bengal had attempted a partial solution of some of these problems even before Tagore came on the scene. Similar attempts were being made in other Indian languages too. Keshavasuta in Marathi had already published love poems, patriotic lyrics and mystical poetry of the new kind towards the close of the last century. The philosophy of the Brahmo Samaj was already shaping Andhra life and thought before the advent of Tagore. A liberal humanism and idealism was in the air. The book of poems called *Ekanath Seva* by Venkata Kavi and Parvatisa Kavi in Telugu presents a spirit of devotion akin to that expressed in Tagore's *Gitanjali*. Kannada had its Karibasava Sastri, Muddana and Santa Kavi. Similar evidence can be found in the literary tradition of many of the other languages. There were the counterparts of Tagore in each province in India, — fellow-reapers of the renascent harvest.

This is, by far, the greatest contribution of Tagore to the story of the literary renaissance in all parts of India. His achievement and recognition confirmed them in the glory of the path they were already treading. They could now adventure and explore with greater confidence. They could reinterpret the Upanishads as Tagore had done. They could surrender themselves to the magic of Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Keats. They could reinterpret the medieval saintly singers as Tagore had reinterpreted Kabir. Tagore's influence is to be sought, not in the borrowal of particular lines and images, of subject-matter made famous by him and of the art-forms and styles cultivated by him, though this is considerable in itself. It is rather to be found in the freedom and confidence that he brought to the Indian aesthetic personality. Each poet would tread his own path. But he now knew how to face the difficulties on the way, for Tagore, setting out on a similar path, had overcome all obstacles and returned a triumphant hero after reaching the goal. His very writings threw a flood of light on many dark corners through which these adventurers had to grope. Instead of turning his contemporaries and successors into mere shadows, pale reflections of his glory, he made them their own taller selves. He was the prophet and the guide. But he led them to the kingdom of their own hearts, the forest of their own consciousness.

This is not to say that there was no literary proselytisation, conscious or unconscious. His success brought into being quite a crowd of imitators and numerous followers who echoed his lines or borrowed his lyric structures and his imagery. What I wish to emphasise is the fact that poets of independent genius could express and realise their own genius better because of Tagore. It can even be said that, frequently, the three roles of imitator, follower and fellow-writer can be traced in the work of one and the same poet. Whether he should be called *imitator*, follower or fellow-writer would then depend upon the element which, of the three, is supreme in his work.

Attempts are made now and then to disown Tagore's influence because owning it up will mean acceptance of the role of imitator or follower. But it is useless for imitators and followers to disown the fact because their own writings will *proclaim* it

Another liberating principle in Tagore that kindled the imagination of poets was the idea: "Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight." Azad, the Kashmiri poet, was impressed deeply by this humanism of Tagore and by his championship of the common man: "Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! .... Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones." He was attracted by Tagore's vision of India as a heaven of freedom where the mind is without fear. Masterji, another Kashmiri poet, is fascinated by Tagore's idea of universal brotherhood and of a patriotism that does not degenerate into narrow nationalism.

The surpassing dignity of man which tempts the gods to come down to earth was another fruitful seed-idea of Tagore. Umashankar Joshi of Gujarat shares this faith. Sundaram, Sneharashmi, Krishnalal and other Gujarati poets are attracted by Tagore's nature-worship and his vision of Beauty. R. Subbarao of Andhra Pradesh was stimulated by the wonder and romance in Tagore's lyric poetry. D. Krishna Sastry imbibed the innate idealism and liberalism of the Brahmo Samaj and Tagore. Tambe and 'Bee' of Maharashtra have their affinity with the mystical note in *Gitanjali.* Anil and the Deshpandes of Vidarbha (Maharashtra) are attracted by Tagore's vision of love and beauty. N. G. Joshi and S. J. Purwar reveal the influence of Tagore's philosophy in their longer poems. The Urdu poets Niaz and Bijnori were drawn to *Gitanjali* by its transcendental grandeur and literary charm and the philosophic ideas contained in it. Akbar Allahabadi exclaimed that Tagore's picture bore a close resemblance to the *ragini* known as *Khammaj.* Tagore's influence is also apparent in the writings of Josh, Surur, Jigar Muradabadi and other poets. We have already noticed Tagore's influence on the Green Group of Orissa. Of these, Baikunthanath has enshrined in his poetry both the symbolism and mysticism of his master. Sochi Rout Ray and Mansinha are said to be Oriya versions of Rabindranath. Other poets of the group have hewn their own individual paths. In Bengali, Mohitlal carries further the element of sensuousness and paganism in Tagore's poetry. Asan, Ullur and Vallathol,

into these moulds. They were sometimes stimulated to independent emulation, as in *Karulina Vachanagalu* of Bendre in Kannada, in which the mother describes her child affectionately, comparing it to the ten incarnations.

The poets were also spurred on to metrical innovation. Satyendranath Dutta of Bengal exaggerates Rabindranath's metrical triumphs into "an overpronounced mannerism, playing upon a string or two of Rabindranath's many-stringed lyre with an over-emphatic loudness." Nazrul recaptures something of Rabindranath's dream-cadences. The prose-poem, illustrated in the English renderings of Tagore's poetry, became extremely popular in Urdu. Niaz, Josh, Ansari, Bashir Ahmed and several others used it with great effect for about two decades. B. G. Khaparde popularised this form in Marathi and Shashank, Kusumagraj and others have taken it up and used it with remarkable effect. In Kannada, Tagore's prose-poem helped poets to revive the medieval *vachana* style and to compose poetry in a cryptic lyric style in poetic prose.

Tagore also exercised a remarkable influence on the style and imagery of the new poetry. He had dispensed with artificial poetic conventions and used figures of speech, even traditional images, with a peculiar freshness of outlook. The boatman and the ferry symbol, the arrival of the eternal lover when the beloved is unprepared to receive him, — these had an intense appeal for Masterji of Kashmir. The appearance of the Divine in dream, the symbol of the heavenly light and the lamp of the body in which it burns, — these and other images of Tagore were used with an independent suggestiveness by Mahadevi Verma in Hindi. Prasad employed the images of the whispering voice of the heart and the boatman and the ferry symbol. Pant's poetry moves in the atmosphere of similar imagery, but in its own right.

It is in the vibrations of the atmosphere kindled in the manner stated above that the poetry of these and other poets has its being. But we should not overlook the fact that each of these poets manifests a unique poetic quality and vision. 'Nirala' translated several of Tagore's poems into Hindi. But his own poetry is inspired by the spirit of revolt and rebellion, — a note which is somewhat alien to Tagore's poetry. 'Nirala', Pant,

Commenting on this situation, Sri Kumar Bannerjee remarks in his survey of Bengali literature: "The tragedy and paradox of the situation in Bengal lie in this, that, while the whole country has been celebrating his birth centenary. . . and acclaiming him as the genuine representative of the soul of India, his own fellow-poets have been standing aloof from him and have studiously avoided any trace of his influence, whether on the imaginative or on the artistic level." There is perceptible in Gujarati a preference for hard symbols and images as a result of the impact of modern Western poetry, a predilection for tracing sensations to their source in the unconscious and expressing them through a succession of chaotic images. This is true of every Indian language. The Tagorean exploration of life and the revolt against much that Tagore stood for find simultaneous expression today in our midst and literary circles are divided in the manner of their loyalty to the great profession of letters.

But this was only to be expected. We need not be disturbed by this reaction against Tagore. Poets can only pay spontaneous and sincere homage and if some of them choose to offer it in terms of a persistent opposition, that too is welcome. For we must remember that the extent of the opposition itself is a measure of Tagore's greatness and of the vastness of his influence. None would care to revolt against a literary lilliputian or break a butterfly on the wheel. Again, it has to be remembered that Tagore's influence was oppressive in its own way. It brought forth a number of imitators who mistook prettiness for beauty, vague dreaminess and sentimentality for mysticism, an aimless wandering in legendary lore for epic greatness and the feminine liquidity and mellifluity of words for grace and strength. Poetry itself cannot survive if there is no revolt against the travesty that passes for poetry. The time-spirit has brought into view certain elements of individual and social life which Tagore could not take into account when his synthetic vision unfolded itself. There is also the fact of the inadequacy of Tagore's synthesis for our times. A born aristocrat, his approach to the common man is marked by sentimental sympathy rather than genuine understanding. He could only grasp imperfectly the deadly power of evil and squalor in this world.

Tagore in Germany

Heimo Rau

PEOPLE in Germany were surprised to read in their newspapers on 13th November, 1913, that an Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore had been honoured with the Nobel prize for literature. Up to then this name was unknown on the European continent, and it was the first time that a non-European received this high honour. Of course, the event caused curiosity, and many friends of literature asked for the German translation of *Gitanjali,* the book, containing a "handful of hymns", which had brought the honour to the poet.

As a matter of fact, India had been a country of keen interest for German people since long ago. While discovering the mysterious, far-distant cultures of the East, poets like August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel and Friedrich Rueckert, all three being scholars as well, had become acquainted with Sanskrit literature. They had studied the language and elaborated the first translations of Vedic hymns and *Mahabharata* episodes into beautiful German verses, so perfectly that Rueckert's *Savitri* and *Nala-Damayanti* poems are regarded as parts of German literature until today. The importance of India's philosophy, too, had long been acknowledged by German scholars—one need only mention the names of Arthur Schopenhauer, Max Müller and Paul Deussen. Thus India was well known to the general public as a land of wonders, of a past which seemed not to share in the culture of the present. Naturally, the people in Germany were not little surprised when they realised that this very old culture had not become sterile at all, but had brought to light a poet of world-wide importance in modern times. The songs of *Gitanjali* apparently continued the old tradition of Indian poetry. On the other hand, Tagore had something to say to his German readers of today. It is therefore not surprising that in spite of the First World War, which soon broke out and isolated Germany from the cultural activity of the world, not less than thirteen works of the poet appeared in German translation by various renowned adapters between 1914 and 1921, and that already in 1920 a biography of the great Nobel-laureate was published by Emil Engelhard.

walls. In fact, all modern civilisations have their cradles of brick and mortar. These walls leave their mark deep in the minds of men. They set up a principle of "divide and rule" in our mental outlook, which begets in us a habit of securing all our conquests by fortifying them and separating them from one another.

"When the first Aryan invaders appeared in India it was a vast land of forests, and the new-comers rapidly took advantage of them. These forests afforded them shelter from the fierce heat of the sun and the ravages of tropical storms, pastures for cattle, fuel for sacrificial fire and materials for building cottages. Thus in India it was in the forests that our civilisation had its birth, and it took a distinct character from this origin and environment. Having been in constant contact with the living growth of nature, the aim of man was not to acquire but to realise, to enlarge his consciousness by growing with and growing into his surroundings. To realise this great harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of the world was the endeavour of the forest-dwelling sages of ancient India."

Tagore touched an inner chord of the German people by calling the forests the source of Indian culture, since German fairy tale and folksong and many a poem and story of the Romantic era live by the dark mysticism of the forests. It seemed to be no coincidence that German philosophy and poetry in the 19th century experienced such deep influence from India.

Tagore's lectures at the universities of Munich and Frankfort found no less response. "Bridges between East and West!"—"Tagore a world poet!"—"Herald of a new age!"—so ran the headlines of the big newspapers. Suddenly people everywhere were talking about India. Pictures and reports about India, her landscape and her people, were appearing in illustrated papers and magazines. In the popular *Frankfurter Zeitung* a whole week of discussion took place on the question whether or not Tagore's way could be a model for the Western personality: This man had something to say which could not be ignored.

Tagore spent the last week of his visit in Germany as guest of the Grand Duke of Hesse in Darmstadt. There Count Hermann Keyserling, an old friend of Tagore, had founded a

is too high. I wish it were true. The world is waiting for a country that loves God more than herself."

"I don't feel like in a foreign land," Tagore wrote to a friend in 1930. What had evoked this surprising interest in Germany? Without doubt it was above all the fascination that derived from the outstanding personality of the great poet. Without doubt also, the political situation in post-war Germany had opened up people's hearts and minds to receive his message. He was the first to plead in public for understanding and sympathy for the defeated enemy. But things did not rest with this political open-mindedness alone. Tagore was welcomed in Germany above all as poet, and specifically as lyric poet. His dramas which were played in all important theatres appealed by their mystical and philosophical content as well as by their clearness of representation. In the era of German Expressionism his works seemed to be congenial to the attempts of the young generation. As a poet and thinker Tagore brought a message of peace, of joy and of love of humanity in which many recognised the spirit of mysticism and of the classical German idealism. So it was that a wave of affection surged from Germany towards Tagore, which led him to say: "I really have the feeling of a rebirth in the heart of the people of this country that accepted me as one of her own."



interesting to note that the novel bristles with references to and images mainly drawn from the animal world.

The most intimate and loyal friends of man, the horse and the dog, stand out in the forefront. When Kumu leaves her parental village house after wedding, she takes special care to go to the stable and feed the horse 'Bessy' with sweetened loaves she herself has made for him. The next time she leaves her brother's house in Calcutta, it is the dog 'Tom' who helps the reader in standing the strain not merely of the parting of Kumu and her sage brother but the cumulative effect of the whole novel. Vipradas is broken but he is now at peace with things. At the beginning of the story when his brother Subodh had asked for more money we were told that the newspaper lay on the table unread. At the end of the novel when his sister Kumu has parted from him he says to faithful Kalu, 'I have no anxiety, Kalu, not in the least,' and he picked up the newspaper and began reading it. Kalu, still uneasy and desirous of serving him asks, 'Shall I close that window on the outside? The hot sun is coming in.' Vipradas suggests with a movement of his hand that he need not do it. "However Kalu sat on. Kumu is not with brother, — the sense of loneliness weighed heavily on Kalu's heart. All of a sudden a sound was heard. It was the dog 'Tom' under the bed, whining and yelping. He had seen Kumu going. He sensed something but he cannot express it properly."

The thawing comes with the whining of the dog. Rarely in literature an animal is employed so artistically for registering reactions to a tense and complex human situation. The dog, Tom, does not butt in at the end all of a sudden. We met him earlier when he would slip out from under the master's bed and leap forth into Kumu's lap with his forelegs. We come across two more dogs in the novel. When after marriage Kumu boards the train for Calcutta she tries to evade the piercing eyes of the ladies in the bridegroom's party who are examining and opining on the beauty or otherwise of her limbs and ornaments. She looks through the window away from the platform and sees a dog who has lost one leg and goes limping about on three legs sniffing the earth. She would have been very happy if she had had some eatable to give him but she had none. The other

will she return to this cage."

Not that the novelist alone uses this image. This state of her being encaged is visualised by Navin also, towards the end of the novel. He is talking with his wife at Vipradas' house, where both have come to see Kumu and are now anxiously discussing her fate. Navin says: "Elder brother (Madhusudan) is at a loss to know why the bird does not covet the golden cage. The bird is ignorant, the bird is ungrateful."

Rabindranath emphasises Kumu's sense of being entrapped with the help of even another image—that of the deer. Madhusudan who was so strict a disciplinarian as to fine himself also for coming late to the office, leaves it half an hour earlier with a wish to run into Kumu in the sleeping apartment. The poet says that Madhusudan had planned to enter unnoticed, "lest the timid she-deer should get startled and run away." The tragedy of Kumu's life is that she is no better at her brother's house also. Kumu had come to serve Vipradas in his illness and she found that she had made him worse. On an evening she goes on musing about her difficult lot. The poet refers to her as a domestic deer. "At that very moment the domesticated deer yearns for fleeing away towards her unknown forest. Kumu's mind is apanting and pines for running away today from everything, from her own self. But what a fence is this. Today there is no freedom from even this house. In imagination she called death sweet names."

It has become a living death for her. A few minutes before her husband returned the ring to her, she felt "as if her own life was swallowing her as an *ajagar*, the goat-swallowing serpent."

It seems the poet does not merely want to convey that the bird is in a cage and that it is in a golden cage to boot, but that it is entrapped and lives in constant danger of being preyed upon. It lives as it were under the shadow of death.

The image of the bird, being hunted upon, is imprinted on the reader's mind at the beginning of the story. The bridegroom's party goes out hunting game. Yesterday at Pirpur they killed two hundred snipes, today they are going to Chandandah and will kill ducks there. Navgopal reminds Vipradas that he himself had banned bird-shooting at Chandandah and wants him to move in the matter, but the latter advises to keep silent

know I have not been able to offer myself to my husband with faith. That is a great sin on my part. But I am not frightened at that sin as I am at the idea of the humiliation of having offered myself without faith... Time was when I thought that love was a natural thing, that all women loved their husbands spontaneously. Today I can see that to be able to love is the most difficult of all things. It is attainable only as a result of the penance of many births. Tell me the truth—do all women love their husbands?"

Moti's mother who was intrigued and stunned to hear all this on the day when Madhusudan had shown the highest consideration for Kumu by presenting her with the *isaraj* sent by Vipradas for her, smiled a little and said: "One can become a good woman even while one cannot love. Otherwise how would the world go on?" Kumu replies: "That is the solace you should give me. Even if I cannot be anything else, let me be just a good woman. There is more virtue in it. That is more difficult to achieve.

It was raining heavily. The lantern blinked. A sudden gust of wind entered the house "like a wet night-bird beating its wings." Kumu's body and mind were ashiver. She said, "I derive no more strength from the name of my Lord."

I have dwelt on the details of Kumu's spiritual crisis on purpose. It will be clear that Rabindranath suggests how Kumu's soul beats her wings and tries to seek shelter in some abode of peace, but feels she is not taken into the bosom of the Lord.

She comes into her own when after knowning that she was in the family way the idea of death is absolutely ruled out and she gets ready to go back to her husband's house for she is now at peace with herself and her God.

The bird-image mainly suggests, as we have seen, that Kumu is in a cage, that she is hunted and haunted, cruelly preyed upon. But the bird suggests also that 'beautiful must be the mountains from where' it comes, where the 'flowers bloom the year long'. Even Madhusudan has an inkling of it. Navin had been to his brother who was working in the office late in the night. He asks him to retire and adds that perhaps Kumudini would be waiting still awake. The poet says: "The words 'waiting still awake' sank deep in Madhusudan's mind immediately.

stories as well. The blind heroine of *Drishtidan*—her name is also Kumu—tells her husband, who was playing false and leaving for getting married to Hemangini that that would never happen, that either Hemangini would die or she herself would become a widow, i.e., he would die. On the fateful night when Kumu was overpowered by Madhusudan's lust, she was given five minutes' time to change clothes. When she came out from the bathroom, "he felt on seeing this young woman wrapped in a scarf as if she was the image of a widow." Harsh words these, but Rabindranath does want to suggest that to the woman who lives the life of the spirit, the husband is alive so long as and inasmuch as he is one with the life of spirit. This truth could not have been better represented than by portraying the woman as a small bird—a frail physical frame living in the face of a colossal instrument of violence. The spirit-bird is small, but nobody can overpower it, nobody can rob it of its freedom. It rather painfully reminds those who are matter-enslaved like Madhusudan of the verdurous glory of the land from where it hails.

I am able to love my God
because he gives me freedom
to deny him,
Rabindranath Tagore

and mentally civilised. Tagore did not of course believe that human beings should be vitally savage in the sense of being violent and brutal. He believed that the vital savage should be recognized, accepted and directed. With this end in view he made use of all kinds of psycho-physical techniques, designed to train the perceptions of the boys and girls, to train their imagination, to train their kinesthetic sense in bodily movement, in a word, to train the whole human being, instead of confining education to the purely verbal and conceptual level.

Tagore's work in this field, it seems to me, is enormously important. Not that he developed a final and definitive solution to the problem of education — no single individual could achieve this miracle. But at least he clearly recognized the nature of the problem, and he devised a number of partial answers. How are we to realise more of our desirable potentialities? This is a subject which I find profoundly interesting and to which I keep urging my friends in educational institutions to pay closer attention. As things now stand we devote energy and money to education, but, alas, it cannot be said that the results are commensurate with the effort put forth. Why do our efforts have such disappointing results? It is, I believe, because we have tended to confine our educational procedures to the verbal and intellectual and conceptual level. What is now required, it seems to me, is systematic training of the non-verbal side of man. This training should start with perception. We have five senses, and these can be trained. We do a little for the auditory sense, for example, in the teaching of music and a somewhat less for the visual sense in our teaching of art. But undoubtedly much more can be done to improve the quality of perception, the discrimination of our sight and hearing, the rapidity of our reactions and so on. And what can and should be done for seeing and hearing can and should be done for all the other senses. Improving the quality of perception tends to general intelligence. Children whose perceptions have been trained learn more rapidly to read, to perform arithmetical calculations. They pay better attention and are therefore more interested and better behaved.

Another thing which to me is of extreme importance is that by increasing the vividness and power of perceptions, we

numerous exercises which have been developed over the centuries those which could be applied in mass education so as to contribute to education of the whole man and not merely of the word-using conceptual mind. In this context, I would like to quote a remark of the great European philosopher Spinoza who said, "Make the body capable of doing many things. In this way you will perfect the mind and help yourself to come to the intellectual love of God." In this pregnant sentence is summed up a complete programme of education on the non-verbal level.

Besides being a poet, a politician and an educator, Tagore was a mystic—a mystic, I would say, of the 'Tantrik' school, a mystic of the kind who does not wish to achieve liberation outside the world, but aspires to achieve it within the world. He aspired to see the absolute within the relative, the infinite in the finite object, eternity within every moment of time. In this sense he was much more like a Mahayana than a Hinayana Buddhist. His ideal was to be a Bodhisattva rather than an Arhat, to achieve Nirvana while working in the world. But he remained of course always essentially a mystic with the Indian conception of the deep self—the atma—which in its essence, is identical with the divine essence of the world. For this reason his educational system led up to, and was always concomitant with a training in meditation, which should lead up to the training in ultimate awareness of the absolute within the relative. To sum up, Tagore's system comprised a three-fold process —education on the conceptual level, rather like our conventional education, but if possible a little bit better; education on the non-verbal level, on the level of what Tagore called the savage; and at the same time, education on the spiritual level, on the level of mystical insight. Our business, it seems to me, is not just to look back nostalgically at this man's work. Our business is to go forward from where he left off. Let us examine what he did and from there advance to a genuine education of the whole man, an education which will help us to realise our potentialities on all the levels, from the purely physiological up to the spiritual.

with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!
He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil.

Tagore maintains that to share the sorrows and joys of mankind is to establish the true communion with God:

In pleasure and in pain I stand by the side of men, and thus stand by thee. I shrink to give up my life, and thus do not plunge into the great waters of life.

Tagore is essentially an idealist. But his idealism does not allow him to escape from reality—the hard facts of this material world. His inner world is coterminous with the outer world. He says:

Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight.

There is a view that the emphasis on nature and man found in Tagore's thinking is a direct outcome of the European movements of naturalism and humanism which influenced him greatly. But it does not seem to be warranted by facts. If we study Tagore's life and his works a little deeply, we come to the conclusion that the roots of his philosophy are embedded in the ancient culture of India. Tagore is, in reality, an exponent of the Vedanta philosophy which teaches that the whole universe is pervaded by one and the same spirit and as such the feeling of separateness, of being different, is an illusion caused by ignorance. It alone begets conflicts. Real wisdom seeks to realise All as One, comprehending One in the many and the many in the One. He who attains this supreme consciousness is liberated from all pains and sufferings, and as he sees his own self in every other human being he cannot entertain ill feelings against anybody. This consciousness is achieved through love which is the only uniting force in the world. Love is also the only positive force behind all creation and continuity of life. Its absence forebodes destruction.

But to say that Tagore's thinking was rooted in the ancient Indian culture, does not mean that he kept himself entirely cut

and roof, unduly restricts imagination, initiative and resourcefulness of children, and that in nature, in open air there is not only an unlimited scope for children's physical movement and development but also an immense possibility for their mental growth and spiritual progress. Thus they achieve balanced development of their body, intellect and spirit, and their life harmonizes with the entire universe. This is the highest aim of education.

Like Rousseau, Tagore has also underlined that the story of Robinson Crusoe would not only prove interesting to children but be a source of inspiration for them. Tagore admired this story as a representative of the spirit of the West. He said, "I had intently wished that the introspective vision of the universal soul which an eastern devotee realises in the solitude of his mind could be united with this spirit of its outward expression in service, the exercise of will in unfolding the wealth of beauty and well-being from its shy obscurity to light."

Bracketing Tagore with Rousseau may, however, lead to a misunderstanding that Tagore also favoured to keep the child away from social influences and formal education. No doubt, Tagore is a great lover of nature. But at the same time he has a healthy and responsible attitude towards society. He says, "For our perfection we have to be vitally savage and mentally civilized. We should have the gift to be natural with nature and human with human society."

Tagore regarded freedom and play basic to all learning. He placed so much emphasis on them that even the scheme of Basic National Education propounded by Gandhiji could not escape his criticism. In a message sent to the All India Educational Conference held at Calcutta in 1937, he said, "I cannot congratulate a society or a nation that calmly excludes play from the curriculum of the majority of its children's education and gives in its stead a vested interest to the teachers in the market value of the pupil's labour."

The above mentioned objection of Tagore to Basic education should not, however, be taken to mean that he was against all kinds of physical labour and productive work in education. What is true is that he could not accept the idea of sacrificing the right of children to freedom, happiness and play at any

under British rule. On the other hand, he studied closely the effects of the First World War while he was travelling in Europe and America. This led him to the conviction that narrow nationalism was fraught with great dangers not only to the physical existence of mankind, but to everything that was valuable and dear to humanity.

The idea of Visva-Bharati germinated in the mind of Tagore as a result of his deep thinking about this international scene. He conceived this seat of learning as an institution *where the world makes its home in a single nest.* It was founded on a broad concept of internationalism. Tagore says, "There are of course natural differences in human races which should be preserved and respected, and the mission of our education should be to realise our unity in spite of them, to discover truth through the wilderness of their contradiction." Herein lies the key to international understanding and appreciation of other cultures. Visva-Bharati is the embodiment of this idea. It provides a unique opportunity to study both the cultures of East and West so that one can have a correct understanding of the contributions made by different peoples to the cultural heritage of mankind in the sphere of art and literature, religion and philosophy and so on.

Tagore does not recognise that there is essentially any conflict between the concepts of nationalism and internationalism. For he is basically a humanist. Perhaps nowhere this idea is expressed so vividly and effectively as in one of his well-known poems. The few lines given below may serve to illustrate the point!

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments
by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms toward
perfection;
Into that heaven of freedom, my father, let my country
awake.

There are people who hold the view that the Tagore's educational experiment is just an echo of that educational movement of Europe and America which seeks to exalt the child to the

Tagore on Education

To GIVE spiritual culture to our boys was my principal object in starting my school in Bolpur. Fortunately, in India we have the model before us in the tradition of our ancient forest schools where teachers whose aim was to realise their lives in God had their homes. The atmosphere was full of the aspiration for the infinite, and the students who grew up with their teachers closely united with them in spiritual relationship felt the reality of God —for it was no mere creed imposed upon them or a speculative abstraction.

Having this ideal of a school in my mind which should be a home and a temple in one, where teaching should be a part of worshipful life I selected this spot, away from all distractions of town, hallowed with the memory of a pious life whose days were passed here in communion with God.

You must not imagine that I have fully realised my ideal—but the ideal is there working itself out through all the obstacles of the hard prose of modern life. In spiritual matters one should forget that he must teach others or achieve results that can be measured, and in my school here I think it proper to measure our success by the spiritual growth in the teachers. In these things gain to one's personal self is gain to all, like lighting a lamp which is lighting a whole room.

The first help that our boys get here on this path is from the cultivation of love of nature and sympathy with all living creatures. Music is of very great assistance to them—the songs being not of the ordinary hymn type, dry and didactic, but as full of lyric joy as the author could put in them. You can understand how these songs affect the boys when you know that singing them is the best enjoyment they choose for themselves in their leisure time, in the evening when the moon is up, in the rainy days when their classes are closed. Mornings and evenings fifteen minutes time is given them to sit in an open space composing their minds for worship. We never watch them and ask questions about what they think in those times but leave it entirely to themselves, to the spirit of the place and the time, and the suggestion of the practice itself. We rely more upon the subconscious influence of nature, of the association of the place and the daily life of worship that we live than on any

conscious effort to teach them. Perhaps you will find my letter unsatisfactory and not much helpful but this is all that I can say about the methods we pursue which is not much of a method.*

* It is not known to whom this letter was addressed. Obviously it was in response to a query from, very likely, a foreign correspondent. It is reproduced here from a draft in Tagore's own handwriting. The draft MS. which begins formally with "Sir," does not, unfortunately, carry either the name of the correspondent to whom the letter was addressed or the date when it was written.—*Ed.*

when I arrived: "It is a pity you could not come earlier. Some days ago the great Indian poet Tagore was with us in the castle." Oh, how sorry I was at that time! I had missed the Poet, whom I honoured and respected very much, just because there had been some delay in my holidays. But even then I could feel the gaiety which had spread among the inhabitants and guests of the castle during the visit of the famous Indian. "Do you know who was with us?" Again and again I was asked this question. It was not a mere sensation for those young people in the castle. They were proud of the visit, they were glad that the wise humanist from distant India had come to them, that they had won a great friend. I was full of joy and felt compensated for my being late by the enthusiasm of my young friends.

The meeting of the Committee went on, but I could not free myself from the pictures of the past. A copy of the speech delivered by Tagore in the castle for the young lay before me on the table. "The opportunity to experience the connective element of human society in the pure air of the mountains is the most valuable thing of your being together with friends from all parts of Germany and other countries," he said in his address to the youth. "Though I am old by external appearance," Tagore went on, "internally I feel strongly connected with the young people, the young people who—without any difference as to people and race—are so similar in their nature, their gay and hearty way. May the castle for the young furthermore serve for peace of mankind in helping the youth of all nations, all peoples and all races to become acquainted with one another and to understand one another," Tagore finished his speech.

These ardent words recalled me to the present, to our time, in which the peoples of the earth fight for the maintenance of peace. The old castle of Hohnstein, which was made a prison in the dark years of fascist barbarism, within the walls of which innocent, peace-loving people were tortured cruelly, is today again a place for the youth. Today this youth unfolds freely and with pride the banner of humanism, the banner of peace and friendship among the peoples. This youth loves and honours the humanistic poets and thinkers of all nations. With

The Place of Aesthetics in Tagore's Thought

V. S. Naravane

It has been said of Kant that 'aesthetics represents the crowning phase of his philosophy'. One is tempted to make a similar remark about Rabindranath Tagore, in whose aesthetic opinions the fundamental ideas underlying his metaphysical and ethical views seem to find their ultimate fulfilment.

And yet the analogy between Tagore and Kant is only partially valid. In the case of Tagore, Aesthetics cannot be described as a 'phase' of his thought, not even the final phase. Kant definitely built up his philosophy in accordance with a clearly marked out pattern. In the first *Critique* he analysed the world of natural necessity, and discussed the role of the Understanding with respect to this world. In the Second *Critique*, he analysed the world of Freedom. And in the third, the *Critique of Judgment*, he sought to establish the harmony between the two realms of Necessity and Freedom. Thus his aesthetics was conceived so as to fulfil a particular purpose at a particular stage in the evolution of his thought.

But a study of Tagore's works reveals a radically different situation. We find that, far from introducing aesthetics into his world-view in order to complete or systematise his ideas, Tagore allows his deepest thoughts on metaphysical and ethical questions to be soaked and permeated by his aesthetic approach, and even his specific aesthetic opinions. Aesthetics is thus the very foundation of his philosophy, not its coping stone.

Very often the failure to recognise this fact leads to an inability to understand Tagore's philosophical and religious ideas. These ideas are treated in isolation from their general aesthetic framework, and their underlying unity is missed. The result is that Tagore's philosophy is mechanically categorised into 'sections' or 'stages', and this in its turn leads to all kinds of dichotomies—Upanishadic versus Vaishnava, rational versus intuitional, theistic versus pantheistic, and so on. Clearly, this procedure can only culminate in two alternatives: either we attribute to Tagore a particular theory or set of theories with the help of forced and far-fetched interpretations, or we belittle his philosophical achievement in one way or another.

me." Elusiveness is not outside the pale of reality. The word *Maya* merely indicates the fleeting and inconstant nature of things, and as such it conveys a highly suggestive idea. "The dream persists, it is real.... The painted canvas is durable and substantial, the picture is a dream, it is 'maya'. Yet it is the picture and not the canvas which has the meaning of ultimate reality."

This emphasis on personal relationship, this acceptance of illusion itself as a part of reality, reveals a typically aesthetic approach. To the metaphysician, the world is either apparent or real; to the artist, it is apparent and *therefore* real. And so Tagore can turn to the pluralist and say: 'Of course the world is real. You are perfectly right in insisting upon this.' But he can also make friends with the monist, after taking the sting out of *mayavada*. He can say: 'Of course the world is an appearance. But, my dear fellow, what is wrong about that?' To quote his own words: "The world as an art is 'Maya'. It 'is' and 'is not'. Its sole explanation is that it seems to be what it is. The ingredients are elusive. Call them 'maya', disbelieve them as you will, the Great Artist, the Mayavin, is not hurt."

I now turn to another aspect of Tagore's thought which shows the pervasive influence of his aesthetic evaluation of fundamental philosophical problems.

Tagore has been described as a 'humanist'. Even those exponents of Tagore's writings who differ very widely from each other on several important questions somehow seem to agree in describing the poet as a great humanist. But in what sense is he a humanist? When we look a little deeper into the implications of this epithet we find a rather chaotic state of affairs. Tagore's humanism, we discover, means different things to different people. To some, he is a humanist because he is a friend of the under-dog; to others because he denounces fascism and champions individual freedom; to yet others because he speaks of God in terms of man and of humanity in terms of divinity.

Such an overlapping of concepts can scarcely satisfy a serious student of Tagore's thought. The validity of all the descriptions

endeavour. Secondly, man dares to scorn the demands of utility. He is guided by the Angel of Surplus. His energy overflows into channels that have nothing to do with biological survival. He wants the immense, the glorious, the magnificent. Thirdly, this very discontent makes man eternally restless. He is ever on the move, seeking new avenues of self-expression. His cry is: "Not here! Not here! I long for another dwelling somewhere far-away."

This freedom, this thirst for a greatness that is biologically superfluous, this divine discontent, is the prerogative of the artist. Man, the artist, "is not a casual visitor but a special guest in the universe." With his arrival, a new stage opens out in the history of Life. "The receptive phase is left behind. Man enters the career of creative life." In the external world, mere efficiency no longer satisfies him. He craves for Beauty. In the inner world of the mind, too, knowledge based upon cerebral associations is not enough for him. He seeks beauty through ideas and imagination.

In short, man's superiority over the rest of nature, though it is expressed in many different ways, is most fully and strikingly revealed in the aesthetic side of his life. I believe no thinker of our age has emphasised this fact more forcefully than Rabindranath Tagore has done. And if I had been a little less suspicious of philosophical 'labels', I would have suggested that Tagore's humanism may be termed as 'Aesthetic Humanism'.

Let me now turn to the other aspect of Humanism. Tagore does not stop short with exalting humanity in comparison with the rest of the Universe; he defines Ultimate Reality itself in terms of human experience. God is no longer transcendent, and man is no longer an insignificant creature whose sole hope of salvation lies in utter submission to the Divine Will. On the contrary, God and Man become comrades, one might even say partners, in running the universe.

But on what ground does Tagore adopt this humanistic position? Why does he insist that "humanity is a necessary factor in the perfecting of divine truth"? Why does he, in poem after poem and play after play, dwell upon the close companionship

God expresses his creative joy; the eye with which He beholds Himself and knows Himself to be the Principle of Beauty. But Tagore does not stop here. He glorifies man still further. "Our creations," he says, "are variations upon God's great theme of the Universe. Our freedom as creators finds its joy in contributing its own voice to the universal concert." That is why God cannot ignore mankind. "To all other things you *give.* From me you *ask.*" And again: "In art the person in us is sending its answers to the Supreme Person who reveals himself to us across the lightless world of mere facts."

Man thus responds to God's message of beauty in a spirit of confident equality, aware that God needs him for his own creative self-expression. This gives man the strength to say to God:

You buy from the store of human eyes
The light you need for your own sunrise!

And again:

In my world shall be fulfilled
Your own highest power and privilege.
(*Amar bhuvane tabe*
Purna habe
Tomar charam adhikar.)

What is this "highest privilege", this *charam adhikar*? It is the power of creative expression. In other words, it is God the Artist who finds his final fulfilment in mankind. In the light of this, the famous poem from *Balaka* entitled "Tumi-Ami" ceases to be a mystery. "I came, and you woke up. I came, and your heart was stirred." Why should the arrival of man make any difference to God? Nothing is added to his power, or even to his "thinking about thought", if we accept the Aristotelian conception of God. When the poet says: "I came, and your sleep was broken" (*Ami elem bhanglo tomar ghum*), what he means is that with the emergence of humanity the artist in God is aroused, his aesthetic emotion is deepened, his creative faculties are redoubled.

All this may sound very anthropomorphic, but after all we are dealing with the philosophy of a poet, not of a system-building metaphysician. There are bound to be variations and intermingling shades of meaning in the writings of such a

because its ambition is not to shackle the Infinite...but rather to help our consciousness emancipate itself. It is as indefinite as the morning, and yet as luminous; it calls our thoughts, feelings and actions into freedom, and feeds them with light."

In these sentences we have the essence of all that is characteristic in Tagore's world-outlook. The finest qualities of his thought are revealed here—sense of freedom, tolerance, suggestiveness, resilience, and the possibilities of rich, fruitful development which it opens out. Firmly taking his stand on the immediacy and dynamism of aesthetic experience, Tagore leads us through ever-widening spheres of comprehension to a vision of the world in which harmony prevails over discord and divergence.

And I am convinced that if only this fundamentally aesthetic nature of his philosophy is clearly kept in view, the student of Tagore will be saved from a good deal of unnecessary speculation, as well as from "theories" which do violence to the depth and sweep of Tagore's philosophical utterances.

The clumsiness of power
spoils the key
and uses the pickaxe.

Rabindranath Tagore

repeated phrase *Satyam Shivam Sundaram* (Truth, good and beauty are identical). The poet in course of his long poetical career absorbed other influences too, such as the symbolism of Maeterlinck and the vogue of prose-poems which captured his imagination in his old age. But he was no slavish imitator. Deeply steeped in the poetic tradition of his land, he had found for himself a firm base. No foreign assault could dislodge him from there. Fully aware of the Western theories of aesthetics, he never abandoned the Indian standpoint of *ananda* and *rasa* as the two springs of art. Like Pater, he considered delight as the chief aim of art but did not accept his hedonistic interpretation. The Upanishads had taught him that the beginning and the end of creation was joy (*ananda*) and this primal joy found expression in *rasa* (transcendent joy). The ultimate reality (*Bhuman*) was not only *ananda* but *rasa*, and in the *Bhuman* he found the unity of truth, beauty and good.

Though modern to the very core of his being, his chief source of inspiration, as said before, came from our ancient literature and his attitude and particularly his idiom were coloured by his intimate knowledge of our ancient rhetoric. Thus defying all psychological or biological interpretations of the genesis of art, he takes his stand on the *rasa* (lit., juice) theory of art: "Our emotions," he writes, "are the gastric juices which transform the world of appearance into the more intimate world of sentiments. On the other hand, this outer world has its own juices, having the various qualities which excite our emotional activities. This is called in our Sanskrit rhetoric *rasa* which signifies outer juices having their response in the inner juices of our emotions. And a poem, according to it, is a sentence or sentences containing juices which stimulate the juices of emotion." Not only in the statement of his aesthetic attitude but in illustrating it, he makes copious use of our ancient literature: the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana*, the dramas of Kalidasa and the works of other ancient poets and dramatists. But he was no traditionalist. When he started writing, the old literary vogues had died. People were either following the popular folk conventions or innovating. Tagore did both but he rediscovered in the ideals and themes of ancient times a new beauty hitherto forgotten.

When therefore he accepted Keats' controversial maxim

The mere appearance or the truth behind it? Loss inspired him with hope, destruction with faith in regeneration. Death to him was not the end of all existence. He saw beauty where others saw only ugliness. His critics ridiculed him as a poet depicting the pleasures of the heavenly banquet hall, but without an eye for the local pub. His answer was that the pub in itself was not an object of beauty and its mere inclusion in poetry did not make it beautiful. It is the poet's pen that alone can invest it with beauty and transform it into poetry. And when this is done, it meets with the immediate response of the reader's heart. That is the only test of its claim for poetry. Even such apparently ugly things as a toothless comb, an empty bottle of scented hair oil, a soap washed to its marrow can become poetical, if only one can look beyond their appearance and see the whole truth of their existence, their romantic past, for instance. Truth is not *what you see, but very often what you do not. But the modern*ists will not have it that way. A young cow with glossy flanks, her dugs overflowing with milk is a fascinating sight. But the realists, as the poet has put it, look askance at it as a mid-Victorian subject. To invite their attention the cow must be skin and bone with a twisted tail, crows pecking at her sores. The picture of fulness is not for them.

He viewed objects in their eternal aspects, found the infinite in the finite. In his essay on *Personality*, he says: "Men are children of light. Whenever they fully realize themselves they feel their immortality. And as they feel it, they extend their realm of the immortal into every region of human life. This building of man's true world, the living world of truth and beauty, is the function of Art. Man is true where he feels his infinity, where he is divine, and the divine is the creator in him. Therefore with the attainment of truth he creates." Artistic creation is not merely an overflow of man's surplus energy but a spiritual awakening. The poet therefore says, "Our world of expression does not accurately coincide with the world of facts, because personality surpasses facts on every side. It is conscious of its infinity and creates from its abundance."

Poetry (or for that matter, any form of literature) is ruled by its own laws to which it must always submit if it wants to be real. It rejects all that is foreign to itself. A character in lite-

pleasure without any thought for their readers. They claim that they are like birds who sing in their own joy and we are only overhearing them. The bird's music, the poet says, may not be for the society of birds, but the writings of the poets are meant only for the readers. This is not unnatural. The mother's milk is only for the child but that does not mean that it is not spontaneous. The poet proves his claim to his vocation by his power of expression. One who looks at the beauty of the eternal skies and yet remains dumb is not a poet. The fuel which has not been lighted is not fire.

Science and art are two entirely different products of the human mind. Science is based upon knowledge whose foundation is ever widening. But art whose chief aim is delight has *sources of inspiration which are eternal and unchanging.* Delight may extend its horizon from age to age but its basis is never given up. The sense of beauty, love and greatness which has always stirred the human heart knows no age. No Einstein can disprove it. No one can be abused as a philistine if he is moved by the beauty of the vernal flowers. Literature has always proved that the springs of joy are eternal. The *Meghaduta* (The Cloud Messenger) of Kalidasa is the story of an exiled *Yaksha* whose abode was in the Himalayas. Forced by misfortune to live in the arid city of Ujjaini, he charges the monsoon clouds scudding towards the Himalayan peaks to convey to his beloved the message of his lovelorn heart. Now the feelings of separation and longing are universal. Age and clime have made no difference. The *Meghaduta* therefore has a perpetual appeal to all mankind. Progress of scientific research leaves behind as obsolete many of the truth which once were regarded as fundamental. In the matters of intellect this is always bound to happen with the accession of new truth. But in the matters of feeling there is no such shift. They are ever old and new. Tagore explains this by quoting a couplet from Vidyapati, a mediaeval Maithili Poet, wherein the lover complains that although he has looked at the face of his beloved through countless ages he cannot turn his eyes from her, nor has his heart known peace though he has held her in his arms through eternity. This is the old-new thing which neither knows change nor decay. When the young Bengali critics twitted him as a poet more

bigger. It supplies what is lacking and solidifies what is loose. It is not what our eyes see but what our mind does and how it does that makes all the difference. Mind therefore does not hold a mirror to nature, nor does literature to nature.

Thus whatever he says, he says with a conviction rare among critics. He does not always argue about it because much of what he says he apprehends intuitively. His critical essays were written over a long period of time yet they reveal a strange consistency. He never yielded an inch in his stand but asserted his view-points again and again with new analogies and illustrations to reinforce his original statement. Analogies are of greater value to him than abstract arguments. He clinches an issue with these and, like Ruskin, does not consider any further discussion necessary.

My flower, seek not thy paradise
in a fool's buttonhole.

Rabindranath Tagore

his own second stratum, as he did at least twice, he was more realistic. It was left to his successor Rabindranath to probe more systematically into the depths of heart of this class of people that had become more settled in his time. And he was eminently fitted for the task. The grandson of Prince Dwarkanath, he imbibed the best of the 19th century Indian cultural heritage. At the same time he identified himself equally with the rising middle class and thus came to develop a liberal and balanced outlook.

Bankimchandra died in 1893, when Rabindranath was thirty-two years old. His first two novels, *Bau Thakuranir Hat* (1881) and *Rajarshi* (1885) were in the early romantic tradition of Bankimchandra. But fifteen years after when he re-entered the field of fiction with *Chokher Bali* (1901), there was almost a different Rabindranath in a different set-up of society. The last vestiges of romance disappeared as the mediaeval principalities have been fading into the misty regions of folk-lore and mythology. The few that were yet alive became indifferent to all forms of progress and remained practically confined within their own narrow shells. The once glorious feudal world was reduced to a figment of imagination in process of time, its half-recorded stories lost their savour in a renascent age. To the new writers more real and exhilarating seemed to be the apparently commonplace life of ordinary men and women. This changed attitude brought the most gorgeous chapter of the conventional historical novel to a close, and with it vanished from fiction its silhouette of magic, mystery and romance.

The historical novels that dealt with a crowded series of incidents and characters, offered little scope for detailed analysis. Even in the social novels of Bankimchandra, man is to all intents and purposes, an alien figure. But as the time changed, a new realm of wonder and mystery opened up: a very simple and delicate creation of God was found to be more romantic than all the romantic tales gathered from the store-house of ages. 'What a piece of work is man!'—the novelists of a new generation wondered, so very simple and yet so very complex, swept inwardly by hundred passions and sentiments. This discovery of man marked the beginning of a "new" era in Bengali fiction. It started with Rabindranath's *Chokher Bali*, for which,

of *Naivedya* was going on alongside. As in the period of the *Sadhana*, Rabindranath's genius was finding an outlet in so many directions simultaneously, in poetry, in fiction, in social and political activities, and in discussions of different ideologies. All of them seem on the surface to be so very disconnected. The philosophy of life contained in *Chokher Bali* is scarcely in agreement with the drift of *Naivedya* or of essays like "The Ideals of the East and the West", "Our Social Malaise and Its Remedy", etc. But it is evident that there is an undercurrent of harmony in them all; they have tended to develop in the poet one consistent and complete attitude of mind, a deeper social consciousness. All these diverse activities are but the many-coloured fragments reflected from his basic philosophy of life and conduct in the midst of a process of evolution.

The plot of *Chokher Bali* is to some extent loose. There was opportunity for a concentrated narrative that dealt with complex human phenomena, but that was seldom achieved on account of the thoroughly simple and plain method adopted. There were some extreme moments of dramatic tension inherent in the narrative, which were not properly exploited. Binodini who is drawn as a woman of strong faith, is shown on several occasions as coming to the verge of submitting herself to Bihari, her paramour, in some intense moments of weakness. But the novelist preferred to remain chastened and subdued, perhaps because his purpose was not to excite emotional feelings in the reader. The tense moments have constantly been kept under control, the story has been made to flow in a straight, lineal course. In many poems of *Sonar Tari*, *Chitra*, and *Kalpana* the unruffled, mysterious frame of mind is reflected. Perhaps he had come to form a neat sketch of the main characters, to whom he gave speech and conduct in harmony with a clearly conceived pattern. To degrade a person by making him or her commit a tragic piece of blunder, was certainly outside the plan of his novel. Why then by presenting sick human beings should he give any occasion to the reader to entertain doubts about his olympian health?

The stream of events in *Chokher Bali* has issued out of the depths of the characters themselves and has lent the novel its variety and complexity. Mahendra and Binodini tower above

from a superficial study of the characters. Mahendra has been saved from a final round of disaster, but at what a cost! He has been made to pass through a scorching process of self-purification. He has become conscious that he was running after a mirage; he has lost Binodini, he has lost the priceless friendship of Bihari, and what is more pathetic, he has lost the confidence of his own wife, Asha. He has come back with a heavier load of bankruptcy upon him, an unwelcome stranger to his heaven and home, a sinner before the eyes of God. Rabindranath, it seems, has more strongly established our faith in God's stern justice by portraying Mahendra as he has done. Mahendra is a typical representative of the novelist's rounded philosophy of life.

But this clear use of craft seems to have been involved in some contradiction in the treatment of the character of Binodini. She is presented as an intensely sensuous woman, more sinned against than sinning. She feels the urge of youth, but she is widowed and made entirely helpless. The novelist brings her in contact with Mahendra but Asha stands between them, although she is certainly made infinitely more worthy of him. But when at length she stands like a visitor, she discovers in the vanquished a senile nincompoop. The conqueror in her wavers before the lover. For such a poor prize she refuses to destroy him together with his innocent consort. A more valuable object is presented before her: she gets Bihari, becomes enamoured of him, prays him to melt, to make her life fruitful. But God wills otherwise. Mahendra follows her like a shadow, but she remains adamant. Then comes the fateful moment: in a lonely room at Allahabad she opens upto Bihari the secrets of her womanly heart. Bihari is charmed, behaves like a man, comes forward to marry her. The compulsive course of events points towards only one conclusion. Binodini should have the desires of her heart fulfilled. But no, all at once the eternal Hindu widow in her asserts her traditional duties and responsibilities. Marriage is a sacrament: remarriage of the widow is against morality and religion! But what about the morality of the plot, the harmony and symmetry of its logical, organic development? The truth of an unchangeable social principle is not brought into agreement with the truth of an inevitable sequence of

This sense of individual freedom has led to the question of the emancipation of the woman in the broadest sense, including her independent consciousness of the sex. Bankim introduced the topic in *Krishnakanter Will* but it was not thrashed out due to adverse social conditions. He could not have any sympathy for Rohini perhaps for the same reason. But Rabindranath's Binodini has advanced far towards a solution of the problem; she has almost won her case on the strength of cogent social arguments. This is how the two minds have come to represent in their works contemporary progressive thoughts in different ways.

GORA (1911)

Gora was first published in the monthly periodical *Prabasi*. It is the only novel in Bengali which mirrors faithfully the social, political and cultural life of the entire educated Bengali middle class, as it was during the turn of the century. Upon its extensive canvas the novelist has assembled in a total integrated composition all the shades and colours of that life. There is a massiveness in its design, a dimensional magnitude in its content and form, and in its execution a suggestion of something wider and deeper beyond its formal pattern. The *dramatis personae* have acquired, what may be called, almost a symbolical significance: they seem to have their roots in the larger history of our country. *Gora* has the amplitude of the ancient epic. The statement that the novel is the lineal descendant of the epic, is substantially true.

An appreciation of *Gora* presupposes an understanding of the spirit of the times that gave it birth. Towards the end of the last century discontent against the oppressive rule of the British became widespread. This discontent came to a head in the idea of freedom and of a separate national existence. Men of action and imagination were engaged in discovering an underlying unity in the midst of the diverse forms of activities centring round the movement. Rabindranath, not only one of them, but perhaps at the vanguard of the movement, found solution in the spiritual idealism of the ancient sages. *Naivedya* enunciates in clear terms that principle. He entered into an argument with

But *Gora* does not depend for its success on the enveloping social action that covers so much of its plot. In fact the social background appears to be greatly irrelevant when a novel is judged as a work of art. And *Gora* is a great work of art by virtue of its intrinsic merits. Gora, Binay, and Sucharita have evolved themselves not by the force of eternal circumstances about which they talk in profusion;. they have evolved primarily by the compulsive urge of their own minds. Their lives have become one with their creeds, and they have moved from their own actions and motives. The sociological factor had had their effect only as an influence, nothing more. It has sometimes helped develop certain incidents and characters when the logic of the plot has quite assimilated them in it. *Gora* is great, independent of its historical association. It is great on account of its skilful disposition of events, its masterly delineation of characters, the solid nature of its content and craft.

The characters of the novel have generally some positive affiliations with the society and the world that are not closely related to their individual feelings and sentiments. They seem to be alive to that external world in all their actions, and sometimes there is an air of mechanical manoeuvring in their movements. It is alleged that they have lost much of their depth and brilliance under the more powerful extra-structural influence. There is supposed to be a compromise between the demand of art and that of life, but this is perhaps no more than a mere supposition. Paresh Babu and Anandamayi, the only two persons that behave like automatons, are meant to behave as such. Not so Gora, Binay, Lalita, or Sucharita. The little character feels a zest for arguments, and his life seems to be a part of them. But more often than not they are the natural outpourings of his own tumultuous heart. He does not speak to dictation. There is the stamp of high seriousness on his face, which is evident in his dealings with all. Specially the main action of Gora-Sucharita has a background of pathos and emotional colouring that has come not from this dull, dense world but from the dreamland of the artist. The hero seems to be a particle of Nature. The gentle light that came out of him once by the side of the quiet Ganges, is the breath of his being. His occasional long-drawn diatribes against the forces that stand

ciety, and hence the entry in this novel of Paresh Babu, as well as Panu Babu and Baradasundari. Such men and women are carried by the current of every new religious movement. Most of them join the fold from an impulse of narrow selfishness and supply materials to novelists simply because they represent a definite aspect of life.

Mahim and Haramohini of the Hindu society might be studied as counterparts of Panu Babu and Baradasundari. Mahim is driven by inordinate self-interest, a crude specimen of the people to whom the world is a field of commerce. He is thus a replica of Panu Babu, a bit less clever than his own son-in-law, Abinash. All of them are brothers in faith, one always trying to dislodge another from his position of vantage. But the weak and helpless widow Haramohini is different to some extent. She develops into her full stature, perhaps to keep Sucharita under her own control. It is interesting to see how that once wavering woman takes recourse to tricks and stratagems to fulfil her desire. Gora feels defeated before her. This change of a wretched, dejected woman into another of shrewd intelligence, seems to be rather puzzling.

One of the most brilliant vignettes in *Gora* is the Binay-Lalita episode. Binay is a young man of the middle-class intelligentsia, professing the Hindu faith. He has a liberal outlook, a breadth of heart that becomes more elevated by his friendship with Gora. But the company of Lalita infuses into his mind the strength which he did not possess before. From a comparatively inferior position he rises to a height of magnificence; from a rather shadowy associate of Gora, he comes to discover his separate identity. All credit is due, for this transformation, to his philosopher and guide Lalita, who makes him feel his innate greatness. Binodini in *Chokher Bali* brought out the dormant personality of Bihari almost in the same fashion. But here in *Gora* the writer seems to delineate the stages of development with more fineness, in all their minute details. The incident of the steamer excursion is a superb touch in the progressive movement of the plot. The craftsman Rabindranath shows with a gusto how the gentle Lalita comes to revolt against the concentrated might of family and religion for the cause of love She is adamant, confident that truth is on her side. Binay

birth, he finds the fetters gone. He discovers his faith, his love of his country, his philosophy of life, all built up on sand. Yet he was out and out sincere and serious in every article of his faith. Only a marriage with Sucharita can now lend a healing touch to all his sorrows and sufferings. Hence he is conveniently made an outcaste, perhaps the idea was in the mind of the author long before. A knotty problem is solved by the application of a *deus ex machina* which is inconsistent in the logic of the plot. Such characters in similar situations must look for the same unrealistic solution for themselves. And this is undesirable in a work of art, though highly desirable in life.

It is generally acknowledged that Rabindranath has seldom made his defeated characters weak and helpless. But there seems to be some want of balance in the discussions on Hinduism and Brahmoism in *Gora*. Arguments advanced in favour of the latter have been rather abstract, unemotional, with practically no able and whole-hearted spokesman on its behalf. On the other hand his sensibilities have been more effectively stirred while speaking about Hinduism, the traditional, half-mythical cultural heritage of ancient India. There is a touch of romance in this religion, and this attitude is reflected in *Naivedya* and in some contemporary essays. Gora has made that attitude the guiding principle of his life. And yet in the twinkling of an eye the novelist comes down upon that much developed attitude of mind and the entire structure is razed to the ground.

And finally a word should be said about the social consciousness embodied in *Gora*. The tendency to realism, already noted in *Chokher Bali*, has become more marked; that is evident in the attempt to throw Gora out of the sect, in the rather loud discussions relating to marriage and sex-awareness. The solutions to them testify to the novelist's progressive thinking, and this thinking has guided the whole pattern of the hero's character. There is nothing but a passion for intense realism in exposing Gora's blind devotion. Even the highly romantic episode of his pilgrimage along the Grand Trunk Road, is inspired from the same purpose. There are some loose elements in the plot, as the long discussion on the marriage of Lalita and Binay extending over three chapters. Such incidents are im-

names of books already published, *Chokher Bali, Ghare Baire*?

The statement of Rabindranath is apparently relevant but seems to be a bit laboured when the history behind the substitution of the name is looked into objectively. It is perhaps a fact—and the content of the novel forces that supposition—that he had formed at the outset a very broad perspective under the first title. The story as it stands, starts with a summary narrative of the first generation to be followed by the main body that speaks about the next; the third is just hinted, but is outside the plot. And the story dates back to the third quarter of the nineteenth century. If the plan had been executed with equal emphasis upon the first and the last parts, he might have produced another titanic *Gora*. The change of name was perhaps not exactly for the reasons stated in the explanation: the novelist changed his plan and purpose along with the name. Our idea is that the mind of the poet in Rabindranath did not feel quite at home with novels dealing with panoramic spectacles of life.

These reasons account for the sudden beginning of this novel as well as its abrupt ending. The plot is rather loose, the story not concentrated upon a point. A very disproportionate history of the family of Kumudini's father is out of proportion with the whole narrative. Mukundalal and his tragic relationship with his wife is a self-contained anecdote that has stumbled into the introduction. Then there is the story about the husband and wife and the rights of the latter, occupying pages that are mostly unnecessary for the story. Again when Kumudini comes back to the house of her husband carrying his child in her, we feel she is not sure about her own position. It is doubtful if she comes back as an honoured wife with all her rights fully established in that house. The quarrel between the husband and the wife is rooted in the fundamental difference of their characters. That difference was perhaps never bridged even by the coming of a descendant. It seems that had the story ended with Kumudini leaving her husband's home, it would have been greatly more organic and close-knit. But in the sub-conscious region of the novelist, the ghost of *Tin Purush* was perhaps ever alive!

The author is at his best in the analysis of conflicts in the

stage of the action is reached with this incident. The mean man takes the blandishments of this voluptuous woman as abundant recompense for the prestige he has lost in the hands of his wife. His intellect is too blunt for Kumudini; it is Shyama who is for him human nature's daily food. After the Shyama episode the plot has developed still further but not the story to any appreciable extent. Rabindranath has again exhibited all the delicate shades and colours of his craftsmanship in the treatment of the Shyama episode.

The writer has endowed Kumudini with all the excellences a woman could possess and then tamely gave her to be a slave to a man like Madhusudan. So very sweet and lovely, so much given to self-introspection, and yet how adverse the circumstances into which the writer is pleased to place her! It is true she has not the power to assert herself and that is perhaps her tragic trait. Society is a ruthless chariot: it has no heart, no sentiment, it remorselessly crushes under its wheels any one who cannot ride it or at least keep himself out of the way. We can feel the novelist himself sharing the entire burden of her sufferings but he does not falter for a moment under the pressure of sentiment. He has revealed his heart-felt sympathies in the portrait of Bipradas, Kumu's loving brother. Here is the pair of the incomparable brother and sister, happy in each other's misery, speaking to each other in that silent language of affection which none can hear, themselves uttering words of hope and courage to buoy up their own dropping spirits. And we presume the novelist then stands aside in an obscure corner shedding unseen, helpless tears! That is how we see the artist in *Yogayoga*.

Among the lesser characters, Shyama has already been touched upon. The mother of Moti and Nabin are both parasites in the family of Madhusudan and as parasites they know well the society upon which they feed. They have surpassed their master in point of practical experience; and hence they have preferred not to stand in his way for their own greater interest. And Madhusudan could not escape from the clever trap of Nabin.

Yogayoga follows the pointed, condensed narrative style of *Chaturanga*, *Ghare Baire*, and *Sesher Kavita* in which epigrams are scattered, but it has not their force and momentum. It has

Poet's Pictures: The Drawings of Rabindranath Tagore

W. G. Archer

RABINDRANATH TAGORE was born in Calcutta in 1861. His mother died in 1875 and it was his father—the 'Maharshi', or 'Great Sage', as he was called—who guided his studies and provided the environment in which his personality matured. The term 'personality' is of special relevance since it explains not only Tagore's poetry but many of his other activities. 'The essential point about Tagore's poetry,' the Bengali writer Dhurjati Prasad Mukerji has said, 'is Personality. For him, poetry was a means, the chief means of the development of Personality, because numbers came to him very easily. Not the *most* easily, because it is well-known that music competed with verse in the ease of its flow.' He was also a great speaker. 'Indian seers, when they choose to talk, are marvellous artists... Tagore's ordinary talk, apart from its wit, had a glow, an incandescence, an illumination which would often startle his listeners with a flashing doubt as to whether he was a greater poet or a greater seer who had elected to speak.'

This urge to expression is the clue to Tagore's career and not only in India, but in Europe and America he was recognised as perhaps the most sensitive and creative Indian of his generation. His poetic intelligence, his rejuvenation of Bengali as a language, his mastery of English, his intervention in world affairs, his interpretations of East and West, his constant outpourings of poems, dramas, short stories, novels, essays and discourses, his belief in art, his restless experiments, his educational theories, his frequent travels—all contributed to an effect of greatness. In 1913, following his third visit to Europe, his poems *Gitanjali* (Song Offerings) brought him at the age of 52 the Nobel Prize for literature and although the beauty of the Bengali originals can hardly be conveyed in English, the award showed how international was the impression that he had created and how powerful was his character.

It is this general vitality which possibly underlies his recourse to drawing and painting in the latter years of his life. For many

around them are black enigmatic shapes. In making these constructions, Tagore was chiefly aware of an urge to rhythm, 'when the scratches in my manuscript', he said in 1930, 'cried like sinners for salvation, I often took time in rescuing them into a merciful finality of rhythm' and in another sentence he declared, 'My pictures are my versification in lines'. But rhythm was only a means to further effects and in linking line with line, shape with shape, Tagore was, in fact,allowing his unconscious to create new kinds of imagery.

It was not until 1928, however, that he took to picture-making proper, and then—apart from some casual instruction by the Bengali artist, Mukul Dey—without technical training. His chief medium was coloured inks and there are various contemporary accounts which relate how he would sometimes use the nib, sometimes the end of the pen, sometimes a finger, sometimes a piece of cloth, sometimes, as perhaps a last resort, a brush. Just as he 'played' with lines and forms, he would also 'play' with inks, pencil, crayons and gouache, making, as he would have said, 'daring experiments' not only in designs but in media. By 1930 he had accumulated 400 pictures and encouraged by the reactions of visitors to his centre at Santiniketan, in West Bengal, he took them with him to Europe. The pictures were shown in England, France, Germany and Russia and met with wide acclaim.

'How can I describe what I saw?' (wrote the British sculptress, Marguerite Milward) 'There are cruel black shapes that menace. There are thin angular shapes that turn into dancing figures as I look. Perhaps the heads attract me the most, faces of every shape, sometimes only eyes that haunt and follow me out of the dark. Here is a portrait perhaps, very soft and flat in colour, a shape of hair, oval face and smiling mouth. A dream indeed weird and beautiful. One head, parchment brown with the drawing in white lines, makes me think of an old Buddhist fresco on a monastery wall.

'Every kind of prehistoric beast confronts me or are they apocalyptic? Some are purely decorative, others terrifying. A most arresting picture in quite another style is an antelope reaching up to a tree, a pointed shaft of light behind. It contains all the poetry of the animal kingdom. The last picture I

Tagore and Sindhi Literature

Ram Panjwani

I WAS born and brought up in Sind, that "unhappy valley" which lies on the north-western tip of the Indian subcontinent, and which has borne the brunt of successive invasions for close on twelve centuries. During this long period, Sind lay quiescent and dark under the heel of alien conquerors, a cultural backwater more or less cut off from the main, life-giving currents of thought that somchow kept alive the spirit of India in other parts of the country. When the British annexed Sind, they, too, denied it a system of liberal administration on the ground that it was a backward area. Educationally, culturally, administratively, Sind was treated as a poor relation—tolerated, but never helped.

Then, about the turn of the present century, the cultural tide that rose strong and purposeful in Bengal touched our desert shores. Men began to feel the stirrings of a new life. They awakened from a long, trance-like existence to an awareness of beauty that is truth, of beauty that vitalises the spirit and touches it with the incommunicable wonder and mystery of the dawn. The Brahmo Samaj made its home in Sind, and attracted such outstanding men as Kauromal Chandanmal, Sadhu Navalrai, Hiranand and Dayaram Gidumal. Soon thereafter, we felt the impact of Tagore. We discovered something new that was not quite new, for in Tagore we recognised the authentic accent of our great Sufi poet-saints and mystics, and heard, as in a dream, our own voice speaking to us with a power and bell-like clarity that echoed down the long corridors of an immemorial past.

These Sufi poet-saints of ours derived their main inspiration from the great poets of Iran and the mystic traditions of Hinduism; for even in Sind—which, at one time, was an integral part of Aryavarta, the home of the Vedas and of the Upanishads—traces of this culture survived, and were woven into the enchanting fabric of their songs. These were of the earth, earthy; yet there was a symbolism in them which communicated to our people a sense of the Infinite in the finite and of a continuity in life, and which made them feel that "there is a divinity that

It could not be otherwise. We had taken to the devotional poetry of Guru Nanak, Mirabai, Tulsidas, Kabir and Farid, and it had become very popular with our people. But it had never been translated into our own language, for, apparently, it did not evoke the kind of responses which Tagore's poetry did. We do not believe in dividing frontiers. We are citizens of the world. We have made our homes in every part of the globe. The universality of Tagore's message, his deep and abiding humanity, his insistence that God dwells with the peasant in the field and the tiller in his cottage, his belief, not in renunciation, but in dynamic contact with life—these transcend the physical boundaries that divide man from man, and reach out to the pulsing life of the spirit within. This, I believe, accounts for his phenomenal popularty with us, and for the far-reaching and pervasive influence he has exercised on our literature.

And so the demand for translations of his work grew apace. In quick succession, came translations of *The Gardener*, *The Crescent Moon*, *The Post Office*, *Gitanjali*, *Fruit-Gathering*, and a number of short stories and novels. Talented writers like Lalchand Amardinomal, M. U. Malkani and others rendered these works in the idiom and rhythms of our Sufi poets, and these were set to the indigenous "ragas" and sung by our people. They acquired the very fragrance of the soil that gave us birth. Gandhiji gave us the cult of duty; Tagore that of beauty. This cult spread in Sind; so much so that everything connected with him became something worthwhile. Men affected long flowing hair, and sang his songs with the wildness and abandon associated with the master. Many of our writers went to Bengal to learn at his feet; and one of them, in a moment of inspired lunacy, wrote; "Bengal is my country, the soil that feeds and nourishes me."

Some time ago, at a meeting of the Sahitya Akademi, we were considering which of Tagore's books should be rendered into Sindhi. The matter had to be shelved, for we found that they had all been translated into our language.

This is a measure of our passion for Tagore.

found symbolic expression in our poetry. Gurudev, however, cuts through this symbolism, and speaks directly of God seeking to enter the inner sanctuary of man's spirit. In much the same way, Bewas sings:

> With downcast eyes tear-filled, and with anxious heart, who is he who stands without the door? It is the Beloved, waiting for the door to be flung wide open so that he may enter into his possession.

Here we have the authentic voice of Tagore in rhythms that are native to Sind.

Gurudev thus belongs to us. In his songs I have heard the voice of the heroines of our legends and folk-tales. When Tagore sings of the coming of the beloved and of his departure in disappointment because the lover carelessly slept through, I remember the story of Sassui and of Moomal, and when he chants of the Beloved singing to the accompaniment of the lyre and captivating the heart with music, I recall the great minstrel Bijal, the magic of whose melody so charmed Rai Diaj that he gladly presented to him his own head in payment of his divine song. Again, when Tagore tells us of the Princess, who, in the absence of her beloved, throws off her finery and scatters her ornaments, I remember the story of Lila who realised that the decoratives of her beauty were meaningless when the beloved was not there to thrill that beauty.

Before I conclude, I should like to refer to the day Gurudev passed away. I was travelling in a bus when I saw the news of his death featured in banner headlines on the front page of an afternoon paper. It was somewhat warm, but I felt chilled to the bone – as if I had lost some one very dear to me. That is how Tagore affects us. He is the voice of the inarticulate, the eyes and ears and conscience of us all. He is the only one of our saints who has not refused to live. He writes out of the deeps of life, though his spirit is always on the wing. He is like a tree, deep-rooted in the soil from which it draws nourishment, with its far-spreading branches reaching out to the sky – symbols of the eternally striving, eternally questing, eternally yearning spirit.

done racial ostracism, self-love and partisanship, organise vast advertising campaigns by their Governments to present lies as truth, and abuse the mass media of television and broadcasting to spread insidious suspicion, hatred and contempt, against each other and against those whom they wish to present as '*uncivilised*.'

Apart from the conformism encouraged among the intelligentsia, those in authority have also, through two or three generations of dexterous sowing of the seeds of disruption, reduced the very intellectuals, whom they utilise, to the status of an inferior caste, almost completely cut off in certain bohemian areas of their metropolises, or in the universities, so that what these men and women say is not considered very important. And as E. M. Foster has aptly put it: 'the intellectual hardly cuts any ice today; certainly he cannot melt any.'

That is, perhaps, the reason why Mr. George Cloyne of the *Times* of London, threw cold water on the whole idea of the Tagore centenary celebration in U.K., long before the proceedings had started and that is why some college students in California, when asked if they knew the work of Rabindranath Tagore, merely giggled at the long name.

Fortunately, this memorial volume is not only addressed to the West, but to the whole world. And it is hoped that the sponsors will see to it that it is translated, quickly, into the major languages of the various countries both in East and West.

For, if there is an almost unashamed indifference to the message of Tagore in Europe and America, to the bulk of Asia, Africa and Latin America, as well as to the more sincere *avant gardes* of the West, the poet's words have the significance almost of a one man manifesto to save the world, body and soul, if it is possible.

And to us in India, it is part of the task of rediscovery of the manner in which one of the greatest minds of the 19th and 20th centuries, has solved our difficulties while he stood athwart of those two eras, and as he bridged the gaps that divided, and still divide, the East and the West.

What, in brief, is the heritage which Rabindranath Tagore has bequeathed to us? Now, it seems to me that the continuity of his ideas emerges from these miscellaneous essays, as though

Mohan Roy, that steered him clear of the debris of the ancient feudal wreckage and the flotsam and jetsam brought in by the West. Monotheism, the rejection of Hindu ritual, the abnegation of caste and partisan creeds, the removal of the stigma on widowhood, the revolt against the superstition of possible pollution through travel abroad, the embracing of the whole spirit of enlightenment of the European renaissance—all these were the fundamental concepts of Rabindranath Tagore's inheritance. But the living and thinking system, which digested them and gave them a new genesis, was the unique instrument of his will, that was above the feeble doctrine of art for art's sake of the tame British imitationists of the French symbolists. And this allied him to the people.

The most propitious of all the circumstances that helped to shape his personality was the appointment of Rabindranath, by his father, to look after the family's landed estate in East Bengal. For when he came to live in the countryside, not only was nature revealed to him in all its lush splendour, its variegated hues and in its bounties, but he also understood poverty, the meek docility and the inner resilience of the peasants.

This is not the place to amplify the inner relationship of his sophisticated verse with the Baul songs, or his use of those rhythms of the folk, which later passed back, transformed, into wider areas of music and understanding; but it is important to consider the arrangements of his art as part of the decisive impact of this period.

With the sale and the abandonment of the estates, and the emigration to Santiniketan near Bolpur, begins another phase, during which came the impulses to construct, with his own hands, what was lacking in the men and women around him. Thus education, the key to the making of integral human beings, became the obsession of his mature life. As according to Tagore, man grows up in and through his surroundings, he emphasised 'harmony with nature' as against the Western concept of the 'conquest of nature.' And the stimulation of the sensibility through observation of the flora and fauna, the learning by doing, as against the routine manufacture of graduates, became his ideal. The poet seems to have realised the truth, not yet realised by our educationists, that it

confusion and war.

In some of his early dramatic poems, he had castigated the exaltation of machine. Always, he had tried to suggest the return to the psychological satisfaction of handiwork against the wholesale acceptance of industrial civilisation, without checks and balances. He had longed, in fact, for an organic society such as that of the village republics of ancient India. He suggested that a synthesis of the life-giving impulses of nature and machine is possible. When he found that all his teachings were being flouted by the cynics and the aggressors, he began to despair, for he could see no way out for man. And when he saw, on his eightieth birthday, the horrors of the second world war, which he had prophesied, his mind was at the end of its tether. It is true he did not lose faith in the innocent and the outraged people of the East, whom he had seen deprived of spiritual and physical nourishment, all through his life, and he hoped that the saving graces may come from our injured and insulted humanity. But he knew that, in the time of a world war, it was a cry in the wilderness.

As we ourselves live through the most insensate drive for armaments, with stockpile of nearly two million hydrogen bombs, and the danger of an accidental war breaking out as a final war of the worlds accosts us daily from the newspapers, we need to listen to the warning voice of Tagore, so that we can begin to renovate our own outlooks, beyond the profit motive, selfishness, greed, power, pettiness, weakness and suicide.

It is possible to tilt the balance in favour of the survival of mankind if we can sincerely accept the teaching of Tagore because, deep at heart, the bulk of mankind desires to live and breathe and create ever new harmonies of words and colours and rhythms.

Mulk Raj Anand

looking out of a first-class carriage. As soon as he caught sight of our fellow-passenger, he cried, "Hello," and invited him into his compartment.' This innocuous thing is twisted into '...the narrator, an Indian (a symbol of British India), gives up English rule—a monthly salary, a sterile office, a sun-helmet and riding clothes—but as soon as an English hand waves to him from a first-class carriage, he goes, back into servility, dancing attendance on his sahib.'

This will show up which way the wind blows when Ved Mehta writes impudently about Tagore or Gandhi (see *New York Times* of July 9, 1961) for a premier American journal. If the stage has to be set for singing hosannas to the new intellectuals of India, nurtured on Fulbright awards and hot-dogs, must there be a systematic debunking of our recent Indian heritage, and a damper to our friendliness towards the British born of long association? The Macmillan Company, with whom the credit lies for introducing Tagore to the West, is to be complimented for offering this publication. It betokens their faith in the continuing greatness and significance of Tagore. It is also an act of courage that by doing so they have set their back on what appears to be the prevailing tide.

As to giving an objective appraisal of the selection and a general idea of its contents, Ved Mehta's review stands committed by its deliberate omissions. He has no compunction, however, in questioning the competence of the editor whom he practically dismisses as 'theological'. He is unaware that before Amiya Chakravarty felt drawn to comparative Religion, he had been a Professor of Literature and a Literary Secretary to Tagore, that he continues to be regarded as a major poet in Bengal where poets are numerous, and that few men have his competence or discernment to give the best and the most representative of the many-faceted genius of Tagore 'within a single frame of reference.'

As for ourselves, granting even that the best of Tagore can hardly be represented in translation in an alien tongue, we are happy to see that the editor has succeeded in what he set out to do, viz., providing 'a selection culled from the abundance of Tagore's genius', and 'a manageable amount of significant material' carefully weighed on the tenuous scales of rich quality and

Articles on and by Tagore in American Journals

(March 1913 to February 1960)

Compiled by Prabhakar Machwe

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The Conclusion (*Samapti*)
The Stolen Treasure (*Chorai Dhan*)

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U.S.A. Publications: *Chrome Yellow,* 1921; *Antic Hay,* 1923; *Jesting Pilate,* 1926; *Point Counter Point,* 1928; *Brave New World,* 1932, *Eyeless in Gaza,* 1936; *Ends and Means,* 1937; *Time must have a stop,* 1944; *The Perennial Philosophy,* 1946; *Ape and Essence,* 1948, etc. Delegate to the International Literary Seminar, held in November 1961 in New Delhi.

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